



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

NOVEMBER, 1857.

From the London Quarterly.

PHILOSOPHY, OLD AND NEW—ANCIENT AND MODERN.\*

WE have several objects to fulfill in the present paper; all of them depending upon one another, and all bearing upon the general design of the whole. We desire to sketch, in a brief outline, the course of speculative philosophy prior to Christian revelation, in order to make clear and definite the connection between the two. We desire to trace, still as briefly as may be, the history of the antagonism and reconciliation of the faith of the reason with the faith of Christ, following the two down through the centuries of the Christian era, until, with the uprising of modern infidelity, called alternately "Atheism" and "Pantheism," we arrive at the third great era of speculation. We shall thus view speculative philosophy as it has appeared in ignorance of, in obedience to, and in revolt from, the announcements of

revelation. It will be seen that we regard speculative philosophy from the historical point of view; that is to say, we consider it less valuable for its own intrinsic truth or certainty, than as the curious and constant expression of that craving for the ideal and the infinite which has been implanted in human nature. Nay, further, it is held that the capital value of speculative philosophy to us lies in its standing as evidence of the necessity of something higher, stronger, and more authoritative than itself. Philosophy is, by its own failures, the more valuable and dignified a witness for the faith: by its own failures, on the other hand, it is degraded from all title to be placed coördinate with the Christian verity as an attempt to explore ideal truth. When we have established this, we purpose to treat more fully upon the present position and bearings of philosophy, in order to adduce its most recent manifestations as an evidence in favor of our main position no less cogent than is its past history. And, in conclusion, we shall endeavor to draw some deductions as to the extent and purpose to which philosophy ought at the present day to be studied.

\* 1. *Institutes of Metaphysic, the Theory of Knowing and Being.* By JAMES T. FERRIER, A.B., OXON., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, St. Andrew's. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1854.

2. *Psychology the Test of Moral and Metaphysical Truth. A Lecture.* By the REV. H. L. MANGEL, M.A., Prosector of Moral Philosophy, Magdalen, Oxon.

In the first place, then, let us briefly traverse the course pursued by speculative philosophy prior to the dawn of Christian revelation; in order that we may be able to perceive in what degree the unassisted power of speculative reason availed to attain the truth which has since been given from heaven, and how far it fell short of that attainment.

Speculation, when, in the sixth century before the Christian era, it started into a life of its own from the womb of poetry, announced its aim and nature with a distinctness and boldness which it has not always since retained. Its aim was to discover an impersonal principle or *ἀρχή* sufficient without preliminary to underlie all the phenomenal manifestations of the universe; and in its nature it was thus a deductive theory of the universe. Each of the pre-Socratic philosophers announced some one principle, by which he hoped to be able to solve all questions of whatsoever nature; and the result was that they mutually destroyed one another, or rather that not any one of them, owing to the partial character of his hypothesis, obtained an assent as universal as his pretensions demanded. It would be loss of time to state or discuss the comparative merits of these pre-Socratic philosophers. Much labor has been expended already in the attempt to arrange them into schools, to classify them according to their tenets, and establish a succession of master and pupil amongst them. But in the uncertainty of chronology and the scantiness of their remains, little can be arranged satisfactorily. It is sufficient that the three great schools, or rather series of teachers—the Ionian, Pythagorean, and Eleatic—stand out to our view with distinctive, sharply-defined features, and serve, moreover, as types, to one or other of which speculative thought in all subsequent periods has assimilated itself. Philosophy, in those early ages, boldly demands from herself the solution of the vast and indeterminate problems which had been struck out by the hopes, and fears, and aspirations of mankind. She no longer rests satisfied with the facile explanations of all existences and changes which poetry offered: she scorns the cheap hypothesis of an infinite number of personal agencies of power and caprice sufficient to account for things the most incongruous. With sudden and extreme reaction she rushes from the thronged Olympus,

and seeks after a solitary and abstract motive principle. In this hopeless search she wandered like Bellerophon after he was thrown from the fields of air. It was to be long before she discovered that no one impersonal principle could be alleged as the cause of the universe; that while the questions to be solved remained as prodigious as before, the means of solution were, without poetry and religion, no longer adequate.

Meanwhile, this early philosophy is observed to assume a triple character, which the philosophizing intellect has since preserved. Without exception, the pre-Socratic philosophers, evidencing a true philosophic impatience at being unfurnished with a cause, start by announcing some one principle as lying at the bottom of all existing phenomena. But these principles are very diverse one from another. The Ionian principles are material, and lead in time to physical investigations; the Pythagorean principles are mathematical, pointing to no less positive results: but the Eleatic principles are subjective entities, generalizations of thought as expressed in language; and are precursors of something widely-different, yet no less important than the positivism of the other two schools. In Zeno of Elea and his followers we see dialectical philosophy exhibited in a boldness and purity which succeeding Eclecticism has shrunk from realizing. They start from the widest generalization of language and of thought; they utterly set at naught the process of verification so indispensable in experimental philosophy: their principle has sprung from the brain equipped with native arms and to be defended by native skill; it is a dialectical principle, and must be dialectically maintained, namely, by a comparison of opposing probabilities. Herein we find engendered many marks which never left the ancient philosophy—its logomachy, its arrogance, we had almost said its unscrupulousness—whatever, in fact, was afterwards denominated “sophistry.”

There remained but one further step, and philosophy would have completed the first circuit of her allotted orbit. Socrates was to “bring down philosophy from heaven to earth.” This great man, having diligently studied both the physical theories and the dialectical deductions of his contemporaries and predecessors, and finding them all inadequate to solve the mysteries of existence, all too narrow



to hold the mighty fact of life, was led to search for some other thing as the object of science; and finally believed that he had discovered it in man himself. From Socrates is to be dated the birth of moral philosophy. Henceforth Philosophy assumes an eclectic character, which she has ever since more or less maintained.

Plato was the first great eclectic philosopher of the ancient world. He received into his capacious soul all that had been hitherto taught and believed, and he was destined to re-produce it stamped for eternity with the vivid impress of himself. The sources of his philosophy were threefold. From Heraclitus he took a mistrust for phenomenal existence, and for the senses by which these are conveyed to the mind. All things are perpetually flowing away, said Heraclitus; neither the material world nor the senses whereby we are made percipients of it, can be the object or media of true knowledge: this belongs to an unknown something behind phenomena, the cause of them; and to an undescribed apperceptive faculty which takes cognizance of them. This shadowy idealism of Heraclitus reappeared in Plato in conjunction with the bolder idealism of Pythagoras, which again was transformed and digested into his own philosophy by the homogeneous power of Plato. The unknown constant underlying the changeful phenomena was declared by the Pythagoreans to be number: things are what they are, because they are copies of numbers; take away from a thing its numerical value, its unity, and you destroy the existence of that thing. The ideal numbers of Pythagoras were each of them separate, independent units; for instance, the ideal dyad was not merely a multiplication of the unit, but itself a unit incapable of multiplication or division. These ideal numbers were re-produced in the speculations of Plato under the celebrated name of the *ideas*; and the philosophical nomenclature was altered to suit the greater energy of his conception respecting them. All things are what they are, not because they are copies of the ideal numbers, but because they *participate* in the ideas. Many strange and unexplored mysteries lie around this great doctrine of the ideas—their nature, their relation to each other, to the material world, to the idea of the good. In Plato we find many statements regarding them which sound con-

tradictory of one another; and the whole doctrine, as announced by him, seems to be the utterance of a mighty speculative genius, prodigious in surmise, swift in anticipation; but not exact or systematic in thinking, although endowed with an astonishing power of enforcing conclusions. He holds in his hand grains of the golden sands of the infinite, but they are ever running from him back into their native deep. Or else he lets them so slip away voluntarily, that he may the better show their mystic nature, refusing to be grasped, by the swiftness of their vanishing.

From Pythagoras, then, did Plato receive whatever of theoretic system may be found in his works. Along with Pythagoras he dreamed the golden dream of the universe, listened to the music of the spheres, strove to extend the realm of the limitable into the illimitable, and believed to find in mathematical truths a solution of the infinite harmonies of the Cosmos. A genius so vast and tender as his could not long hope for much from the rigid precision of mathematical formulæ; but we must notice one thing in Plato, that he often seems to be translating mathematical language into metaphysical; and that he gives to mathematics a most eminent place, both as a means of attaining truth, and, especially, as a process for disciplining the mind. Another thing of which he received the germ from the constructive genius of the Pythagoreans, is the notion of a political sect or brotherhood of philosophers, who were to be trained from infancy in the contemplation of the abstract principles of justice and truth, in order that they might be fitted for the governance of the body politic. It is very observable, that this great speculative thinker should hang his mysterious contemplations upon the framework of a social system, as he does in the "Republic," the largest and most mature of all his writings.

The third of the great teachers of Plato was Socrates. From Socrates he received dialectical skill, and a firm belief in the possibility of constructing a science of dialectic which should be a guide to the attaining of the highest truths. This science he has in part fabricated in his "Dialogues:" perhaps he gives a much fuller account of it than is generally supposed—in fact, a complete account. People usually seem to think that Plato is defective in method, that he has elabo-

rated no instrument for the discovery of metaphysical truth, just because he does not contain the "Organon" of Aristotle. This is a most singular misapprehension, worthy of comparison with the case of begging the question which occurs in Aristotle himself, where he attacks the Platonic ideas on the score that they do not correspond with his own well-known classification of the categories. The dialectic of Plato is so far from being any part of the logic of Aristotle, that its object, scope, and tendency are exactly contrary. Plato's dialectic, whatever it may have been as a process, had clearly this one object: it was an attempt to bridge over the gulf between man and the ideal world. Plato perceived within himself, and in other men, ideas of beauty, truth, and goodness, far transcending any approach towards their realization in the world of experience. These ideas seemed to be independent of his own personal state; they changed not as he changed, but remained the same, an unalterable, inexorable conscience. Hence he was led to regard them as divine, the voice of the Deity speaking within him. He felt much in his own nature that was at variance with them, and needing to be assimilated to them; and he longed and panted in soul with an unceasing desire to see, to know, to feel, and to realize these ideas in complete fruition. Where was their abode, and how was it to be reached? Was there not an ideal world, the region of real being, whether or not in the mind of Deity, in which the soul of the votary might be lost forever in the mystic contemplation of the true, the beautiful, the good? Was there not as surely some pathway by which the soul could ascend to this its native region, and by searching find out its truest heaven? Plato gave a long answer to this inquiry; and a part only of his answer has been heard. His dialectic seems to answer to what we call "self-examination," or some such mental and moral process. It implies the devotion of the whole heart, and mind, and life, to the service of philosophical or theological truth. Now the whole scope and efficacy of Aristotle's logic is totally different. The logicians of the present day are all what are called Conceptualists; that is to say, they seem with one

consent to have merged the extreme opinions of the old sects of Realists and Nominalists, and come to the agreement that all general terms are neither more nor less than names of notions existing in the mind. We do not pretend to discuss this opinion; but it is the conclusion to which the followers of Aristotle have been led at last after two thousand years' study of the "Organon;" and it is a conclusion very different from that of Plato. If general notions and names have no existence elsewhere than in the human mind, a long farewell to the ideal world towards which all that is noblest and best within us so ardently aspires!

But how has it come about that Aristotelian logic has been confused with Platonic dialectic; and that Plato has been accused of imperfection because he does not give so good an account of the laws of thought as is contained in the "Organon" of Aristotle? The confusion seems to have originated with that inconsistent Realism which was throughout a practical weakness in Aristotle himself. The Stagyrte seems to have shrunk from the conclusion to which his followers of the present age have come, and indistinctly maintains that there is in things themselves something analogous to the arrangements which human thought, as expressed in language, lays down for its own convenience in observing and recording the facts and events of nature. From this weakness of Aristotle has arisen the confusion between him and Plato to which we refer, and which we hope to clear up in a few words. Realism is not Idealism. It may, perhaps, be described as Idealism Aristotelized; but it is not Idealism. As far as the admissions of the Stagyrte go, general terms may have something in nature corresponding to themselves; but no account is made in his writings of such general terms as manifestly have no existing correspondences in nature, but must be sought, if anywhere, in the ideal world. It may be granted that Idealism follows to Aristotle by parity of reasoning, from his realistic admission; just as Realism is a corollary which Plato perceives from his Idealism. But the two are forever and essentially to be distinguished; nor is the Idealism of Plato to be charged with the many grave objections which lie against Realism. It would tend to simplify some of the most mysterious passages in Plato, if the reader would mark

\* *Φιλοσοφία* and *θεολογία* are interchangeable terms in ancient philosophy.

that he sometimes speaks of the ideal world and its archetypes, and sometimes, by a tacit admission of Realism, speaks of the real world and its archetypes as illustrative of the ideal. Thus, then, the Realism of Aristotle is distinct from Idealism, although related to it; but it is important to remark that this relation, being mistaken for identity, was what afterwards secured the entrance of Aristotelian forms into Christian theology.

From Socrates Plato further received a widely spread, deeply rooted moral element, which is as it were the principle of life to his whole philosophy. Yet moral truth is not in Plato deprived of its force and value by being treated as a separate science; it remains inclosed in the one great orb of philosophy, taking at once the form of religion and of preceptual morality, but never that of systematized moral philosophy. It proclaims as its theology, that God is good, God is true; as its maxim, that the best man is he who is most like unto God; as its speculative belief, that the idea of the good is the supreme and sublime of all the ideas. So that, altogether the germ of every moral system that has ever tormented the world is to be found in Plato, yet it is unjust to charge the authorship of any one of those abominations upon him. His object, as a moral teacher, was essentially practical—the drawing of the soul to the love of moral truth; and this he sought to effect by a series of metaphors so apt and impressive, as to have furnished the hint to almost every future theorist. "Virtue," he says, "is a harmony of the soul." In that saying we may trace the famous Aristotelian doctrine of "the mean state." In another place he calls it a well ordered commonwealth, under the sway of the superior faculty; and we are immediately reminded of the Stoics with their "cold reason." Again, he designates virtue as the art of measurement, (*μετρητική*), and the expression has been perverted into Utilitarianism. The three most celebrated views of moral truth are thus to be discovered in Plato.

But more than any thing else, Plato was indebted to Socrates for his personality. Throughout the "Dialogues," the one prominent figure is that precious Silenus, with his bull-like aspect, his awkward figure, and ugly features. We seem, in reading Plato, to catch the very curl of his unfathomable smile, the very

twinkle of his quick eye, as the deep meanings of his words shatter the finest systems of the Sophists, or he more kindly assists towards truth the tottering thoughts and tongues of the young men of Athens. Let us thank the gods that Socrates is such a Silenus, so ugly, so clumsy, so grotesque an eater and drinker, with the capacity and rotundity of a wine-cask. Let us also thank the gods that this Silenus who has got amongst us is Socrates, the hardiest and bravest of the soldiers at Potidæa and Delium, and the honestest of jurors in the Athenian law courts; that prophetic gleams and voices break out from amidst his pitiless laughter and banter; that through the channel of that strange soul, along with the silt and dragging gravel, flows down in grains the purest gold of truth. Let us observe, too—and we shall presently recur to this remarkable fact—that the sublimest speculative philosophy of the ancient world is part and parcel of the dramatic force, the quaintness, the humors, of a man.

We have one other observation to make before concluding this brief sketch of the growth and acme of ancient speculation. Plato, so far as regards his philosophy, was a Pantheist; the speculation of the highest reason not being of itself sufficient to aid him to the recognition of the Personal God. His Idea of the Good has been with truth described as God divested of personality. But there is in him the recognition of a Personal God; nay, there is a grand outline of a scheme of theology; and it is clear that he was compelled to return to the religion of his age and country for this notion of a supremely good, true, and powerful Being.\* Thus we see that philosophy, which was originally a search for an impersonal cause of all things, finds its perfection in the greatest of all philosophers in returning to its starting-point, and acknowledging that the full belief and worship of the Personal Cause of causes is essential to the well-being and completeness of human nature.

To recapitulate, then: we find in Plato, so far as the workings of that mighty mind can be traced, the preceding phi-

\* If proof be considered wanting to the statement that reason of itself can not lead to the notion of a First Cause invested with personality, the elaborately reasoned system of Spinoza will supply proof enough. Professor Ferrier, however, gets at a different result; but of this anon.

losophy digested and become the germ of the Platonic philosophy. That rejection of knowledge, such as is gained by the senses, which distinguished Heraclitus, is confirmed; "man walketh in a vain show;" there is an unrevealed truth in the universe, after which we are to grope, not resting content with the manifested and the sensible: the mathematical Idealism of Pythagoras is enlarged and rendered into the language of metaphysic; hence results the Platonic doctrine of ideas, and this sublime speculation is inseparably fitted into the theory of a perfect social community: the instrument of dialectic is fashioned, that by means of it man may come into the possession of his ideal world: and, finally, the whole vast edifice is carved everywhere with the features of the most extraordinary intellectual portent of the ancient world. We do not pretend to give a complete account of the philosophy of Plato; no one ever has or will do that. We do not even profess to have enumerated all the distinguishable parts of it; we have only taken enough of it to bear upon our present design.

And now we seem to be in a position to ask the question, What is philosophy or metaphysic? Many use the term as synonymous with psychology, as Kant and the Scottish school. To this opinion we shall have occasion to revert. The ancients, generally, make it what has since been called "ontology," referring to things in themselves independent of their relationship to the mind. Others say that metaphysic is the abstract form of all sciences; when we look at a science abstractedly, it becomes metaphysical. All these descriptions will be found to suit something in Plato, although it may be taken as a general statement that his dialectic is more akin to those systems which treat of ontology, of being, and knowledge, than to those of a psychological complexion.

But let us view the question in its broader aspect, and find what answer is given to it by Plato, the most renowned name and influence in the world. He calls his dialectic "the science of sciences, and the art of arts." Now what must his dialectic consist of, to claim so proud a title as this? The thing of the greatest concern to man is this, that he is a finite placed in the midst of a surrounding infinite; that he is conscious in a dim and vague manner of the infinite around him, and possesses powers which at times seem

to him capable of grasping and comprehending all its heights and depths; at all events, that he is possessed with an instinct which is ever prompting him to make this essay. Moreover, by the life which man now leads, he is brought into perpetual contact with what he calls "nature," which he knows to be a finite like himself, but which may well, by its perpetual varieties, image forth the unknown silent infinite for which he longs. Time beats in and beats out the various movements of the life around him in fierce, resistless pulsation; the blue expanding space above is fretted with a thousand soaring fires, which he knows to be worlds as vast and thronged with multitudinous mysteries as his own earth; the clouds of his firmament, the hues of his dawning and sinking sunlight, the trees of his forests, the waves of his ocean, are countless, exhaustless, renewed forever; and yet he shall not find one cloud, one radiance, one tree, one wave, exactly the counterpart of another. Is not this majestic abundance, variety, and succession, a fitting emblem for that eternal, that unconditioned absolute of which some inner sense assures him, towards which some inmost instinct urges him? Further, although there be no sameness discernible in this great universe, yet "all things are double one against another, and God hath made nothing imperfect." Man perceives in nature the operation of mighty laws so regular, that he can not recall the day on which he first conceived his faith in what he calls "the uniformity of nature." He can collect these laws, and thus form sciences; he can proceed from generalization to generalization, until, in the height of abstraction, he embraces in one cognition the whole universe. Now does not the traveling of his mind from one truth to another in the knowledge of the sensible world afford some clue to the method by which he may hope to arrive at the knowledge of the infinite? May not the process of acquiring knowledge of the sensible be a necessary preliminary to strengthen and mature the power which is to comprehend the infinite?

Plato thought thus; and therefore it was the first part of the business of his dialectician to master all the positive knowledge and special sciences in the world. Every faculty was to be trained to the utmost, every string to be strung



to concert pitch, to fill the ears of the world with loud and resounding harmony. But this implies a vast deal more than merely the possession of the special sciences and arts. The dialogues of Plato have been declared by many to be in themselves examples of the dialectic art. Good; but we must accept this statement in a far wider sense than is usually given to it. Not only the arguments which are found in Plato are examples of dialectic; not only the two or three forms of arguing which he expressly names are examples of dialectic; not only the sciences with which he proves himself conversant are parts of dialectic; not only the arts which he criticises are so; but the whole dialogue, from beginning to end, is an example of dialectic, with its persuading tentative force, its dramatic power, its humor, its pathos, its metaphor, its gleaming river of eloquence. The reason is obvious. We can not pretend, in our present ignorance, to know what sort of knowledge and experience shall best aid us in our hoped fruition of the infinite. The Platonic dialogues were evidently the work of a man of a confirmed moral character, of the amplest capacity for enjoyment—a dramatist, a humorist, with an amount of life and a strength of purified passion within him scarcely ever equaled. All this is to be within the compass of the dialectician who aspires to the infinite. He is in the fullest degree to appreciate, understand, and enjoy the present; and when he has thoroughly exhausted the old heavens and the old earth, then, and not until then, may he give free course to his inner promptings, and attempt to scale the unimaginable heights of infinity.

This is no wire-spun inference from one or two isolated passages in Plato's writings. Speculation has advanced not one step farther than where he left it; he stands confessedly at the head of the speculative genius of the world. And he has, without exception, adhered to the dialogue, with all its scenic accompaniments, as the type in which dialectic is to be exhibited. And his dialogues are acknowledged, in a half-sighted manner, to be examples of the dialectic art. By those who make this half-sighted acknowledgment astonishment has been expressed at the variety of subjects treated upon in the different dialogues, their notion evidently being that dialectic is a kind of organic art, like logic or arithmetic, in

which the process is in principle the same, with whatever subject-matter. The reason for the diversity of subjects treated upon in the dialogues is, that Plato was not sure what subject was more important to be studied with a view to strengthening the faculty whereby the infinite was to be reached, inasmuch as he was unacquainted with the exact nature and requirements of that faculty itself. It must, however, be conceded, that he does show a preference for certain pursuits and topics, though his selection has been, on the other hand, greatly criticised. But the enormous extent of the education preparatory to the study of the science of real being itself is confessed by himself, inasmuch that he is compelled to devise a peculiar condition of society for its realization. If we understand Plato aright, this education would be such as could end only with life itself; for at what earlier period than the hour of dissolution could a man say, "I have exhausted the universe, and come to the end of its successions"?

It belonged to the genius akin to madness to conceive that this preparatory course could be completed, and time still be left for the study of the infinite. Nevertheless, suppose it complete, and the powers of the dialectician mature, his sense of life at its keenest, his knowledge of the universe all-comprehensive. What next? What is dialectic in itself?—what can be said in description of the dialectical faculty? Plato, it has been remarked, describes dialectic as the science of sciences, the crown and coping-stone of the sciences. Therefore, this master-science must possess that which is essential to the notion of science, namely, the recognition and investigation of laws and principles. And, moreover, by virtue of its own peculiar nature and object, it must differ from the formality of special science. It must be, not method, but the very soul of method; it must be, not order, but the very essence of it; it must be fettered by no law, but is to be a law unto itself. Thus it is to be the spirit, substance, highest completeness, of the contents of the several sciences. The faculty of this science Plato designates *voûc*, intuition, the highest reason, the summit of the immediate faculty—terms which sufficiently indicate his conception of its nature. This is about the sum of what he says respecting the science and the faculty of the infinite; and beyond this speculation may

confess itself unable to proceed. The German description of the same science of the infinite, as "the movement of opposites;" the terms of Coleridge's definition of method, as "unity in progression;" the Hegelian logic, the continuous rejection of contradictory ideas—all these might be with propriety applied to designate the dialectic of Plato. Speculation has advanced no jot since Plato. The most bold, sustained, and daring thinkers of the world have soared these heights, and found an infinite beyond them; their fall has proved that to us the absolute, the unconditioned, the infinite, must ever remain the unknown.

And now is it not among the marvels of human history that one endowed with gifts so singularly varied as Plato—a dramatist as great as Homer, and as sublime as Æschylus; a humorist more delicately delicious, and perhaps as powerful, as Aristophanes; a mathematician and physicist, completely endowed with what was known—that this man, who seemed born to revel in the present world of men and things, should have cast all other designs into subordination to the hopeless hope of scaling the infinite? Is it that the greatest naturalist is, moreover, a purist? Or is it that we have, indeed, here bound up together in one the souls of two men—the sententious, humorous, moral, practical, inscrutable Socrates, and the sublimely enthusiastic Plato? We know not, and crave forgiveness for suggesting that solution. But mark how magnificently Plato confesses his own failure. He leads us in safety not to the infinite or unconditioned, but to the ideal; and he can only depict the ideal by reference to what man has seen and heard in the sensible. The ideal is a place or world corresponding in beauty and glory to the visible world; to express the absoluteness of his belief in the objective existence of this ideal world, he is led into a realism, of which we have spoken, with regard to the visible world: as the sun is the luminary of the visible world, so is the idea of the good the light and glory of the ideal world. Finally, the human nature is unable to bear the saying that the light and life-giver of the ideal world is an impersonal principle; and he hastens to clothe his idea of the good with Divine Personality. Here is the triumphant failure of this grand essay: the infinite becomes the ideal; and human

faculties can not reach beyond the ideal! Discomfited philosophy may, however, console itself by reflecting upon what it has without doubt achieved. What renders Plato the pride and glory of the world, one of the most renowned names among men? It is that he has more clearly than any other opened up to our gaze the wonders of that ideal world of which we are all more or less conscious, in which to live is our life indeed; and that he has more fully, and with diviner eloquence than any other, drawn out the parallel between the exhaustless wonders, profusion, and magnificence of the real world about us, and the unutterable splendor of the spiritual and ideal. In this service, we find that he has explored more diligently and happily than others the universe of nature, and that microcosm, the heart of man. The actual is hanging in gorgeous folds about the ideal. We have seen how much Plato saw in, and took out of, the comparatively feeble philosophy which preceded him. His instructed observation drew no less copious a supply from the life of the generation amidst which he found himself. He respected every thing; no opinion was so palpably absurd as to meet with his uninquiring scorn; no object was so mean as to avoid his wondering and reverential scrutiny. So that in result the fame and value of Plato consists not in his being the philosopher of the infinite, but in his being the philosopher of the finite, the revealer of nature to man, of man to himself, and of the relations between the idealizing tendencies of human nature, and versicolored multiform actuality in the midst of which God has granted that man should expatiate. From this point of view, how great and wise a teacher he appears! He pleads for the immortality of the soul, until his passionate earnestness awakens in his hearers a faith that was not revealed. He points constantly upwards to the unseen heavens, the abode of the half-enshadowed forms of goodness, loveliness, and truth, in order that the unsteady eyes of mortals may follow his direction: he proclaims the great fact of a state of prior existence, which is at times breaking forth to man in a dimness of half-memory; and no theory on the stultified question of the origin of ideas can compare with the Platonic doctrine of *anamnesis*. The germ of every science, the eloquence of every art, are enfolded in

that nebulous confusion called by Plato his "philosophy."

Had Plato lived in another age of the world, it is more than probable that this prince of philosophers would have been the greatest of poets. But he lived in an age when philosophy was the religion of the world; and it was the duty of the most nobly gifted to strive to gain, in behalf of his fellow-mortals, some certainty in the present, and hope for the future. Otherwise, the question must have occurred to him, whether it were not best to cease the search for the knowledge of the unknowable, to live the ideal life revealed, and repose in calm security upon the everlasting infinite around, whilst enjoying and working in the present with whatever zeal and faculty he could command. We who are called Christians stand in a wondrously different position from the heathen Plato. We were never to reach the Infinite, but the Infinite has mercifully stooped to us. Leaving the eternities and infinities, and in a manner how mysterious and incomprehensible entering within the bounds of time and space, God has made known to us his Personality, his infinite love and compassion for us. Revelation has appointed to us the bounds of our thoughts not less distinctly than the sphere of our duties. We know of the Infinite that it is an infinite of love. With this we are to be contented, and would that it could be said of all of us that we are so!

It has often been observed that a certain degree of similitude exists between the philosophy of Plato and the revealed word. This similarity is both external and internal. We would speak very reverently, and say that Plato is the Bible of Heathenism.\* It is so, in that it is the only heathen book which defines for mankind the boundaries and coasts of the ideal world, that it alone strives to shape a pathway to this world, that it alone creates and intensifies in the human breast the belief that this grand goal may per-

chance be reached, that it alone insists sternly and unwaveringly upon the necessity of a conversion and change of nature: it is so, inasmuch as it contains the history of the life and death of the noblest pagan confessor of the truth: it is so by the witness of the thousands who have pointed to it as the awakener and strength of their faith and hope.

But the parallelism may be carried on still further. The ideal life of Plato is hard and impracticable by the side of the ideal of the Gospel, the beginning and end of whose commandment is love. The one is a brave but losing strife with the infinite, the other is the mandate of the infinite given to man. We have said that the ideal world of Plato is shadowed out and mirrored forth by the natural world. How much more truly may this be affirmed of revelation! The Author of revelation is also the Author of nature: nature is the record of the laws by which the Divine Creator works; revelation is the covenant containing the conditions of his promises to man. Can you hope to curtail and modify the curl of the changing wave that swirls past you in the rush of the broad river? Can you desire to trim, or in any wise alter, the free lines of the treforns, or to break the outlines of the hills? Then, only then, may you expect to reduce to exact system and dove-tailed order the life-giving principles of the Revealed Infinity. What a wonderful drama, what a magnificent, solemn, and terrible grotesque is the face of nature, with its storms and sunshine; its swiftly passing lights and shadows; its careering thunder-clouds and relentless rains, and its sweet blue in which are placed the quiet white clouds! How full of mystery is a dark mist, which yet may be filled with close grain of purple drops by the uprising of the sun! How awful is the sea raging in the white wild waves, which yet once again, as anciently, shall from placid level send forth a gleam to mingle in the colors of the disk which sinks upon it! Wind and vapor, hail and snow, storm-cloud and cirrus—we know them not, we can not utter their mystery. We know only thus much, that they "fulfill His word;" that the being and will of the Personal God is the code of the universe. And how strange, portentous, grotesque, and hazardous a thing is human life; in its origin and end, in its struggles, its achievements, joys and sorrows! How

\* We can scarcely be misunderstood in venturing upon a comparison between the revealed word and the writings of Plato. When we say that Plato was the Bible of Heathenism, we mean only that it was the purest code of ethics which the heathen world possessed: it was a light *in darkness*, but could not do more than make the darkness around itself miserable, lacking the authority and fullness which belong to revelation. The difference between the two is the difference between man inquiring after God, and God revealing himself to man.

awful is man when he laughs and when he weeps! He is conscious of an almost infinite capacity, prompting him forever to work at something; yet he is dumb or scarcely articulate, concerning what is within him. He feels possession of an irresistible power to do or not to do, which he calls his will; and yet once in every day must he desperately lie down, and lose for some hours all consciousness of will and promptings of infinite capacity. So that, lamenting these conditions, he calls himself in deplorable weakness the victim of necessity, until he is taught to call himself rather the child of God! Not less closely does revelation fit the life of man than it fits the order of nature. In the first place by psalm and burthen, by precept and by history, by rite and parable, is man declared unto himself; his mighty helplessness is laid bare; his passionate joys and sorrows are most pathetically expressed; the conscious or unconscious need of his spiritual nature is drawn and set in the strongest light: so that there is no book to be placed beside the Bible for dramatic power and pathos. Then, amidst all this comes the history of the causes of all the imperfection and suffering; the act of disobedience, the obscuration of human faculties, the sundering of human life. The whole scene of the universe is depicted, and man seems to lie in the centre of heaven, earth, and hell. The grand serenity and repose of heaven, full of worship and solemnest, sublimest pageantry, "vast images in glimmering dawn," stand in contrast to the earth which lies under sentence of death, beautiful yet convulsed, weeping yet striving to smile amidst her pangs; and in still extremer contrast appear the unendurably quick, furious, and disproportioned movements of the children of the pit. Finally, and as the triumphant issue of all things, man is brought, by the life and death of the Lord Christ, into immediate relation with the Eternal and Infinite; his duties are defined; and among the rest, that his duty towards the Infinite is faith.

The world has had only two philosophies — Platonism, and Christianity, which has superseded Platonism in the necessities of the world. Most of the points of resemblance between these two might be exhibited as points also of contrast, and Platonism thus be brought up as testimony against itself in regard to the superiority of Christianity. Platonism

is a pure hypothesis; Christianity is a fact with external evidence. Platonism requires impossible conditions in order to its realization; Christianity is adapted to the present state of the world. Platonism provides only for the satisfaction of the higher necessities of a select few; Christianity commands "all men everywhere to repent." Platonism arouses the hope of immortality, without its blessedness, connecting the doctrine with its fancy of transmigration; Christianity proclaims the life that is hid with Christ in God. The Republic of Plato is a theory of a perfect state which can never be realized in this world, ending with the dream of what happened to Er, the son of Armenius, in another world: the revelation of the Bible proclaims what it is God's will to accomplish for our race, and ends with the vision of the new heavens and the new earth. The Perfect Commonwealth is an iron system which provides for every hour of the life of the individual: the Church of Christ is an indeterminate organization, typical of the freedom and catholicity of the inner fellowship of the Divine life. Thus, both in its similarities and its contrasts, does Platonism bear record to Christianity; and in both, also, it prepared the world for the reception of the Christian faith.

Neo-Platonism is, in very many respects, (as our readers know,) to be markedly and totally distinguished from the teaching of Plato himself. Neo-Platonism sprang forward as the fierce opponent of Christianity at the time of its appearing; and very quickly did the defenders of Christianity conceive or find it indispensable to adopt from their philosophical opponents, who treated them as rude and ignorant men, a mannerism and mode of thought which has since exclusively usurped the name of the Platonic. Neo-Platonism agrees with Plato himself, and differs from Christianity, in a certain aristocratical spirit. The mysteries of the higher spiritual life, in the conception of Plato, were not meant for the multitude, but only for the happy few provided with capacity and leisure to enjoy them. Those who followed Plato added to this the spirit of sectaries, embittered by the opposition of the Aristotelians; they made a secret and a mystery of the tenets of their professed master, and by their antagonistic position lost more and more of his spirit. They cultivated to extra-



gance his mysticism and enthusiasm; they renewed his search after the absolute; while they lost his delight in the present world, and all that was included in this. They were men of a scientific rather than a genial turn of mind. They further differed from their founder in the complexion of their faith. Their belief in the power of the highest reason led them to use it as an instrument for the overthrow of every thing which was not strictly amenable to reason. For example, Plato himself had the utmost reverence for the popular religion, and for the myths in which it was embodied. He makes mythology an essential part of his educational training, and only interferes with the myths which he found already in existence in his own time when they were at variance with his own preconceptions of the worthiness and dignity of the divine personages concerning whom they were written. In such cases, he held that the truth was corrupted by the human medium; but he never dreamed of calling the myth itself into question, or weakening it by allegorizing or rationalizing explanations. The Neo-Platonist, on the other hand, rationalized every thing. At Alexandria, about the time of the first promulgation of the Gospel, they had come into contact with the Hebrew Scriptures; and in the writings of the philosophic Philo the Jew, there prevails a singular compromise between rationalism and literal acceptance. The Neo-Platonists had further imbibed an oriental spirit, of which no trace is discernible in the most Greek of Greek writers. The earliest of the Christian Fathers show manifest signs of the influence which this, the philosophy of the day, had upon themselves. They call Christianity *the philosophy*—the only philosophy of life; and Christianity received its first tincture of purely human thought from the intolerant mystic heathen faith of the reason, becoming imbued with a mysticism which its own inherent sublimity can afford to wear, and a rationalism which it is the burden of its faith to support—a prototype of the transformations so soon to ensue, in which the original simplicity of the Divine word became intermingled for better or for worse with the forms and inventions of the human intellect.

Christianity proclaimed the possibility of a higher inward life, arising from the immediacy of the relations in which it placed mankind with the infinite. And it

made humility and the abnegation of self the condition upon which this higher life was to be enjoyed. This violently opposed to it the exclusive and self-subsisting spirit of the philosophy of the age, which was a mixture of Platonism in *abstracto* and the colossal theosophy of the East. It was conceived practicable to include the spirit, and in part the substance, of this philosophy in the Christian idea. That the vivifying influence of the Gospel was universal, was always admitted; but there were truths contained in it which the multitude of believers could not penetrate; an order of men was already separated to pursue these superior directions of contemplation; and in Christianity was established a resemblance to the esoteric and exoteric teachings of heathenism. To this tendency the heathen philosophy, which opposed itself to the simple faith, offered a powerful alliance; and the various sects of the Gnostics, whose disputes are spread over the greater part of the first three centuries of Christianity, exhibit, as their common feature, a coalition of Christian verities with the Platonic abstractions, and with the hypostatic intuitions of the Asiatic religions. The revelation of truth became the philosophy of ecstasy.

We can not particularize at length the great Gnostic movement. Suffice it to say, that the mystic and sublime elements of Christianity received from it a prodigious expansion, whilst they were commingled with much that was merely and fantastically of human invention; and that Platonism and the Platonic became henceforth synonymous with the elevated and transcendental in thought and feeling. But the Gnostic extravagance aided to pave the way for another scarcely less important example of the handling of Divine truth by human philosophy, which is next to be described.

From the earliest period the center of the higher life given by Christianity was by human pride of philosophy placed elsewhere than the center of the Christian faith; and a distinction arose between the *πνευματικοὶ* and the *ψυχικοὶ*, it being believed that the speculative truths of the Revelation were to be studied apart from the vitalizing power which acted so wondrously upon the hearts and lives of the mass of believers. Had the mystery of the Christian faith been always taken along with its power, the development of

Christianity would have been historically very different. Committed to the devices of human thought, Christianity, in the first place, as we have just seen, assimilated to itself the hybrid philosophy called "Neo-Platonism;" which resulted in the aberrations of Gnosticism and Manichæism, whereby the philosophic reason is seen in partial revolt against the practical answer given by the faith to the various subjects of its speculation; and the speculative point of view is carried away from the simply faithful; mere practical orthodoxy, thus abandoned, being already invested with a kind of narrowness. Christianity, meanwhile, continued to be assailed by philosophy; and it found its adversaries of the second and third centuries—both pagan and, especially, heretical—in possession of a method in the Aristotelian logic, against which the inferior Stoical logic in vogue could not avail. It was found requisite, in the next place, to adopt and study, for the sake of their argumentative value, the forms of Aristotle. Thus was Christianity made the receptacle of the wavering creeds of the two most opposed philosophies of antiquity. The beginner of the innovation was St. Augustine, the apostle of orthodoxy in the west, at the end of the fourth century. Augustine was by nature a Platonist, a sublimely speculative genius, but who subjected the free course of his contemplative bent to the necessities of the controversialist, and thus acquired the habit of expressing revealed truth in an argumentative form, being in this the forerunner of a multitude. A century later Boëthius followed the initiative of Augustine, though from other motives. As a philosopher, he formed the immense design of transfusing the substance of Greek speculation into Latin, thereby to provide for the continued empire of philosophy over the world. In this way was introduced to the West the latest Eclecticism of the schools of Athens, which consisted in an attempt to reconcile Plato and Aristotle. From this foundation arose the long-enduring edifice of Scholasticism.

Aristotle was, in the first instance, studied exclusively for his method, and hated both for the sake of the assistance which he had afforded to the enemies of the faith, and with the antipathy of men Platonic in tone and education. But gradually the degrees in which he ap-

proaches Platonism were recognized; and as his logical treatises were neutral, the hostility gave place to admiration and a venerating spirit which ultimately ceded the preëminence to him. The inconsistent realism of the great founder of the Peripatetics, of which we have spoken, was welcomed as agreeable to many things in Plato, and stretched out so as to meet the Platonic idealism. The logical Aristotle was evidently an application of the philosophy of language to the interpretation of nature. The logical Plato, more inscrutable, was perhaps the same application to the same interpretation, amongst other things. The result of the combination was a Platonic enthusiasm of theological thinking, embraced in an Aristotelian rigor of form and positivism of reasoning, of which, while still immature, the chief representatives are Scotus Eriugena in the tenth, and Abelard in the twelfth, century.

The Christian Platonists of the preceding centuries had assigned to the ideas an abode in the Divine mind, as the elements of the order and constitution observed in the creation. Aristotle had, in his *Physics*, in a generalizing way, described every sensible object as consisting of *matter* and of *form*—"matter" meaning that which constitutes a sensible object; "form," that which distinguishes sensible objects into different classes. By adopting Aristotle's term of form, and attaching to it the cognition of the personal nature of the Deity, means were found of reconciling Aristotle with Plato; Aristotle had only attacked the ideas as a theory of the individuals of the natural world; not as the eternal reasons of things as contemplated by the Deity. "Indeed," remarks Bishop Hamden, "Aristotle might be held to have invested his abstract forms with some such preëxistence, in assigning them as the ultimate ends to which nature is conceived to tend in all its manifold operations and productions, with instinctive and unceasing effort." The conception which the Christian followers of Plato attached to the word "idea," was henceforward transferred to the word "form."

Logical truth was, by Aristotle, notwithstanding his realism, definitely distinguished from metaphysical truth. But logic, or the science of general principles applied to deductive purposes, is apt to be mistaken for an interpreter of nature,

and universality of the mental conceptions expressed in language to be confused with universality in point of fact. So that, in this view, the more abstract the conception, the more valuable, as scientific, the truths it contains. Logical truth, thus confused with metaphysical, produces a corruption of idealism; and if in a similar way confused with the physical province, it has the effect of crippling investigation. In such a philosophy the point of view is wholly metaphysical.

Such a philosophy was Scholasticism—a system which received into its bosom the seeds of dissolution in the shape of the too rigorous method by which it hoped to exhibit and enforce all truth. It was a bold and, for four centuries, a successful attempt to adjust the balance between reason and faith. It saw in Christianity the seeds of all truth—all science; and its design was to subject speculative, moral, and physical truth to the theological point of view. But, unhappily, it sought to do this not by infusing the religious element into scientific investigation, but by applying to the several sciences the *à priori* method by which theology proceeds, instead of permitting each science to rest upon its own principles, and to be pursued in the method natural to it. This mode of procedure was, beyond doubt, right and justifiable in speculative and moral science, falsely so called. There is no ideal for man but the Christian ideal; all other ideals are only historical evidence to the glory of this. There is no need to haggle and vex the brain about the independence or non-independence of the principles of morality, when I know that the practice of virtue is the law of God to me. Scholasticism, then, was perfectly right in its conception of the subordination due from speculation and morality to theology; and its period is to be pointed at as the only one in the history of mankind in which the true relation between these sciences has been maintained. But the Aristotelianism within its bosom ruined Scholasticism. The universality of the design failed from the universality of the method.

In the desire to exhibit God as the center and circumference of the universe, it was deemed requisite to embrace physics also in the same *à priori* method. For this a precedent was found in the method of physical investigation among the ancients. A number of the Aristo-

telian principles, which were strictly logical, and not physical—generalizations of the mind, not facts of nature—were deported into the one great theological scheme of Scholasticism, and the research into nature prevented. Such principles were the doctrine of contraries, whereby it was concluded that because certain notions exclude one another, therefore there are certain correspondences in nature which, in like manner, mutually exclude one another; the principle of transmutation of bodies, whereby a power of change from one form of being to another was attributed to nature, similar to the power of the imagination to vary the forms which it can summon up to infinity; the principle of privation, and, in short, the whole theory of motion; and the distinction between potential and actual being. Thus was physical genius prevented from expatiating in its proper domain, until its shackled condition, in the age of disruption, aroused the emancipating strength of Bacon.

It will be instructive, after this sketch of the building up and contents of Scholasticism, to look at the edifice itself, as it stands. What is it as a whole—principles, method, and every thing else together? How does the theological element pervade and weld together the heterogeneous materials? Scholasticism reached its maturity in the course of the thirteenth century, and its greatest names are Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, and William Ockham. One book is its type—the *Summa Theologiæ* of Aquinas. It seems to us that a singular misconception prevails concerning these men and their writings. They are popularly supposed to be a vast wilderness of dry logical forms, defaced by uncouth terminology, and rendered useless by reference to exploded authorities. To say that their terminology is uncouth in our ears, can be nothing more than saying that we are unaccustomed to it: their authorities, upon some things, may be exploded, but not upon the most important; and we may often ask ourselves whether it is not our own belief that has decayed, rather than the authority brought by the schoolmen. The most popular idea is, that the schoolmen are merely intellectual machines, whose natural force is overpowered by technicality, and who exhibit nothing of the vital movement of other men. There may be some ground for this state-

ment, as far as the technicality is concerned; but no ground for the pith and meaning of it can be discovered by a discriminating and patient reader. Take the *Summa Theologiæ*. We have there a perfectly elaborated system of theology, beginning with the most rudimentary questions, and proceeding to the most complicated. Now, Aquinas had no need for the brilliant power of a Plato, to emit momentary and piercing tongues of flame into the bosom of a waste and dark infinite void. His sphere was rounded for him by his faith; and his business was to explore and map out that sphere as thoroughly as he could. The first requisite for this kind of work is to insure regularity. Aquinas takes a form, to which he adheres throughout his immense labor, from the disputations which used to be held in his day. The subject to be discussed is proposed as a question; then the subordinate questions into which the main question arranges itself are stated, analogously to the headings of a modern sermon. Each of these subdivisions is discussed separately, the arguments for and against being arranged one under the other, and a conclusion is drawn upon each, and finally upon the main question. The whole vast volume is a succession of great questions treated in this way. Now, at first sight, such unaltering regularity appears repulsive enough; but not upon renewed observation. It insures perspicuity, and enables the mind to grasp and retain what was meant to stand for a perfect system. And it will not be found that this great thinker is devoid of affections, or unalive to human interests. His soul is not a dead soul; for he undertook a labor as great as that of any man, and went through it with all the care and watchfulness of his intellect. There is something affecting in this huge monument of labor, and others like it, which was undertaken for the good of mankind, and has been so completely deserted and left to the worm and moth. And there is more than unremitting and intense thought in Aquinas. There is the pure glow of a spirit refined and sanctified by labor and meditation, and a pathos, not of passion, but arising from his perceiving the truth; a pathos of truth. We have spoken of the dramatic and exuberant life of Plato, comparing him to those who have possessed this attribute. Let us now venture upon

another comparison. If Plato resembles, in one respect, Homer or Shakspeare, Aquinas no less strikingly resembles Spenser. The *Fairy Queen* is full of life, play, incident, the grotesque, the impassioned; yet it is different, essentially different, from the life, freedom, and play of Homer or Shakspeare. Spenser adheres not only to one metre, but to one stanza throughout, and with very peculiar effect. He relies for variety on the tones and pauses in the line itself, which the course of composition brings out; and as the scenes move along, and passion after passion, incident after incident, succeed, they are invested with a strange, unearthly, ideal kind of dignity and gravity; and we are carried along upon a mighty tide of harmony we know not whither, wave after wave, in regular succession, yet with their sweet, minute, fortuitous variations, their curvatures changing, and the wind making little ripples in them as they rise, and swell, and burst. Here we have a sort of idealizing gracefulness cast over life, so that passion is depicted in all its force, but none of its homeliness; grief in its bitterness, without its painfulness; joy in fullness, without its extravagance; and we can mark everywhere the nobly restrained hand which refused to indulge one touch, one line excessive. Even so, as we conceive, has Thomas Aquinas loaded himself with a heavy armor of forms, yet moves beneath it with steadiness and strength; his heart beating deeply, his pulses thrilling sharply with human tenderness, yet unwilling to waste one atom of his strength otherwise than with reference to that object towards which he is disciplinedly marching. Yet he does attain a sort of subdued—and, to those who rightly consider the mightiness of his labor, a touching—pathos, which we have striven to insist upon by calling it the pathos of truth. After all, these neglected scholastics did good service in their day and generation, which is the main thing, and were honored accordingly therein.

But the time when the great edifice was to be shattered, along with the hierarchical authority which had consecrated it, was at hand; and very remarkably were the men appointed to do the work of disruption. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries boast of three men mighty to destroy and build up again: Luther, Bacon, and Descartes. Luther



shook the throne of the usurper of the Seven Hills; Bacon cast down the paralyzing dominion of the Stagyrite over the realm of nature; while it was the more questionable destiny of Descartes to emancipate speculation from the rule of faith. If it seemed improbable that the poor Wittenberg monk should well-nigh unseat the Pope, it seemed yet more improbable that Bacon, the lawyer, the orator, the statesman, the historian, who originated no invention himself, should be the man to whom the philosophy of experiments owes its birth; and most improbable that Descartes, the mathematician, the man of formularies, should narrow the sphere of theology by severing it from speculation, and set the human intellect once more astray through the infinite. Yet the birth-place of modern infidelity was the brain of the mathematical Descartes.

We have seen how the darkness and mist of the infinite arched itself to the light which Plato carried, in his unexpressed gropings after it, into the shadowy sphere of the ideal world; and with what a grander resplendence this darkness and mist circles round the star of Bethlehem and the torch-light of Gethsemane. Plato the wise seemed content to miss the infinite when his search had gained the ideal; he and his brethren, with a pagan instinct that was wonderful, naming that which is definite, as the ideal is, by the name of "good," and that which is indefinite by the name of "evil." The pagan, great as was his faith, could not be sure of the infinite of good; he could only discern that the infinite was dreadful, unknowable; and build for himself an ideal wherein to dwell safely. And truly there is round about us, above and beneath, an infinite good, and what might seem an infinite evil; and these two have ever been haunting the earth, descending to human comprehension in ideal ghastliness or ideal beauty, and leaving their footprints in curses or in blessings. The serpent in the garden, coiled around the tree of knowledge, and hard by the tree of life; Satan accusing Job before the Throne, and the voice of God from the whirlwind; the war in heaven, and the great red dragon cast therefrom, his angel conqueror upright and serene in his strength and fearlessness; how shall not these be known as unveilings of the infinite between which the finite man is placed? And may it

not be known, moreover, by the shudder with which man can not bear the awfulness that lies beyond these unveiled forms of the infinite, that the only comfort and refuge is in embracing the ideas of the Gospel, and striving to attain the high spiritual life therein brought within the compass of humanity? Forget not that what you are to know of the infinite has been unsealed: if you are restless, you may perchance be permitted to adorn the revelation with a philosophic symbolism of *Æon* and *Demiurge*, as did the Gnostics—a symbolism which speaks as meaningfully to the philosophic temperament as does the symbolism of art to the artistic temperament. Better adorn it even metriculously, and be cast out as a heretic, than abandon it, and go wandering in the unlighted void inane, and be accused before God and man as an infidel. Yet into the darkness we are about to wander sadly lost. Modernism begins, and begins in speculation, as in art, by denying Christ.

Concerning the beginning of desolation. Scholasticism expired with great struggles, and was not entirely dead until the very end of the seventeenth century. Every vestige of prescriptive authority, theological, speculative, and political, lay extinct along with Scholasticism, upon the threshold of the eighteenth century. During the heat of the conflict the full extent of the havoc was not perceived; how much that was worthy of mercy and honor had perished irrecoverably beneath the scarlet robe of Rome, which vainly sought to give protection. And the noble character of the men who fought the victorious battle in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—Luther, Bacon, and, we may say, Descartes, Spinoza, Cromwell, Milton, Pascal; men who, each in his own way, labored in the struggle for human liberty—prevented the loss of the slain from being felt. It needed an eighteenth century of debasement in all that ought to be noblest, of desecration in all that ought to be held most reverently, before men could be brought to acknowledge the danger of the free and scrutinizing spirit which had led them thoughtlessly everywhere, even into the holy of holies. We now recognize that while one hero had struck down a monster, another had been slaying a true knight; and when one had let forth the innocent captive, another had been unchaining a devil. But we can in

this place point only to the unhappy divorcement of speculation from Christianity; a thing of itself one of the most pernicious and evil consequences of the Reformation, not, however, immediately imputable to the Reformers, but to those who, in modern times, began to ply the trade of speculative philosophers. At the outset, let us premise thus much. We shall be led to mention names which stand highest in the roll of fame; whom, nevertheless, we are conscientiously compelled to regard as having been utterly and fundamentally mistaken, and to have passed, in consequence, lives of more than useless labor. Let it be conceded to us to admire while we reprobate, to respect where we regret; and let us state at once, that we would not seek to blame the men themselves so much as the tendencies which are represented by them. We must make the fullest allowance for the expansive force of ideas when once started; we must acknowledge that a wrong direction is not easily recovered; and then we must say that modern philosophy has lost its way for three centuries; nay, that it is like the adventurer on the prairie, who galloped all day long, in terror, upon his own track, until he returned to the place from which he started, and the sun was going down!

The first demonstration made by speculation after the discarding of revelation was, rightly viewed, a most inestimable piece of evidence as to the dependence of man upon God, the insufficiency of reason without faith. Descartes, after eight years of retirement in Holland, spent in meditation upon the philosophies of the world, came forth with a conclusive proof of the futility of them all. He destroyed, at one long-meditated blow, the edifices raised by human speculation throughout two thousand years. He demanded a demonstration for all things; nothing was to be accepted without the fullest proof to the consciousness. This demand at once demolished all that had been built upon sublime conjecture, all that of which we demand no proof, and yet in which our humanity discerns and accepts something intensely and eternally true. Platonism sank before it, every thing sank before it, except faith, which defied it, and that object of faith which could prove itself Divine, by its actual effect upon the lives of men, and its perfect power to satisfy the high cravings of the mind.

Descartes found that the only axiom which acquired absolute certitude, and the denial of which involved a contradiction, was his own existence. "*Cogito, ergo sum*," was the beginning of the Cartesian philosophy. But it was also the end; for when Descartes attempted to reconstruct a philosophy upon this axiom, he found that he had cut away so much foundation that he could not build at all. He endeavored next to prove the existence and attributes of the Deity, but could not gain the same degree of certitude for this demonstration as for the preceding one, and was compelled to let the idea of the mind respecting God stand proof for the existence itself of God. And so of the rest of his system; it falls prostrate before the iron demands of reason, as do the systems before it; and Descartes, who so sternly demanded a proof for every thing, spent his life in angrily answering the objections of assailants who required him to fulfill his own condition; and died the pertinacious defender of hypotheses very arbitrary, and lacking that verisimilitude which men accept in lieu of demonstration without flaw.

Descartes' method trained a disciple abler than himself, in the person of Spinoza, "the subtle Jew of Amsterdam." The *Ethica* of Spinoza is a system of metaphysical reasoning which adopts the rigid type of geometrical deduction from a few axioms and definitions. If these be granted, the whole system follows. Various attempts have been made by men shrinking from the ghastly conclusions to which the Jew would drag them, to discover some flaw in the chain which binds them. And unless Spinoza be defeated, Pantheism and Necessity are to be the creed of the intellect. Here comes in the value of the point of view which we have adopted, of viewing philosophy as a history of the successive phases in which the human mind has approached metaphysic, at the same time that our design is to collect its failures as evidence for the need of revelation. We have already seen that Pantheism is the creed of the unaided reason: the intuitive genius of Plato could not arrive beyond it, and his unsatisfied soul had to borrow the personality of God from poetry and religion. Spinoza was now to prove, having revolved and matured his thoughts for twenty years of silence, the same result, that Pantheism is the creed of reason. Yet this same Spi-

noza, how little delighted with his own doing, is found writing such words as these following: "*Justitia et caritas unicuique et certissimum veræ fidei Catholice signum est, et veri Spiritus Sancti fructus: et ubicunque hæc reperiuntur, ibi Christus re verà est; et ubicunque hæc desunt, deest Christus. Solo namque Christi Spiritu dirigi possumus in amorem justitiæ et caritatis.*" It is the profound remark of Wesley, (quoted somewhere by Hallam,) that, considering the degree of intelligence displayed by the brute creation, it is hardly consistent to consider reason as a mark which distinguishes man from the brutes, but rather the capacity for knowing God, which is possessed by man, but not by brutes. This religious capacity, then, seems to have little to do with reason, the separate faculty; but is rather the great result of the whole compound nature of man. What is philosophy to me, must be philosophy for my whole being; the philosophy of reason, which addresses only one part of me, and starves the rest, is revolted from as a lie by the emotional and imaginative part.

Spinoza's system need not, after all, alarm us, if even we could not detect a fallacy in it. To his conclusions we must apply bold, sound, round observation, accepting them when in accordance with our faith and that consciousness of ours, which it is the glory and crown of our faith not to destroy, but to fulfill. Spinoza says: "There is no substance but God." A Christian philosopher, who was not ashamed of his Christianity, might reply to this: "If you mean that there is no being absolute, infinite, and everlasting, but the Divine Being, I believe you; for the attributes of God, as revealed in Christianity, are infinite; He 'is of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness.'" Spinoza proceeds: "The more reality or existence a being possesses, the more attributes are to be ascribed to it. There is but one substance, but God: therefore all attributes are in God, or God is the cause of all things. Whatever is, is in God, and nothing can be conceived without God. For he is the sole substance, and modes can not be conceived without a substance; but besides substance and mode nothing exists. God is not corporeal, but body is a mode of God, and, therefore, uncreated. God is the permanent, but not the transient, cause of all

things. He is the efficient cause of their essence as well as of their existence, since otherwise their essence might be conceived without God, which was shown to be absurd. Thus particular things are but the affections of God's attributes, or modes in which they are determinately expressed.\* Hence follow several things usually taken for paradoxical. There is no contingency, but every thing is determined by the necessity of the Divine nature, both as to its existence and operation; nor could any thing be produced by God otherwise than as it is. His power is the same as his essence; for he is the necessary cause both of himself and of all things, and it is as impossible to conceive him not to act, as not to exist. God, considered in the attributes of his infinite substance, is the same as nature, that is, *natura naturans*; but nature in another sense, or *natura naturata*, expresses but the modes under which the Divine attributes appear. Intelligence, as an act, is only a mode of thinking, to be referred to *natura naturata*; there is no faculty of thinking apart from the act; there is no intelligent substance, or infinite intelligence." Hence follow certain pernicious conclusions, which Spinoza does not explicate. Nature is eternal, if it be part of the Divine substance; evil is divinely caused, or is an attribute of the Deity. It will be borne in mind, that we have only given the conclusions, not the proofs of Spinoza.

But the answer is ready: "You draw conclusions too tightly. That truth, whose essence is beauty, lies in curves, not in your straight line of reason. God is an infinite intelligence, in spite of you; for so he stands revealed, and so necessity of nature compels me to believe: God is an infinite person, and no mere soul of the world; for I am commanded to address him as my Father. Nature is no part of the divine substance; for nature is imperfect, and God is perfect: and, as for evil, you draw things too tight; God permits evil, but never causes it. Your necessity is contrary to my consciousness. The only active agent that I know is myself, and I feel conscious of free-will in all my actions; consequently, my only knowledge of agency is a knowledge of free-will agency, and I must transfer the no-

\* We are partly quoting from Hallam's abstract of Spinoza, "Literature of Europe," vol. iii.

tion of causation, thus obtained from my own experience, to the divine cause, and presume that the Deity is not a necessary agent. In fact, all the truth which may be in you is turned into a lie by distortion. You mar the macrocosm, and man ceases to be the microcosm. You do not leave things as undisturbed as possible, which is what a great man would strive to do; you alter relations, and thus falsify things. It is the glory of God to conceal himself in nature, supporting its blind life by his omnipotence, but allowing free play to its secondary agencies. But your conclusion would confound God and nature, first cause with secondary causes, stopping all the freedom of which we are conscious, and which is to us the breath of life, in one monstrous pulsation of an unintelligible, necessary infinite. You may be legitimate in reason, O Spinoza! but you are as death to human nature; and, thank the sweet heavens, you are contrary to the revelation of Jesus Christ."

In Descartes and Spinoza we have the history of the emancipated speculative philosophy of the seventeenth century. It resolves itself into a search for true ideas, *veræ idea*, and this search may be considered to be its first phase. In the next century it confesses itself baffled in the search, as might be anticipated in a philosophy which had abandoned the true idea of revelation, and enters a distinct eighteenth century phasis next to be described. Observe, however, before passing on, how entirely the disciple has overthrown his master's work. The foundation with Descartes is the existence of the *ego*, or personal consciousness: the deductions of Spinoza confound all human action, thought, and responsibility in the huge anomalous whole, where every thing is God, and there is no worshiper.

The new or eighteenth century period was inaugurated by the great work of Locke. In Locke, the speculative reason confessed its defeat, and in its own way, strove to discover the cause of it. Why were not the ideas of Descartes and Spinoza invested with the same power of commanding belief in the world, as the ideas of Plato? "Not," replied the Speculatist, "because of the reflex influence of the revealed truth, which, although ignored, is yet a *puissance* within the realm of reason, and, unseen, unheeded, is turning the wisdom of men

into foolishness. It is because the instrument of reason has been misused and mistaken as to its powers, set to perform work for which it is unfitted or unaccustomed. We must discover the limits of our faculties, and invent, if we can, some training process, that we may strengthen them to the work, ere we go up to conquer and possess ideal realms in the land of the infinite." Had speculation, at this point, been taught humility by defeat, and seen, what it might have seen in the clear light of Revelation, how hopeless was the conflict from which she had just retired, she would have found other work to do than training her forces for a renewal of the attempt. But now for about a century, speculation ceases to be speculation, becomes psychology—a study interesting to a few, revolting to most, very useless, but still harmless, except that the memory of the old defeat was never lost, and speculation promised herself a day when she should endue herself in ancient arms, and lead her trained and disciplined forces up the heights of the infinite.

We are not at all called upon to give the particulars of the psychological period. Psychology, as we say, is not metaphysic—although it has been again and again mistaken for it; and many speak as though the uncontained could be made cognizable by measuring accurately what the human soul can contain; a curious instance of the easy propagation of a fallacious mode of thinking. Man may be a little world, so that by man one may become cognizant of the great world; but you can scarcely call man "a little infinite!" The history of psychology, upon which we do not feel called upon to enter, is a very dreary one. It consists chiefly of endless discussions upon the nature and origin of ideas; desperate attempts to analyze the different parts of the mind, which proceed upon the strange assumption, that what we call for the sake of convenience by different names—as memory, imagination, reason, etc.—are actually separate parts or faculties, bound up together in one person, and holding a dignified intercourse with one another in a sort of "common room," called "consciousness," where the amenities are presided over by a very fine old gentleman by the name of "Higher Reason," *alias* "Secret Recess," *alias* "Spiritual Essence," etc., etc. A sore



puzzle to this psychological school has been the construction of a philosophical language remote from the usage of common men, and in which certain words are to be taken in one acceptation by all philosophers. Yet psychologists can scarcely be brought to agree among themselves as to the meaning of their commonest terms. The word *idea*, for instance, has a history of its own, which it has required the erudition of the late Sir W. Hamilton to unravel. Under this fact, it is scarcely fair in philosophers to complain of the fluctuations in common parlance.

We would classify the philosophers of the psychological period not according to their respective psychological theories, but according to their relation to metaphysics in the science of the unknown. The bulk of them, as Locke, Hume, Reid, Stewart, Brown, are mere psychologists, and seem to forget any ulterior purpose in their busy task of mapping out the human soul. Others, as the late illustrious Sir W. Hamilton, are led by psychology into the conclusion to which revelation might have led them at once, namely, that there can be no such thing possible as a science of the infinite and absolute. There is but one man so far as we know who has actually attempted to make use of psychological distinctions for metaphysical purposes. Kant, despairing of the power of reason to grasp the unconditioned, made the attempt from another side, the infinite capacity of the human will. He failed, inasmuch as the will or active power of man, which seems so infinite and so capacious, is not, can not be, separated from the infirmities of the human intellect. A distinction, introduced for convenience into psychological language, could not divide the unit of the human soul.

The era of psychology extends to the present generation, although with this difference from the eighteenth century—that while in the eighteenth century all is psychology, in the present cycle metaphysics has grown weary of her long psychological pupilage and in several daring thinkers has sprung forward once again to the escalade of the unconditioned. But we have not yet quite done with the eighteenth century. It is part of our business to indicate the progress of the free-thinking spirit which was the most positive result of the modern speculation. While psychology lulled metaphysics into

harmless repose, the restlessness of the metaphysical spirit passed into a class of writers who are called "philosophers," but whose influence is in its essence political. We mean the series of Frenchmen who extend from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes down to the Revolution or later. We have in these writers the most curious and distressing anomalies offered throughout the course of history. They are imbued with the fierceness and restlessness of speculation, without its spirit of deliberative, suspensive criticism; they deify reason, and yet avow atheism, the most irrational of creeds; they are cruel, quick, and witty beyond endurance, and yet they exhibit every symptom of weakness, from the tears of Rousseau to the gibing fury of Voltaire. The deterioration was very marked after the former generation of great French thinkers in every department, such as Pascal, Montesquieu, and Descartes. The powerful and well-matured writings of those men were succeeded by a spirit of vehemence, hasty pamphleteering, which consummated itself in the *Encyclopédie*—an unmistakable proof that the depth and solidity of ancient thought were passed away, and the heady era of false brilliance, hasty positiveness, and impatient generalization had commenced. These things broke into their own terrible consequences. The pantheistic creed of unaided reason never became popular in the community; the atheistic creed of unreason seemed to shake for a season the foundations of the faith, and drew on the most fearful convulsions of society. Yet what is the difference between the creed of reason and the creed of unreason, the one of which leaves no worshiper, the other leaves no object of worship?

In the nineteenth century speculation has, in the brains of several daring thinkers, reassumed its original form and labor. It stands boldly forth without dissemblings; it will no longer submit to rest content with ideal theories; it refuses to believe in the conclusions of its own psychology, which might have taught it that there is a limit to human capacity; and with unabated confidence it demands no less than the infinite. There have been in Germany two great schools of absolutists: one of these has occupied itself with following out the line begun by Kant, when by an invincible analysis he disproved the capacity of the reason, and

yet did not despair of the attainment of the infinite from another side. The men of this school are Fichte and Schelling. The other school consists of Hegel and his followers. Of the impenetrable Hegelian philosophy, which the author of the remarkable work at the head of the present article, Mr. Ferrier, despairs of understanding, we give the following account from one well able to gauge its value :

"After the Kantian Critique, it was impossible to bring a philosophy of the absolute within the received compass of human thought; there remained only the attempt to expand thought to the immensity of the subject by a gigantic scheme of intellectual Pantheism, in which the personal consciousness and its limits should be absorbed in the processes of the one infinite mind. Such is the fundamental principle of the logic of Hegel—a logic constructed not in obedience to, but in defiance of the laws of thought, which are held to be valid only for the finite understanding dealing with finite objects; the philosophy of the infinite being based on their abrogation.

"It is not easy to give in a short compass an account of Hegel's logic, which shall be intelligible to an English reader. If we were to describe it as an attempt to develop a philosophy of being in general, by reproducing the divine thought, in the act of creation, we might support the view by sufficient quotation from the work; but it would convey an erroneous impression to one who did not bear in mind the total suppression of *personality*, Divine as well as human, in the Hegelian philosophy. It may perhaps be better characterized as an illegitimate expansion of the fundamental principle of the Cartesian philosophy, modified in some degree by the Kantian. '*Cogito, ergo sum*,' is true within the limits of the personal consciousness. I exist only in so far as I am conscious of my existence; and I am conscious only as being affected in this or that determinate manner. Within these limits, Thought and Being are identical, and every modification of the one is a modification of the other. But if this principle be accepted in its Hegelian extent, I must commence by ascending from my personal consciousness to a supposed Universal Thought, identical with Being in general. Here personality disappears altogether; and the problem is, to deduce from the identity of Thought and Being in general the several identical determinations of the one and the other. Such a process is not thought, but its negation. If the universe had one consciousness, the system might be possible; for Thought and Being are identical only in and through consciousness. But such universal consciousness could not be *my* consciousness, and thus the Hegelian assumption can not be grasped by any act of human thought. On the other hand, thought

without consciousness is inconceivable, since it implies a negation of the one essential characteristic, under which all thought is presented to the human mind. The logical notion, which is not a function of my own personal thought, is a mere empty abstraction, inconceivable by reason; and the system deduced from it is incompatible with those regulative truths that are above reason. Vulgar rationalism subjects belief to thought; it has been reserved for transcendental philosophy to subject it to the annihilation of thought."—*Manuel's Introduction to Aldrich's Logic*, p. xlix.

We now perhaps stand in a position to estimate at its right value the *Institutes* of Professor Ferrier. This is in all respects a most remarkable book. When we began its perusal, we were greatly excited by the magnificent promise it laid before us; which was no less than, by an unflinching march and process of reason, of demonstration, to arrive before and capture the fort of absolute existence. Professor Ferrier writes with such genius, such passion, such enthusiasm; he is so evidently master of his subject, and has thought it out from beginning to end; he is so conversant with the history of previous failures, and so aware of the futility of the expectations of metaphysic from psychology, that if any man may hope to make sure the foundation and place the coping-stone of an edifice of metaphysic, it will be Professor Ferrier. We will not say that we have risen from his work with a feeling of disappointment; but we will say, that we have gained this conclusion, that if Professor Ferrier is right, there is such a thing as independent metaphysical science, but that it is a perfectly useless thing, better to be abandoned; whereas, if Professor Ferrier is wrong, this final grand failure must convince the world that, certain as is the existence of metaphysical truth, it can never be erected into a science. The only proposition which is not demonstrated, but taken as self-evident, is that which stands first in the work, namely, "Along with whatever any intelligence knows, it must, as the ground or condition of its knowledge, have some cognizance of *itself*." This proposition is the beginning and the end, the sun, soul, and center of Professor Ferrier's system; it meets us at every turn throughout his pages, all the other demonstrations refer themselves to this prime axiom; and it inspires the final proposition: "All absolute existences are

contingent, *except one*; in other words, there is one, but only one, absolute existence which is strictly *necessary*; and that existence is a supreme, and infinite, and everlasting mind in synthesis with all things." But this axiomatic proposition has been attacked by Mr. Mansel, with what we confess sounds to us very much like a quibble. He says, that "if the cognizance of one self forms part of the act of knowing, why not the cognizance of three or four selves? As well admit one thousand selves as one self in the object of cognition." For our own part, we believe that Professor Ferrier is right, and that he has succeeded in erecting a system of metaphysical truth; of which, and of his work in other respects, we shall briefly examine the merits. But observe, that although the writer of the present article has seen with astonishment the raising together of a metaphysical system, yet that system has been sapped at its foundation by the keen incredulity of a mind trained to view these questions in another light. So far is metaphysical science from possessing the authority and universality which should give it value in the world.

And, first, concerning the literary spirit and style of Professor Ferrier, we have nothing but encomium to bestow. He is a model of perspicuous language upon an abstract and obscure subject: he has vitality enough to be popular, and at the same time his own profound and luminous mind shows out the real shallowness of the men of pedantry and intellectual routine. He has given course to the instincts of the literary man, to render his book at once attractive and the more instructive, and has intermingled his severe demonstrations with abundant observations and explanations, tending to set the value of the demonstrated position in a clearer light, and open out its bearings upon the history of philosophy. Nothing can be stronger and more candid than Professor Ferrier's writing. He abominates mystery, pedantry, concealment of every kind; and seems possessed with a vehement eagerness to be understood, and to render himself unmistakably intelligible. Thus he gives the converse of every proposition having one, as fully as the proposition itself; he reiterates, insists, and proves again and again. He advances many startling things, in a bold style of positiveness and self-assertion, which is de-

lightful in these days of fashionable self-depreciation and lack of bigotry. He would have all men rationalize their creeds; he would make clear the convictions at which men come through the instinct of faith; and his work is an appeal to the catholic reason of mankind. The false subtleties of psychology strike him with an intense disgust; but still he takes a cast from psychology, in making his system a theory of knowledge and of ignorance previous to the theory of being. With equal dissatisfaction does he regard the tortuosities and lack of system in the true philosophers who have preceded, Plato and Hegel, for example; lamenting in all that they have been careless of mankind, careless to screen themselves from popular misconception, and exhibit their truths each in the strongest possible contrast with popular error. The force of unimpeded reason has not even yet, thinks Professor Ferrier, been fully tried; either over-subtlety has slid like poison into its action, or want of lucid arrangement has obscured it. He would speak to all men in the plain and honest language of truth. Old psychology may well feel astonished at the sweeping strokes of this new man. Certainly metaphysical philosophy has not often addressed the world in such language as this following:

"We naturally suppose that truth lies in the distance, and not at our very feet; that it is hid from our view, not by its proximity, but by its remoteness; that it is a commodity of foreign importation, and not of domestic growth. The further it is fetched, the better do we like it—the more genuine we are disposed to think it. The extraordinary moves us more, and is more appreciated, than the ordinary. The heavens are imagined to hold sublimer secrets than the earth. We conceive that what is the astonishing *to us*, is also the astonishing *in itself*; thus truly making 'man the measure of the universe.' In this supposition the savage and the *savan* fraternize, (bear witness, Mesmerism, with all thy frightful follies!) and, drunk with this idolatry, they seek for truth at the shrine of the far off and the uncommon; not knowing that our ancient altars, invisible because continually beheld, rise close at hand, and stand on beaten ways. Well has the poet said:

'That is the truly secret which lies ever open before us;  
And the least seen is that which the eye constantly sees.'—*Schiller*.

"But dead to the sense of these inspired words, we make no effort to shake off the drowa-

ing influence, or to rescue our souls from the acquiescent torpor which they renounce—no struggle to behold that which we lose sight of only because we behold too much, or to penetrate to the heart of a secret which escapes us only by being too glaringly revealed. Instead of striving, as we ought, to render ourselves strange to the familiar, we strive, on the contrary, to render ourselves familiar with the strange. Hence our better genius is overpowered, and we are given over to a delirium, which we mistake for wisdom. Hence we are the slaves of mechanism, the inheritors and transmitters of privileged errors; the bondsmen of convention, and not the free and deep-seeing children of reason. Hence we remain insensible to the true grandeurs and sublime wonders of Providence; for is it to be conceived that the operations of God, and the order of the universe, are not admirable precisely in proportion as they are ordinary, that they are not glorious precisely in proportion as they are manifest, that they are not astounding precisely in proportion as they are common? But man, blind to the marvels which he really sees, sees others to which he is really blind. He keeps stretching forwards into the distant; he ought to be straining backwards and more back, into the near; for there, and there only, is the object of his longing to be found. Perhaps he may come round at last. Meanwhile it is inevitable that he should miss the truth.”—Page 197.

The truth discovered by the clear faculty of Professor Ferrier is satisfactory to us who are in search of evidence in favor of the necessity and power of the Divine revelation. We have granted him his postulate—that, along with the object of cognition, a thinking intelligence takes some cognizance of itself. This granted, conclusions rapidly follow. The material and its qualities can not be apprehended *by themselves*, without some recognition of self or of the *ego*; that the *ego* is, therefore, the permanent and universal in cognition, and every thing else in cognition is the transient and particular; that this *ego* is not material, yet can not be known *per se*, or in an indeterminate state; that the only independent universe which any mind or *ego* can think of, is the universe in synthesis with some *other* mind or *ego*; that the object in cognition, together with the subject in cognition, matter *meum*, object *plus* subject, is the substantial and the absolute in cognition; while both the *ego* or subject, and the objects, whatever they may be, are taken separately, the phenomenal and relative in cognition: That there can be ignorance only of what is the object of knowledge, or capable of being known: therefore we

can not be said to be ignorant of the contradictory or nonsensical; we can not, that is, be ignorant of either of the elements in cognition taken separately, the universal or subject, and the particular, or object; but that these, taken together, are the subjects of ignorance or of knowledge, as the case may be: we can not, without absurdity, be said either to know or be ignorant of matter *per se*, or of mind *per se*: That absolute existence, or being, in itself is either that which we know or are ignorant of; for absolute existence is not the contradictory, (which, we said, was alone the object neither of knowledge nor ignorance,) inasmuch as there is nothing absurd in the supposition of absolute existence; that absolute existence is not matter *per se*; that it is not the particular by itself, nor the universal by itself; in other words, “particular things, prescinded from the universal, have no absolute existence, nor have universal things, prescinded from the particular, any absolute existence;” that absolute existence is not the *ego per se*, or the mind in a state of pure indetermination; but that “absolute existence is the synthesis of the subject and object, the union of the universal and the particular, the concretion of the *ego* and *non-ego*: in other words, the only true, and real, and independent existences are minds-together-with-that-which-they-apprehend.” Finally: “All absolute existences are contingent, *except one*; in other words, there is *one*, but only one, absolute existence which is strictly *necessary*; and that existence is a supreme, and infinite, and everlasting mind, in synthesis with all things.” This is the closing proposition of the book.

And now, after this zeal and agony of demonstration, whither have we come? where are we landed? We find ourselves upon the foundation slab of the staircase leading up to heaven; we have proved by reason what we already know by the instinct of faith, and yet more certainly by the Gospel of Revelation—the necessary existence of an Infinite Intelligence. Metaphysics, in the hand of Ferrier, have led us one step nearer the throne than that Pantheism of Spinoza and of Plato which seemed to be that in which the unaided reason must abide. But here reason stops, and philosophy gives place to theology; it can penetrate no further; it has been two thousand years in getting a foothold on the path which leads to this;



and its very foothold is not undisputed. It is very triumphant that the flaring rival of revelation sinks thus at length into the servant — the unprofitable servant.

And now recurs the question, *Cui bono?* To very few certainly. If Professor Ferrier is right—and we do believe that he is—it is highly satisfactory to have reason prostrate before the threshold of Divine revelation, imploring for entrance; it is a valuable piece of additional evidence to truth; and that is all. We should believe revelation if this evidence were away; and we should disbelieve reason if she gainsaid revelation. So then, this is metaphysics. Well, it is an interesting fact in the history of the human mind, that the unaided reason has encompassed the primary truth of the Bible, the being of a Personal and Absolute Intelligence: and Professor Ferrier is a very great man. But what good will accrue to any one from repeating the process? We take revelation, and have taken it for two thousand years, independent of, and in defiance to, reason: now that reason has surrendered, let the strife cease, and all philosophical controversies be merged forever in the faith. A new era is opened in the history of philosophy; let it also be a new era in the history of faith; and let not the direction traced out by Ferrier be illustrated, historicized, criticised, and *targumized* after the manner of mankind hitherto. It is a fact, a curiosity, and no more. Let us admit it, let us store it up in the armory of the faith, as a subsidiary of whose value we are fully conscious; and then let us have done with it.

We have now seen speculative philosophy in its most important phases; as blindly and dimly conscious of the infinite, and striving to grasp it; as falling short in that, and yet scooping out an ideal which supplied the earth with noble livings, until the coming of the "life indeed;" as coalescing with the Christian verity, and in process of time merging itself in theology; as revolting from God and man both in the pride of reason and the folly

of unreason: and now we see its triumph consisting in its surrender to the truths of the Bible, and submitting once again to be led by theology. Here we pray with fervor that its history may close, for its work is done; its long warfare is ended, and it sinks in repose upon the infinite, from which it rose in pride and untried confidence. It has added its testimony to the great fact, that God, in his personality and infinity, as in his providence and grace, is ever about us, upholding all things by the word of his power; that the seeds and elements of all truth are to be sought in his revelation; that the duty of man is reliance upon him, and in his present agency, who so completely fills all things, that all our motions are incomplete, or only complete as losing themselves in his absolute perfectness; for he is both the center and the circumference, the perfect round of things; and the more lightly, less laboredly, do we move within that sovereign arc, the more happy shall we be, the more beautiful, the more acceptable in our incomplete completions. We are finites embraced within the Infinite; but the Infinite is to us an Infinite of love, having entered within our finite time and space; an inner, higher life is placed before each of us, and we are commanded to "rejoice and be exceeding glad;" and verily with reason, inasmuch as we are left no longer to our own ideas, but are brought, each one, by Divine institutions, into immediate relations with the Deity. Let us awake, then, from the evil slumbers of human devices, pride of system, pride of knowledge, pride of reason, pride of infidelity; and, embracing the Christian ideal, realize it in the Christian life, secure it in the truth of God, and, striving only to adorn and magnify that truth by thought, and word, and deed, let us study nothing apart from it, that we lose not the light of life, and lose not our very minds in pernicious vapors, stifling, born of hell; but let us in Christian contemplation tend ever towards the Source of Light, knowing many things, and secure for all.

From Titan.

## WHO WAS PRESTER JOHN?\*

TOWARDS the commencement of the eleventh century, a prodigious sensation was excited in Europe, Asia, and Africa, by the conversion to Christianity of a prince known by the name of *Priest*, or *Prester John*. The renown of this monarch went on increasing through the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—for this partly real and partly fanciful personage appeared not to be subject to the law of mortality. The type still remained, and was continually receiving new embellishments. It was agreed that this sacerdotal person surpassed in power and riches all the potentates of the earth; on that point there was no difference of opinion. But as to whereabouts this wonderful priestly Cræsus, this kingly pontiff, was to be found, there were very wide differences indeed. Some placed him in Africa—in Ethiopia; others proclaimed that his incomparable kingdom was situated in Asia, but could not decide whether it was in India, Tartary, or Thibet. The country, as well as the title and the religion, of this mysterious potentate furnished the erudite of the time, and also the tellers of stories, with materials for dissertations without end, and a monstrous heap of fables and contradictions.

There was, indeed, so much written in the middle ages about Prester John, that it is not very easy to discover what little portion of truth may exist amidst the thousand accounts, which scarcely agree in any one particular. Otho of Freisingen, Alberic of Trois Fontaines, William of Tripoli, Vincent de Beauvais, Jacques de Vitry, Marco Polo, Plan-Carpin, Rubruk, Jordan de Severac, Mandeville—in short, all the travelers and writers of the period—busied themselves about Prester John, and related the most marvelous things concerning him. Nothing, however, can equal what this strange personage says of himself;

or, at least, in a letter attributed to him, which was addressed to the Emperor of Constantinople. Mosheim, who copies it from Assemani, regards it as apocryphal; but many other critics, and among others Marsden, are disposed to admit its authenticity. Authentic or not, however, it is so curious, and so illustrative of the spirit of the time, that we shall not hesitate to translate it almost entire:

*"John Priest, by the Power and the Virtue of God and our Lord Jesus Christ, Lord of Lords, to the Sovereign of Constantinople, may he enjoy health and prosperity by the grace of God.*

"It has been made known to our majesty, that you esteem our excellence, and that there has been speech among you of our grandeur. We have learned from our secretary that you had the intention to send us some articles of luxury and curiosity. What we desire and wish to know is, whether you have, like us, the true faith—whether you believe in our Lord Jesus Christ? We know that you are a man, and that your little people take you for a sovereign, although you are but a mortal destined to corruption. If you have need of any thing that would be agreeable to you, make it known to us by our secretary, and you shall obtain it from our munificence. If you like to come to our dominions, you shall be appointed to be the greatest and most worthy of our house, and you may partake of our abundance. Should it please you to go back again, you shall set forth overwhelmed by benefits.

"Do you desire to know the grandeur and excellence of our dynasty, the extent of our power and dominion? Know and believe that I am the Priest John, the servant of God, and that I surpass, in riches, in power, and in virtue, all the kings of the earth. Sixty-two kings are tributary to me. I am a zealous Christian, and I protect and support by my alms the poor Christians who are subjects of our merciful empire.

\* *Christianity in China, Tartary, and Thibet.* By M. L'Abbé Huc, formerly Missionary Apostolic in China. In 2 vols. 8vo, 422 and 406 pp.

"We have formed the project of visiting the sepulcher of our Lord, at the head of a great army, as becomes the glory of our majesty; and we wish to combat and to humble the enemies of the cross of Christ, whose name be blessed and exalted.

"Our magnificence dominates the three Indies; our domains, setting out from Farther India, where reposes the body of St. Thomas the Apostle, advance across the deserts to the place where the sun is born, and return by a circuit to the ruins of Babylon, not far from the Tower of Babel.

"Sixty-two provinces, of which few are Christian, obey us; each has its king, and all are tributary to us. In our territories are found elephants, dromedaries, camels, and animals of every species under heaven. Milk and honey flow in our country, and no poison is ever found there. One of our provinces, which is inhabited by Pagans, is traversed by a river called the Indus. Issuing from Paradise, it rolls its waters through the entire province, and in them are found emeralds, sapphires, and other precious stones. In another province pepper grows in abundance, and the earth is covered by an immense forest filled with serpents. This forest is situated at the foot of Mount Olympus, whence springs up an inexhaustible fountain, whose waters preserve all kinds of flavors. Then comes an arid sea of sand. At three days' journey from this immense desert there are inhabited mountains, amongst which there flows a stream that can not be approached. This stream throws itself into a great river, into which the inhabitants of our countries plunge, and bring up wonderful quantities of precious stones. Beyond that river are ten Jewish tribes, who, although they choose their own kings, are nevertheless the slaves and tributaries of our excellency.

"In another province of our states, near the torrid zone, there are worms, called in our language salamanders, which can only live in the fire. They envelop themselves in a kind of tissue, like the insects that produce silk, and the substance is wrought with care by the ladies of our palace, and thus we have stuffs and garments of it for the use of our excellency. These garments can only be purified by being placed in a fierce fire.

"We believe that we have no equal,

either for the quantity of our riches, or the number of our subjects. When we issue forth to make war upon our enemies, we have borne before us, upon thirteen cars, thirteen large and precious crosses, ornamented with gold and jewels. Each cross is followed by ten thousand horsemen and a hundred thousand foot soldiers, without counting the men of war, charged to conduct the baggage and provisions of the army.

"When we go out merely on horseback, our majesty is preceded by a cross, without either gold, jewels, or any ornament, in order that we may always remember the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ; then there is a golden vase filled with earth, in order to remind us that our body must return whence it came—that is to say, to the earth; and lastly, there is a silver vase filled with gold, that every one may understand that we are the lord of lords. Our magnificence surpasses all the riches in the world.

"Every year we visit the body of the prophet St. Daniel, in the desert of Babylon. We go there armed because of the serpents. In our country is caught the fish whose blood is used for the purple dye. We rule over the Amazons, and likewise over the Brahmins. The palace in which our sublimity resides, is like that built by St. Thomas for Gondoporus, King of India. Its wood-work is of the most costly kind, and its roof is of ebony, to avoid the danger of fire. At the summit of this palace are seen two golden globes, surmounted each by a carbuncle, in order that the gold may shine during the day, and the carbuncle at night. The tables on which the repasts are spread in this palace are, some of gold, and some of amethyst; the columns that support them are of ivory.

"The chamber where our sublimity reposes is ornamented with various works in gold, silver, and jewels; and is perpetually perfumed by the odor of the balsams burned in it.

"Our bed is of sapphire. Why does our dignity choose to adopt the title of Priest? That is what your prudence need not be surprised at. We have in our court many officers, whose dignity, functions, and titles, are borrowed from the ecclesiastical hierarchy. There are even some who are superior to us with respect to their divine functions. Thus the master of our pantry is a primate as

well as a king; our cupbearer, an archbishop and king; our chamberlain, bishop and king; our marshal, archimandrate and king; our chief cook is an abbé and a king; it is therefore not repugnant to our majesty to adopt the titles of which our court is full. If we have chosen an inferior title and rank, it has been out of humility. Our empire extends on one side for four months' journey, on the other no one can know how great it is. If you can count the sands of the sea and the stars of heaven, you may number my domains, and reckon my power."

Such is the pompously extravagant epistle addressed by Prester John to the Emperor Commenus; and many missives in the same style were sent at various epochs to the emperors of the East and West, to the Pope, the King of France, and even, it is said, to the King of Portugal. These curious documents contained, like that we have copied, an ostentatious account of the fabulous power of this royal pontiff, but nowhere sufficiently exact indications of the locality of his dominions to enable us to identify them. Every one was convinced, nevertheless, of the existence of this extraordinary personage, and the wonders of his empire formed a common theme for discussion. It represented the Eldorado of the time, in the excited imaginations of the people.

The great renown of Prester John induced the Pope Alexander III. to write to him, (in 1177,) and he addresses him by the title of "King of the Indies, and most holy of Priests."

After having shown, at the commencement of his letter, the supremacy of the successor of St. Peter, and the authority given him to regulate the affairs of the Church, and determine points of doctrine, he speaks of a certain "Master Philip," his physician and servant, who had received from powerful and distinguished people in the East some communications relative to the desire which Priest John had to be instructed in the doctrines of the Church of Rome. Alexander then endeavors to demonstrate how important it is for those who call themselves Christians to hold the true Catholic faith. He exhorts Priest John, therefore, to repent of his errors, and to give his full confidence to Master Philip, who will explain to him the true principles of the Christ-

ian faith, without which "one can not hope for salvation."

This brief of Alexander III. gives us to understand that Prester John and the subjects of his vast empire did not profess a very orthodox creed. In fact, the chronicles of the time are unanimous in representing them as tainted with the Nestorian heresy. As early as the year 1143, the Bishop of Gabala, legate of the Church of Armenia, addressed to the Pope Eugene III., the following report: "Some years ago," said the prelate, "a prince, named John, who dwelt beyond Persia and Armenia, at the extremity of the East, professing, along with his people, Nestorianism, and uniting in himself the characters of sovereign and priest, came and waged war against Media and Persia, and having seized upon Ecbatana, cut the armies of his enemies to pieces."

Jacques de Vitry expresses himself thus: "The Nestorians have mortally infected the greater part of the East with their doctrine, and especially the empire of the very puissant prince, vulgarly called Priest or Prester John."

Finally, Matthew Paris reports the receipt, in 1237, of a letter from Brother Philip, prior of the Dominicans in Palestine, which declares Nestorianism to be predominant in India, the *kingdom of Prester John*, and the most distant states of the East.

From all these documents, it may certainly be inferred that Prester John was a real person, in whom European Christendom was powerfully interested. He was, it seems, a potent prince of Upper Asia, professing, with his subjects, the Nestorianism which for a long time was actively propagated in those countries; and all these facts are placed beyond doubt by the testimony of history and the most authentic narrative of travelers.

#### THE DRINK OF THE TARTARS.

The ordinary drink of the Tartars is *kumys*, a spirit made of mare's milk. They pour the milk into a large leathern vessel, and when they have got a considerable quantity, beat it till it begins to ferment like new wine. When it becomes quite sour, they beat it again violently, and then draw off the buttery part. The fermented whey makes a brisk sort of liquor, with an agreeable almond flavor,



very intoxicating to those not much accustomed to it. The Tartars also make from goat's milk a kind of butter, which they boil and keep for winter use in goat-skins, and though they put no salt in it, it never spoils. After they have taken off the butter, they boil the curd again to make cheese, which they dry in the sun, and which is as hard as iron; these cheeses they put into sacks for the winter store, and when the supply of milk becomes scanty, they put this hard sour curd into a leathern vessel, pour hot water upon it, and beat it till it liquefies; and with this acid drink they have to content themselves during the time of year so severely felt by pastoral nations.

#### THE GREAT EMPIRE OF KUBLAI-KHAN.

The war between Gazan and the Sultan of Egypt was prolonged for several years with various success. The King of Armenia, his faithful vassal, or, as the chroniclers say, seneschal of all his host, came with 40,000 vassals to ravage Syria, and took several towns, and it was in consequence of these events that the idea of invoking the aid of the Crusaders recurred to Gazan, and that he sent ambassadors to the West to solicit it. His messengers came to Paris, and renewed to the King of France their former proposals of alliance; they then went to England, and endeavored to come to an understanding with Edward I.

But, while Gazan was thus offering his alliance to the sovereigns of the West, the circumstances that might have rendered it valuable to them were considerably altered. A great victory gained by the Mussulmans had obliged the Mongols and the King of Armenia to retire across the Euphrates—a misfortune which is said to have afflicted Gazan so much, as to cause the malady of which he died in the year 1302.

At the same epoch, there died also at Pekin the great Kublai-Khan, Emperor of the Chinese and Oriental Tartars. Kublai was indisputably the sovereign of the most enormous empire that the annals of the world have ever made known: it comprehended the whole of China, Corea, Thibet, Tonquin, and Coshin-China; a great part of India beyond the Ganges; many islands of the Indian Ocean; and the whole north of the continent of Asia,

from the Pacific to the Dnieper. Persia, also, was a feudatory of his throne; its sovereigns, the successors of Houlagou, receiving their investiture from the Emperor of China; and as the dominions of these great vassals extended to the Mediterranean and the frontiers of the Greek Empire, it may be said that the whole of Asia was subject to the laws of the great Khan, who had chosen Pekin as the central seat of his government. What was the empire of Alexander the Great, or of the Romans, or even of Tehingiz-Khan, compared with that of Kublai? And yet this astonishing potentate is scarcely known among us, and our most learned histories hardly say a word about him.

This reign of Kublai offers to our observation one remarkable phenomenon. We see this powerful sovereign ruling at once over the most civilized nations of the East, and over those who had scarcely issued from barbarism; with one hand encouraging the arts of peace, and with the other exciting ardor for martial enterprises; softening nations already vanquished, and unchaining against others the furies of war.

Kublai had received a Chinese education; he appreciated the advantages of civilization; he admired the institutions of China, and protected the literature and the sciences. He had some of the best Chinese books translated into the Mongol language, and founded schools for the young people of his own country, and gave much encouragement to their studies. He received with favor learned and literary men of every country and religion, granting them many privileges, and exempting them from taxes and tributes. It was he who established the college of *Han-lin*, the first academical institution of China. He spread the taste for mathematics, and, with the assistance of the Arabs, labored in the construction of a new system of astronomy, greatly superior to any that the Chinese had hitherto been acquainted with. He afforded, also, great encouragement to agriculture, industry, and commerce; he had numerous canals dug in all the provinces of China, and threw open the sea-ports to all foreigners. But the task of civilizing the Tartars proved beyond the power even of Kublai. The intercourse of these ignorant and warlike tribes with a peaceful and cultivated nation never effected any fusion between them; and whilst the Tartars re-

tained their rude, turbulent, and vagabond habits, the Chinese submitted patiently to their conquest, and quietly devoted themselves to commerce and industry, arts and letters.

The religious sentiment was the only one that could have combined elements so discordant, and upon this point the Chinese and Mongols seemed to differ irreconcilably. When Kublai-Khan had achieved the conquest of China, he found there religious systems acclimated in it, and at that time engaged in bitter hostilities against one another; though since then, having all fallen into the abyss of skepticism, they have become reconciled, and given each other the kiss of peace.

The first and most ancient of these faiths is that called *Jou-Khiao*, the Doctrine of the Lettered, of which Confucius is regarded as the reformer and patriarch. It is based upon a philosophical pantheism, which has been variously interpreted at various epochs. It is believed that, at a remote period, the existence of an omnipotent God, a requiter of human actions, was not excluded from it, and various passages from Confucius give room to suppose that the sage himself held such a doctrine; but the little care he took to inculcate it on his disciples, the vague meaning of the expressions he employed, and the resolution he had apparently taken to found his system of morals and justice merely upon the principles of love of order, and of a certain not very well defined "conformity with the designs of Heaven," and the progress of nature, have allowed the philosophers who have succeeded him to go entirely astray, and many of them had, even in the thirteenth century, fallen into a true Spinozism; and while still appealing to the authority of their master, taught a materialist doctrine that has since degenerated into Atheism.

Confucius himself is never religious in his writings; he contents himself with recommending in general the observance of ancient precepts, of filial piety, and fraternal affection, and of maintaining a course of conduct "conformable to the laws of Heaven, which must always be in harmony with human actions."

In reality the religion, or rather the doctrine, of the disciples of Confucius is Positivism. They care nothing about the origin, the creation, or the end of the world, and very little about long philosophical lucubrations. They confine their

cares wholly to this life: they ask of science and letters only what is needful to enable them to go through their various occupations; of great principles, only their practical consequences; and of morality, only what is political and utilitarian: they are, in fact, what many people in Europe are now seeking to become. They put all speculative questions aside, to attach themselves exclusively to the positive; their religion is but a kind of material civilization, and their philosophy the art of living in peace, of obeying and commanding. The "Religion of the Lettered" has neither altars, images, nor priests; the mandarins are its sole ministers, and when on some solemn occasions it is thought desirable to offer some homage to Heaven, it is they who officiate.

Whatever is most in earnest and least vague in this religion of the lettered, has been absorbed by the worship of Confucius himself. His tablet is placed in all the schools, and masters and pupils are required to prostrate themselves before his venerated name at the commencement and end of the lessons; and his statue is to be found in all the academies, in the places where the learned assemble, and where literary examinations are undergone. All the towns in China have temples raised to his honor, and more than three hundred millions of men proclaim him with one voice the saint *par excellence*. Never has it been given to any mortal to exercise, for so many ages, such an empire over his fellow-creatures, or to receive from them homage so like actual worship; although every one knows perfectly well that Confucius was simply a man who lived in the principality of Lou, two centuries before the Christian era. The annals of the human race present no more extraordinary fact than of this civil homage and religious adoration, rendered by an immense nation, for twenty-four centuries, to a simple citizen. The descendants of Confucius too, who still exist in great numbers, participate in the extraordinary honors rendered by the Chinese to their glorious ancestor. They constitute, in fact, the only hereditary nobility of the empire, and enjoy certain privileges, reserved for them alone.

The second religion of China is regarded by its disciples as the primitive one of its most ancient inhabitants. It has numerous analogies with the preceding; but the individual existence of genii and de-

mons is recognized in it, independently of the parts of nature over which they preside. The priests and priestesses of this worship are devoted to celibacy, and practice magic, astrology, necromancy, and a thousand absurdities. They are called Tao-sse, or Doctors of Reason, because their fundamental dogma, taught by the renowned Lao-tze, is that of a primordial reason, which has created the world. This doctrine is contained in a work pompously entitled, the "Book of the Way and of Virtue."

This Lao-tze was in frequent communication with Confucius, but it is difficult to know what was the opinion of the head of the Religion of the Lettered concerning the doctrine of the patriarch of the Doctors of Reason. One day he went to pay him a visit, and when he came back to his disciples, remained three days without speaking a word. Tsen-Kong was surprised at this silence, and asked its cause.

"When," said Confucius, "I see a man making use of his thoughts to escape from me like a bird who flies, I arrange mine like a bow armed with its arrow to pierce him, and I never fail to reach him and master him. When I see a man making use of his thoughts to escape from me like an agile stag, I arrange mine like a hunting-dog to pursue him, and I never fail to overtake and seize him. When a man makes use of his thoughts to slip away from me like a fish into the deep, I arrange mine as the fisherman does the hook, and I never fail to get him into my power. But as to the dragon that rises into the clouds and soars into the air, I can not pursue him. This day I have seen Lao-tze, and he is like the dragon. At his voice my mouth remained wide open, and I was not able to shut it; my tongue come out with astonishment, and I have never been able to draw it back again! My soul was plunged into perplexity, and has not been able to recover its former tranquillity."

Whatever may be said of the philosophical ideas of Lao-tze, his disciples have never enjoyed great popularity, and the superstitions to which they give way are so extravagant, that the most ignorant make them the object of their sarcasms. They have acquired celebrity chiefly by their pretended secret of an elixir of immortality, a secret which has brought them into great favor with some famous emperors.

The Chinese annals are full of the disputes and quarrels of the Lao-tze with the disciples of Confucius, who have employed the weapons of ridicule against them with the greatest success—and have never failed to turn the laugh against both them and the Bonzes, the priests of Buddhism, which is the third religion of China.

Towards the middle of the first century of our era, the emperors of the Han dynasty officially admitted into the empire the Buddhism of India; and this worship, which admits of material representations of the Divinity, spread rapidly among the Chinese, who called it the religion of *Fo*—an imperfect transcription of the name of Buddha. This is a very ancient generic word, with a double root in Sanscrit—one part signifying being, and the other wisdom or superior intelligence. It is the name employed to designate the supreme Being—the omnipotent God; and it is also sometimes extended to those who worship him, and seek to raise themselves towards him by contemplation and sanctity. The Buddhists generally use it for a real historical personage who became celebrated throughout Asia, and who is regarded as the founder of the institutions and doctrine comprised under the general denomination of Buddhism. In the eyes of the Buddhists, this personage is sometimes a man and sometimes a god, or rather both one and the other—a divine incarnation, a man-god—who came into the world to enlighten men, to redeem them, and indicate to them the way of safety. This idea of redemption by a divine incarnation is so general and popular amongst the Buddhists, that during our travels in Upper Asia we everywhere found it expressed in a neat formula. If we addressed to a Mongol or a Thibetan the question, "Who is Buddha?" he would immediately reply: "The Saviour of men." The miraculous birth of Buddha, his life and his instructions, contain a great number of the moral and dogmatic truths professed in Christianity, and which we need not be surprised to find thus in other religions, since these truths are traditional, and have always been the property of the whole human race. There must be amongst a Pagan people more or less of Christian truth, as they have been more or less faithful in preserving the deposit of primitive tradition.

By the concordance of the Indian, Chinese, Thibetan, Mongol, and Cingalese

books, the birth of Buddha may be placed as far back as about the year 960 B.C. He was of the house of Chakia, which reigned in India over the powerful empire of Mogadha, in the southern Bahar; and the legend concerning him is full of the most extravagant prodigies and wonders. After many years passed in solitude and contemplation, he went to Benares, where he assumed the name of *Chakia-Mouni*, the Penitent of Chakia; and having assembled around him a multitude of auditors of all classes, he unfolded his doctrines. His teachings are contained in a collection of a hundred and eight large volumes, known under the generic name of *Gandjour*, or Verbal Instructions; and turning exclusively on the metaphysics of creation, and the frail and perishable nature of man. This monumental work is found in all the libraries of the great Buddhist convents.

Chakia-Mouni experienced in his apostleship a lively opposition from the priests attached to the more ancient creeds of India; but, after a solemn discussion with them, he triumphed over all his adversaries, and their chief prostrated himself before him, and confessed himself conquered.

Chakia-Mouni then revised the fundamental principles of morality, and the Decalogue. The moral principles he reduced to four: 1. The force of mercy, established on an immovable basis; 2. An aversion to all cruelty; 3. A boundless compassion towards all creatures; 4. A conscience inflexible in its observance of law. Then follows the Decalogue, or ten special prescriptions and prohibitions: 1. Not to kill; 2. Not to steal; 3. To be chaste; 4. Not to bear false witness; 5. Not to lie; 6. Not to swear; 7. To avoid impure words; 8. To be disinterested; 9. Not to avenge one's self; 10. Not to be superstitious. This last prohibition is a very remarkable one, and one which certainly the modern Buddhists do not observe very strictly.

Chakia-Mouni declared that these precepts and rules of human action had been revealed to him after the four great trials to which he had subjected himself, when he first devoted himself to the state of sanctity, and according to the legend, this code of morals was beginning to be generally diffused in Asia, when Buddha, then twenty-four years of age, quitted the earth, putting off his material envelope to be re-absorbed into the universal soul, which is himself. Before bidding farewell to his

disciples, he foretold that his doctrine would reign on the earth for five thousand years; and that at the end of that time another Buddha would appear, a man-god predestined twelve centuries before to be the teacher of the human race. "From this epoch," he added, "my religion will be a prey to persecution; my disciples will be obliged to quit India, to retire to the lofty summits of Thibet; and this table-land, from which the observer overlooks the world, will become the sanctuary and the metropolis of the true faith."

The dominant character of Buddhism is a spirit of mildness, equality, and fraternity, which contrasts strongly with the hardness and arrogance of Brahminism. Chakia-Mouni and his disciples in the first place endeavored to communicate to all the world the truths which were before the exclusive property of the privileged classes. The Brahmin idea of perfection was of an egotistical character; religion was for them only, and they devoted themselves to painful penances, in order to share hereafter in the abode of Brahma.

The devotion of the Buddhist ascetic was more disinterested; not aspiring to elevate himself only, he practiced virtue, and applied himself to perfection, to make other men share in its benefits; and by the institution of an order of religious mendicants, which increased to an immense extent, he attracted towards him, and restored to society, the poor and unfortunate. It was, indeed, precisely because he received among his disciples miserable creatures who were outcasts from the respectable classes of India, that he became an object of mockery to the Brahmins. But he merely replied to their taunts: "My law is a law of mercy for all."

One day the Brahmins were scandalized to see him receive a girl of the inferior cast of the Tehandala as a nun; but Chakia said: "There is not between a Brahmin and a person of any other caste the difference that there is between gold and a stone, between light and darkness. The Brahmin did not issue from the ether or the wind, nor did he cleave the earth, and come forth like the fire from the Arani wood. The Brahmin was born of a woman just like the Tehandala. Where, then, is the cause that should render one noble and another vile? The Brahmin himself, when he is dead, is abandoned like a vile



and impure thing, as a man of any other caste is. Where, then, is the difference?"

The religious systems of Brahminism and Buddhism resemble each other, nevertheless, in many particulars; and the fierce persecutions the Buddhists have experienced are not so much to be attributed to the divergence of their opinions upon doctrinal points, as to their admission of all men, without distinction of caste, to the civil and sacerdotal functions, and to the rewards of a future state.

A reformer who proclaimed the equality of men in this world and the next, could not but excite the hostility of the adherents of a system depending so essentially as Brahminism does on a hierarchy

of castes; and the persecutions of the Buddhists were long and violent. According to their own accounts, the number of victims who perished would be quite incalculable; but at length, towards the sixth century of our era, Brahminism obtained a decisive victory over the partisans of the new religion; and the latter being driven from Hindostan, and forced to cross the Himalaya in great numbers, spread over Thibet, Bucharra, Mongolia, and China, the Burman Empire and Japan, and also over the island of Ceylon. So actively, indeed, has propagandism been carried on in those countries, that Buddhism at present boasts a greater number of disciples than any other form of religious faith.

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From the North British Review.

## ISAAC WATTS, THE GREAT LYRIC POET.\*

IN the gloomy reign of James II., the most diligent boy in the Grammar School of Southampton was a little Puritan. So tiny, that he would hardly have passed for eleven years of age, he was so grave and good, as to be at once a model and a reproof to his sturdier class-mates; and, although in repose there was nothing peculiarly prepossessing in his pale face, with its prominent cheek-bones, and a forehead far from lofty, the moment that some hard question posed the form, the sparkling eye and the slight nervous figure quivering with the pent-up answer, betrayed the genius and the scholar. Already he had made good proficiency in French, Latin, and Greek, and had delighted his mother, whilst he astonished

his companions, by ingenious acrostics and clever impromptu stanzas; and altogether, with his quiet, docile disposition, and his precocious attainments, he made glad the heart of the Rev. Mr. Pinhorn, who, like many a disconsolate preceptor before and since, at last foresaw a dim and distant Ararat, and hailed the youth who should yet "comfort him concerning his work and the toil of his hands."

The little Nonconformist, so dear to the good rector of All Saints, probably owed something of his early sedateness to his family circumstances. His father, a man of gentle and noble nature, and an excellent scholar, had kept a boarding-school; but, whilst his first-born was a babe, he lay in prison to expiate his crime as a frequenter of conventicles. On the sunny days his wife used to come and sit on a stone near the cell of her husband, nursing her child; and now that he was grown to be dux of the grammar school, whatever might be a father's pride and pleasure, he was obliged to forego all personal share in superintending the edu-

\* 1. *Horus Lyrica. Poems chiefly of the Lyric kind.* By ISAAC WATTS, D.D. With a Memoir of the Author by ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., LL.D. London, 1834.

2. *The Poet of the Sanctuary. A Centenary Commemoration of the Labors and Services, Literary and Devotional, of the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D.* By JOSIAH CONDER. London, 1861.

cation and forming the mind of his boy. For the last two years, Isaac Watts the elder had been a fugitive, hiding somewhere in London; and the best holiday known in the household, was when a letter arrived to assure them that he still had escaped from the hands of his persecutors.

The "grandmother Lois" is often as influential on the opening mind as the "mother Eunice." Our young friend's mother carefully taught him the Shorter Catechism, encouraged him to write verses, and helped him with his tasks; but the venerable lady of threescore and ten, in addition to the hold which maternal tenderness takes upon the heart, had for her grandson the fascination which saintly worth and a beautiful old age exert on a susceptible and imaginative childhood. The husband of her youth had been a gallant sailor. In "the piping times of peace," he wielded the pencil and played on the violin, and, with his wit and his traveler's tales, he was the life of the friendly circle; but his favorite tune was the breeze whistling through the shrouds, and the roar of the cannon was the music which he could not resist. With Blake for his admiral, and with the Dutch for his foe, the young captain hastened out to sea; but in the battle a shot penetrated the powder-magazine, the ship blew up, and Mrs. Watts was a widow. And now, in her old age, her grandson loved to hear the story of those terrible sea-fights, and how his bold ancestor had fought with beasts as well as men; how, for instance, in the East-Indies, he had once run into a river to escape from a tiger, but the enraged creature followed him, and it was only by putting forth a wild paroxysm of strength, and holding under water, till it was drowned, the head of the struggling monster, that he saved his life. But deeply as such recitals stirred the listener's spirit, they enkindled no emulous aspirations. To the cutlass and truncheon he preferred the captain's flute and fiddle, and showed more disposition to copy his drawings, than to rival his deeds of naval daring. Had he been a strong and active boy, the nautical succession would have developed in boating, "pluck," and pugilism. As it was, with the tarry-at-home necessities imposed by a feeble frame, it only imparted to the thoughtful lad a tinge of romance, and a certain tone of unselfish and chivalrous feeling.

At last King James's indulgence allowed the persecuted Nonconformist to return to his family. There he was cheered by the gentle virtues and studious dispositions of the "Isaac whom he loved," and soon had the unspeakable satisfaction of finding that the lessons and musings of these carefully instructed and well-guarded years had ripened into earnest piety. All along an affectionate onlooker might have hoped the best for a child so duteous and so blameless; but it was not till his fifteenth year that his apprehension of the Gospel became so distinct, and his love to the Saviour so influential, as to mark to his own mind the commencement of personal Christianity.

Impressed with his piety and his promise of rare ability, a kind friend offered to send him to the University, if he would consent to study for the Church. But no one will wonder that Isaac Watts had "determined to take his lot among the Dissenters." He was no bigot. Many have felt more strongly on questions of religious worship and ecclesiastical government. But he had his preference; and, after all that his parents had done and suffered in the cause of Protestant Nonconformity, he would have felt it a filial treason, as well as an apostasy, to go over to the other side. Accordingly, as soon as he had learned all that his father and Mr. Pinhorn could teach him, he went, in his seventeenth year, to study at the Dissenting Academy then kept at Newington, a pleasant village now nearly absorbed in London.

At the time we speak of, and for nearly a hundred years thereafter, a Dissenting academy was a very simple and unostentatious institution. Its local habitation was usually a plain but commodious building in a country town, or in some peaceful and sequestered hamlet near the capital. The principal was a divine, judicious, experienced, and learned, whom the esteem of his brethren had invited to the office, and who not only combined in his single personality the entire faculties of arts and theology, but who was almost always a pluralist, discharging, alongside of his multifarious professorship, a diligent and effective pastorate. But it was really wonderful how much a conscientious student contrived to learn during a three-years' sojourn in one of these unpretending colleges. His tutor was himself an adept. Perhaps he had studied

under Perizonius and Witsius at Leyden, or had brought over from their learned contemporaries at Utrecht and Franeker vast collectanea on all the mental and material sciences; and it was only a revival of his own earlier enthusiasm to traverse those fields afresh in the society of his ingenious and youthful companions. The inexorable bell rang at five in the morning, and the hours of prime were devoted to Hebrew and Jewish Antiquities, Euclid and Astronomy, Locke on the Understanding and Heereboord's Logic. Divinity lectures were interspersed with theses and discussions on controvertible points; and, as a preparation for the direct work of the ministry, the composition of sermons and the arts of communication were largely cultivated. During "school hours," the language was Latin; and a respectable scholarship must have been required in order to read the Hebrew Bible into Greek, as was the custom under some tutors. The system may not be adapted to modern times; but, last century, most of the men who entered on their ministry fully furnished, came from these quiet but industrious seminaries. As one example, may be mentioned the Academy at Gloucester, where, out of sixteen contemporary pupils, we recognize at least four distinguished names; Jeremiah Jones, the author of the still unsuperseded work on "the Canon;" and Bishop Butler, author of a no less enduring work on "the Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature;" Dr. Daniel Scott, the learned continuator of Stephens' "Thesaurus;" and a youth who shared the same apartment with Scott, Thomas Seeker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

During the three years which Isaac Watts spent under Mr. Rowe at Newington, there is abundant evidence still extant of his intense application and his progress in knowledge. But, what was still better, his piety kept pace with his intellectual attainments. Amidst devout and warm-hearted fellow-students, and in daily contact with a holy and high-minded teacher, there was much to maintain that fervor which sometimes subsides in academic halls, and which needs to be revived by the solemn urgencies of the actual pastorate. At the end of his curriculum the student returned to his father's house, rich in acquirement, but with that reluctance to enter on the actual ministry,

which sometimes occasions a long pause to conscientious minds confronting near-hand the responsibilities of the sacred office; and before he would take any further step, he lingered two years and a half at Southampton, giving himself to reading, meditation, and prayer.

However, it was during this interval that he entered on that special ministry by which he, "being dead, yet speaketh" in the churches of Christendom.

Isaac Watts was born a poet, and there were many things in his early life which fostered and developed the faculty divine. His ancestors had been musical: his father was not only a man of taste and intelligence, but was given to "versing;" and his mother used to beguile the rainy afternoons, by offering to the boarding-school pupils a prize for the best poetical effusion. On one occasion Mrs. Watts's copper medal was gained by the following rather saucy couplet of her eldest son, then seven or eight years old:

"I write not for a farthing, but to try,  
How I your farthing writers can outvie."

Afterwards, under his excellent instructors at Southampton and Newington, he was introduced to the best models, English and classical. Of these, none laid such a hold on his imagination and affections as the Latin Psalms of Buchanan, and the soaring, high-sounding lyrics of Casimir Sarbiewski:

"See, from the Caledonian shore,  
With blooming laurels covered o'er,  
Buchanan march along!  
Hail, honored heir of David's lyre,  
Thou full-grown image of thy sire,  
And hail thy matchless song!"

"Methinks, enkindled by the name  
Of Casimir, a sudden flame  
Now shoots through all my soul.  
I feel, I feel the raptures rise;  
On starry plumes I cut the skies,  
And range from pole to pole.

"Touching on Zion's sacred brow,  
My wand'ring eyes I cast below,  
And our vain race survey;  
Oh! how they stretch their eager arms  
T' embrace imaginary charms,  
And throw their souls away!"

Besides, Watts's was a serious childhood. Not only was there much in the state of the times to make him grave—

the danger of attending their chosen place of worship—the imprisonment of their favorite ministers—the breaking up of their home—the flight of his father—but the solemn views of revealed truth, to which he had all along been habituated, and to which days so dark imparted a deeper shadow, were fitted to increase his thoughtfulness. He had been profoundly impressed with his inherent depravity, and the Divine displeasure at sin; and the doctrines of election and sovereign grace were not only sayings of his Catechism, but convictions penetrating his inmost soul; and, whilst they must have been suggestive of much anxiety to one who feared that he was still unconverted and unsaved, we can not but regard them as eminently conducive to the function for which Providence designed him. No one feels so thankful for the Rock of Ages as one who has been snatched from the abyss; nor can any one so celebrate the glories of redeeming and rescuing grace, as the man who has felt the raptures of a great deliverance. Moreover, it may be doubted if any bard has ever taken deep hold on the heart of humanity, who has not early learned to “sit alone and keep silence.” As the greatest Christian poet of the present century has described the solitude, the spiritual isolation, and the gloomy forebodings, from which at last unfolded the beautiful flower of his genius:

“A pensive child, I slank away  
A lonely spot to find;  
And, musing, sat the livelong day,  
The playmate of the wind.

“No victor’s palm waved o’er my head,  
No poet’s laurel-spray;  
For me no lily fragrance shed,  
No little bird its lay.

“Dark grew the dunes, down died the blast,  
The ghostly air was dumb;  
I gazed on desolation vast,  
And thought on wrath to come.”

Without supposing that Isaac Watts was a child so sad and sequestered as William Bilderdijk—or, we may add, as William Cowper—we are sure that there was an analogy in their early experience; and, just as the story of Rembrandt in the mill teaches us that nobody can paint light so well as who has been accustomed to look at it from the darkness, so no one can be

a Christian psalmist who has not thought and felt profoundly, and in some form or other been, like the Chief Musician, “a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.”

At fifteen years of age, as has been already mentioned, a new world opened to his hopes, and, along with the peace of reconciliation, there flowed into his mind fresh elements of life and power. In the right of his Divine Representative, he now humbly ventured to regard himself as a child of God, and an heir of the promises; and all that was refined in his taste, or generous in his aspirations, received a proportional impulse from prospects so unspeakable, and a calling so divine. The very materials of poesy seemed to multiply without limit; for he had got the clue to the labyrinth, the key to creation’s cipher. The stars sang, and he tried to make his brothers and sister understand the tune: it thundered, and he thought of the day when exhausted long-suffering

“Shall rend the sky and burn the sea,  
And fling His wrath abroad.”

He looked out on the surging rain-swept tide, on the spot where it had once put to flight Canute and his courtiers, and exclaimed:

“Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall,  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my Heaven, my All.

“There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.”

Or, on some peaceful evening, he gazed across Southampton Water, to trees and meadows steeped in the sunshine, and remembered:

“There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

“There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.”

He took his walk in the New Forest, and the gipsy outlaws made him thankful that he did not



"Wander like an outcast race,  
Without a Father's love;"

and the mournful notes and anxious gyrations of the turtle suggested :

"Just as we see the lonesome dove  
Bemoan her widowed state,  
Wandering she flies through all the grove,  
And mourns her loving mate;

"Just so our thoughts, from thing to thing,  
In restless circles rove;  
Just so we droop and hang the wing,  
When Jesus hides his love."

After the glorious Revolution, the little congregation at Southampton regained liberty of worship; and Isaac Watts, senior, was elected one of its two deacons. Here it was that, for the two and a half years after the completion of his academic course, Isaac Watts, junior, worshiped. At that period there were congregations which eschewed all psalmody, and in whose worship there was to be heard as little of the voice of melody as in a meeting-house of "Friends." But this was not the case in the congregation of the Rev. Nathaniel Robinson. They sang; but whether it was Sternhold's Psalms or Barton's, or some one's hymns, we do not know. However, the collection did not come up to the standard which the devotional feeling and poetic taste of the young student craved, and, having hinted his discontent, he was challenged to produce something better. Accordingly, on a subsequent Lord's day, the service was concluded with the following stanzas :

"Behold the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst his Father's throne :  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown.

"Let elders worship at his feet,  
The Church adore around,  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.

"Those are the prayers of the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise :  
Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.

"—Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid ;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
Forever on thy head.

"Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,  
Hast set the pris'ners free ;

Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

"The worlds of Nature and of Grace  
Are put beneath thy power;  
Then shorten these delaying days,  
And bring the promised hour."

Such is the tradition, and we have no reason to question its truth. But more remarkable than the composition of the hymn, is the alacrity with which it is said to have been received. The attempt was an innovation, and the poet was a prophet of their own country; but, to the devotional instincts of the worshippers, so welcome was this "new song," that they entreated the author to repeat the service—till, the series extending Sunday after Sunday, a sufficient number had been contributed to form the basis of a book.

It was not, however, till 1707, and when the publication of his "Horse Lyrics" had given him some confidence in his powers, that Watts committed to the press his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs." For the copy-right Mr. Lawrence, the publisher, gave him ten pounds; and in less than ten years six editions had been sold. He then brought out what he deemed a more important contribution to the cause of public worship—"The Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament," which he hoped would escape some of the objections urged against his Hymns. Their texture was the language of Inspiration; and they chiefly differed from the Hebrew Psalter by introducing "the name of Jesus" in passages which, as Christians believe, refer to his person.

Since the publication of the first of these volumes a century and a half have passed away, and only twelve years fewer since the publication of the second; yet nothing has appeared to dim their lustre—as yet, nothing threatens to supersede them. With their doctrinal fullness, their sacred fervor, their lyric grandeur, they stand alone—by dint of native sovereignty, overtopping all their fellows. In particular features they may be occasionally surpassed. With his gushes of heart-sprung tenderness, and his exquisite execution, amidst the sacred choir of Britain, the nightingale would represent the Bard of Olney: with his melody filling all the ethereal vault, and then, in its abrupt conclusion, leaving long silence in the expectant firmament, in the soaring grace and sudden close of Toplady

there is what reminds us of "the lark singing at heaven's gate;" and when he "claps his wings of fire," there are empyrean heights to which Charles Wesley can ascend, defying aught to follow. But "they that wait upon the Lord shall mount up with wings as eagles." To elevate to poetic altitudes every truth in Christian experience and revealed religion needs the strength and sweep of an eagle's pinion; and this is what Isaac Watts has done. He has taken almost every topic which exercises the understanding and the heart of the believer, and has not only given it a devotional aspect, but has wedded it to immortal numbers; and, whilst there is little to which he has not shown himself equal, there is nothing which he has done for mere effect. Rapt yet adoring—sometimes up among the thunder-clouds, yet most reverential in his highest range—the "good matter" is "in a song," and the sweet singer is upborne as on the wings of eagles; but even from that triumphal car, and when nearest the home of the seraphim, we are comforted to find descending lowly lamentations and confessions of sin—new music, no doubt, but the words with which we have long been familiar in the house of our pilgrimage.

Of no uninspired compositions has the acceptance been so signal. They are naturalized through all the Anglo-Saxon world, and, next to Scripture itself, are the great vehicle of pious thought and feeling. In a letter from his friend Dr. Doddridge, we find that affectionate correspondent telling him: "On Wednesday last, I was preaching in a barn to a pretty large assembly of plain country people, in a village a few miles off. After a sermon from Heb. 6:12, we sung one of your hymns, (which, if I remember right, was the 140th of the second book;) and in that part of the worship, I had the satisfaction to observe tears in the eyes of several of the auditory; and, after the service was over, some of them told me that they were not able to sing, so deeply were their minds affected with it; and the clerk, in particular, told me he could hardly utter the words of it. These were most of them poor people who work for their living."\* A climbing-boy was once heard singing in a chimney:

\* In case there should be any of our readers who do not already know it, we may here transcribe the hymn:

"The sorrows of the mind  
Be banished from this place,<sup>1</sup>  
Religion never was designed  
To make our pleasures less."

And, like King David's own psalter, the same strains which cheered the poor sweep in the chimney, and melted to tears the Northamptonshire peasants, have roused the devotion or uttered the rapture of ten thousand thousand worshippers; and there is many a reader who, in his experience, can imagine nothing more akin to celestial enjoyment, than the sensations which he shared in singing when the heart of some solemn assembly was uplifted as one man, "Come let us join our cheerful songs," or, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun."

So naturalized in the common mind of Christendom is the language of Watts, that, were all copies of his hymn-book to perish, probably half the stanzas could be recovered from quotations in printed sermons, and in the pages of Christian biography, and so necessary a supplement to preëxisting psalmody are these spiritual songs, that we know not of any Church of England collection which has not adopted some of them, and it was mainly the demand created by their popularity which constrained the most cautious and conservative of all the churches to compile those "Translations and Paraphrases," in which the superior poetry of Logan and Cameron only sets off to greater advantage the superior devotion of Watts.

"Give me the wings of faith, to rise  
Within the vail, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys,  
How bright their glories be.

"Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

"I ask them whence their victory came?  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to his death.

"They marked the footsteps that he trod  
(His zeal inspired their breast:)  
And following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised Rest.

"Our glorious Leader claims our praise  
For his own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to Heaven."

But for any book of verse or devotional manual, there is reserved an ordeal more trying than the suffrage of a public assembly, or the criticism of an ecclesiastical committee. The book of books excepted, there is little authorship which we care for in the sick-room, or which we can tolerate on the verge of eternity. But so essentially scriptural are the sentiments and sayings which, in this case, meter has helped to make memorable, and so near the better country must the author have been when he first felt their inspiration, that like bright shapes, or balmy airs blown seaward from the exotic shore, some of their holiest breathings seem indigenous to Immanuel's land, and can only be fully understood on the confines of heaven.

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

"Jesus, my God! I know his name,  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost."

With such accents on their lips, what multitudes of pilgrims have approached "the land of pure delight!" and, with the tear in their eyes, but no murmur in their hearts, how often have survivors sung:

"Why do we mourn departing friends?  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms."

But there are many who can not rise to such exulting strains, and who still, in the words of the familiar volume, have breathed out their latest prayer. When Daniel Webster lay dying, almost the last employment of that oracular voice, which had so often thrilled the senate, and given the signal of action to his country, was to repeat again and again, in deep and solemn pathos, the psalm beginning.

"Then pity, Lord, O Lord! forgive  
Let a repenting rebel live;  
My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
The power and glory of Thy grace!"

And, to mention no other, there is a grave-stone in Bengal which, besides a name and date, contains nothing but the lines:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall;"

an inscription peculiarly affecting, as the testamentary injunction and final confession of faith, of one in labors so abundant, and for strength of character so conspicuous, as William Carey.

Wonderful as these effusions of sanctified genius are, they are by no means perfect. Of many, the mechanical execution could be improved by almost any poet of the million. The rhymes are often wretched; and it is perfectly marvelous how the author could survive the first publication forty years, and allow edition after edition to appear with such couplets unaltered, as:

"How can I sink with such a *prop*  
As my eternal God?"  
Our souls can neither *fly nor go*  
To reach eternal joys."

Some of the grandest hymns are marred by a poor and unworthy ending. After launching in mid-air in a style worthy of Pindar, the muse is suddenly winged, or seized with vertigo, and flutters down into a bathos deeper than Sir Richard Blackmore. But there are graver faults than artistic blemishes. Their representations are sometimes unreal.

"Lord, what a wretched land is this!"

is a libel on that earth which the meek do inherit, and is entirely inconsistent with the excellent writer's general appreciation of the beauties of nature and art, and, like some other forms of a mistaken asceticism, it is a relic of Popery, which even the Puritan had failed to discard. But more injurious than any monkish or manichean anathema on life and its material enjoyments, is any misrepresentation of the Divine character and dispositions; and such an unwitting misrepresentation, we fear, is sometimes conveyed by language like the following, applied to the throne of the eternal:

"Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,  
And shot devouring flame;  
Our God appeared 'consuming fire,'  
And Vengeance was his name.

"Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,  
That calmed his frowning face;  
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,  
And turned the wrath to grace;"

where a vindictive aspect is given to Paternal Deity, in direct contradiction to the gracious assurance that it was "God who so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son." It is only when we realize the Saviour's mission and satisfaction as the result and expression of the Father's love, that in the Christian atonement we have "strong consolation," and therefore we regret, as injurious and reacting towards opposite errors, the language, whether in sermons or in hymns, which, in order to dramatize the work of redemption, exhibits as stern and severe one person of the adorable Godhead, as mild and compassionate another.

For Dr. Watts Mr. Montgomery has claimed the honor of being "almost the inventor of hymns in our language," and the claim is not extravagant. Of sacred poetry, from the humblest rhymes up to the great English epic, there had already appeared an ample store; but of compositions adapted to public worship, there was no choice, except as it lay between the various metrical psalters. How far the father of English hymnology may have availed himself of existing materials we leave to the research of those who love such curiosities of literature. As far as any instances occur to our casual recollection, the resemblance is remote, or, where it is closer, the improvement on the original is so great as to reconcile us to the plagiarism. For example, in some old copies of King James's Bible, we find verses beginning:

"Here is the spring where waters flow,  
To quench our heat of sin;  
Here is the tree where truth doth grow,  
To lead our lives therein.

"Here is the Judge that stints the strife,  
Where men's devices fail;  
Here is the bread that feeds the life,  
That death can not assail."

In Watts's hymn "On the Holy Scriptures," (Book ii., 119,) the same thoughts thus reappear:

"Here consecrated water flows,  
To quench my thirst of sin;  
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
Nor danger dwells therein.

"This is the Judge that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail;  
My guide to everlasting life,  
Through all this gloomy vale."

In our own North-Britain, as in many of the sanctuaries of the Church of England, the words of Dr. Watts are sung every Lord's day, although the authorship is often unsurmised by the worshippers; and, in many instances, owing to the material changes which have been made, it is fairer to affix no author's name, or insert, as is sometimes done, "*Anon.*" in the table of contents. Some of our readers may, therefore, not be displeased if we offer them a sample of the old wine undiluted and unadulterated; and even those to whom the specimens are most familiar, will not deem their introduction irksome or unwelcome.

"My God! the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights;  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights!

"In darkest shades if he appear,  
My dawning is begun!  
He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
And he my rising sun.

"The op'ning heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,\*

\* In this hymn, Mr. Milner (*Life and Times of Dr. Watts*, page 276) says, that Dr. Watts "avails himself of a beautiful idea from Gray's 'Fragment on Vicissitude,'" quoting the well-known passage:

"See the wretch that long has tost,  
On the thorny bed of pain,  
At length repair his vigor lost,  
And breathe and walk again:  
The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening paradise."

It may be questioned whether there is more than a casual coincidence between the two poets. At all events, Watts could not have borrowed from Gray, as the above hymn was published nine years before the author of the "Fragment on Vicissitude" was born!

Thomson's beautiful "Hymn of the Seasons," as every one remembers, concludes with the line,

"Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise."

The first book of Watts's *Lyric Poems*, with a reference to Psalm 65, "Tibi silet, O Deus," ends with the stanza:

"God is in heaven, and men below;  
Be short our tunes, our words be few;  
A sacred reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues."

The *Lyrics* were published in 1705, and, if we mistake not, Thomson's hymn was first published in 1730. Is it at all unlikely that the cadence of the



While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers, 'I am his'

"My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way  
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

"Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through ev'ry foe;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
Should bear the Conqueror through."

"Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

"But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

"My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine;  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

"My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

"Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love."

"When I survey the wondrous Cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

"See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

"Come let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

"'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,  
'To be exalted thus:'  
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,  
'For he was slain for us.'

"Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

"Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise;

"The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb."

Before taking leave of the Christian psalmist, it may be well to mention that the last time he took up the lyre, was to entertain and instruct the lambs of the flock. Arrived at middle life, a bachelor, a student, and an invalid, it might have been supposed that he would have lost his interest in children, if he did not even find their company an irritation and a trouble. But as long as the heart is green—as long as it retains aught of the poet's ingenuousness, or of the Master's graciousness, it will try to secure some leisure for the little ones; it will survey them with tender and sympathizing reminiscences, and will seek to resuscitate its earlier self, in order to commune with them. So was it with Isaac Watts. He felt that his mental harvest had been reaped, and fancied that with his powers it was coming to the sear and yellow leaf. But there was still the Michaelmas summer. It brought out again some blossoms of the spring; it revealed some birds of passage which had not taken flight; and for the sake of the children he caged the birds, and made a posy of the flowers, and he has left them in his "Divine" and "Moral" songs. And what should we have done without them? How tame and tuneless would the days of our childhood

earlier poem, lingering in a congenial memory, reappeared in the later and more exquisite production? In many cases of seeming plagiarism, it is extremely difficult to distinguish betwixt unconscious absorption and deliberate abstraction; and there can be no question, that some of the most curious examples of "parallel passages," are in the same category with those accidental coincidences which are constantly occurring in the history of scientific discovery.

stand out to our retrospect, if stripped of "The Cradle Hymn," and "Abroad in the Meadows," and "The Rose, that Beautiful Flower, the Glory of April and May!" And cross and lazy and hard-hearted as we are, how much worse might we have been were it not for "The Dog's Delight," and "The Busy Bee," and "The Voice of the Sluggard," and "Whene'er I take my walks abroad!" Kind tutor! how mellow is thy memory! How hallowed and how innocent do the days now look that we spent with thee! and how glad we are to think that in the homes and the Sunday-schools of Britain and America, some millions of young minds are still, from year to year, enjoying thy companionship, so loving, wise, and holy!

With poetical contempt of dates we have arrived at the minstrel's last lay, whilst we have scarcely reached the majority of the man. Suffice it then to add, that after being a short time tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp, in his twenty-fourth year he was invited to become the pastor of the congregational church in London, of which Joseph Caryl, Dr. Owen, and David Clarkson, had been successive ministers. This, for half a century, namely, from 1698 till his death on the 25th of November, 1748, was his office, and its work was what he loved; but through manifold infirmities his labors were often interrupted. At last, in 1712, he was seized with a nervous fever, which continued for many months, and from the effects of which his constitution never perfectly recovered. And then it was that Sir Thomas and Lady Abney, having tempted him out to their charming retreat at Theobald's, made him their prisoner for life, and converted a week's visit into a delightful detention of five-and-thirty years. "Here," in the words of his biographer, Dr. Gibbons, "he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life and favor the unwearied pursuit of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family, which for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose

them, the most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigor and delight."

In all the annals of hospitality there is hardly such another case. "A coalition," as Dr. Johnson calls it, "a state in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits;" and in which, it may be added, there must have been, on either side, a rare exemption from the foibles with which ordinary goodness is afflicted. The Abneys did not weary of their guest, nor did that guest, amidst unwonted luxuries, grow soft and idle; and as it was in the cheerful asylum which they opened to the shattered invalid, that most of the works were penned, which now fill the six collective quartos, we are all of us the debtors of the generous knight and his gentle lady, nor, we may well believe, is their labor of love forgotten by Him, who, in the case of the least of his servants when sick, remembers those who visit them.

Never was kindness more considerate—never was interposition more providential. As far as his own instincts and the circumstances of the times could indicate, Dr. Watt's calling was the improvement of Christian literature. In the previous century Bishop Hall had published the banns between Letters and Religion, and in his pungent "Characters" and entertaining "Epistles," he had labored to press into the service of the sanctuary the shrewd observation of Theophrastus, the varied intelligence and vivacity of Pliny. But the example had not been followed. Notwithstanding the unprecedented amount of theological authorship with which the intervening age had overflowed, little or nothing had been done to propitiate men of taste to evangelical religion; and although, as regarded the older generation who had listened to Baxter and Owen, this was of minor moment, it greatly concerned their successors. Pious matrons in the country and God-fearing merchants in the city, felt a famine of the word, and whilst in the meetings they frequented, they sighed for the sap and the savor to which they had been accustomed in their youth, their sons and daughters were reading Pope and Addison throughout the week; and, in the self same meetings to which they were dragged by their pious seniors on the Sabbath

they were yawning at the prolixity of the sermon, or tittering at the grotesque similes of the preacher. Nor on the Sunday evening, in the parlor at home, was the matter greatly mended. It would have been well for the young people if they had read the good books their parents recommended, or sung the psalms of which these never wearied; but, after yesterday's Spectator, Owen on Perseverance was heavy reading, and even the best-disposed youth could hardly convince himself that Sternhold was sublimer than Dryden. Dr. Watts felt the desideratum. The whole course of his studies had prepared him for supplying it, and there was nothing to which he was more inclined by the entire bent of his genius. And now, in the good providence of God, he enjoyed the opportunity, and the rest of his life was mainly spent in advancing the cause of Christian culture, through the medium of an attractive authorship.

But the congregation in Bury street was as self-sacrificing as the Abneys were generous. They could not part with a pastor whose praise was in all the churches, and of whom they themselves were proud; neither would they selfishly restrain him from his higher calling and his wider ministry. They released him from all his more toilsome duties. They found for him a colleague, with whom, for thirty years and upwards, he was happily associated. They were glad to hear the Doctor when he was able to preach; and when the Doctor was nervous or indisposed, he himself was happy to join the rest in listening to Mr. Price. And, indeed, in preaching he was not so preëminent. Although his voice was musical and his utterance delightfully distinct, his manner was calm and deliberate, and more fitted to instruct an affectionate circle than to arouse a promiscuous auditory. He had neither the material volume and sonorous vehemence which constitute the modern Boanerges, nor the excitable temperament which sometimes makes up for physical defects; and, it may be questioned, whether it was not, on the whole, better for Bury street that Mr. Price was the stated preacher.

So Dr. Watts was allowed to ply the ministry which God had given him; and in the longer or shorter intervals of illness, he went on replenishing more and more

his richly furnished mind, and giving forth, volume after volume, those books for which after-ages were to bless his memory. Few subjects of rational inquiry escaped his versatile and eager pursuit, and every new conquest was a tribute to his Master and a present to mankind. True to his own maxim, "I hate the thoughts of making any thing in religion heavy or tiresome;" he sought to make every attractive theme, and every useful science, the handmaid of religion, even as he longed to see religion the mistress of an intelligent and well-instructed family. And with this twofold aim—seeking at once to Christianize knowledge and to refine and expand the mind of the Christian community, and with a prevailing reference to the rising race—he took up in succession, Logic, Astronomy, Geography, English Grammar, Scripture History; and as, in his "Logic," he had given directions for the right use of reason, so, in his work on the Passions, he gave instructions for the right guidance of man's moral and emotional nature; besides publishing treatises more purely theological on Prayer and Christian Ethics, and on controverted questions in divinity, and a volume entitled "*Reliquiæ Juveniles*," perhaps the most characteristic of the whole, as containing in its miscellaneous pages short papers on all kind of topics, grave and gay, mental and material, terrestrial and celestial, in Latin verse and English prose.

Of these a few are now obsolete, owing to the advancement of the sciences, and others have been pushed out of favor by brisker or more brilliant competitors. But still they have accomplished their purpose. For the instruction of youth, they have necessitated the preparation of manuals at once attractive and thorough, and conveying information in a tone of cheerful affection and benevolent solicitude for their higher interests. Some, however, can not easily be superseded. We doubt if even Todd's "*Student's Guide*," with all its modern adaptation and its welcome minuteness, will consign to oblivion the "*Improvement of the Mind*," so practical in its details and so inspiring in its tone; and although the universities may have now produced systems of logic more suitable to their objects than our author's clear and masterly compend, we know of nothing so likely to in-

terest the non-professional reader in his own mind and its intellectual processes, or to aid him in his inquiries after truth.\*

In his theological disquisitions, Dr. Watts was not so successful as in his contributions to Christian literature. The best of his hymns leave little for the most fastidious to censure, and nothing for the most aspiring to hope; and his sermon on "The End of Time," is as profoundly awakening as "The Happiness of Separate Spirits" is elevating to our nobler sentiments and reproving to our earthliness. But when he quitted the devotional and the practical for the speculative, he was away from home. Every one wants to climb a mountain, and it is exceedingly difficult to believe beforehand that it needs much strength to achieve the task, or that mists can be very dangerous: it looks so clear from below, and we feel so strong in the valley. And all of us can remember how, in the days of our youth, the first use we made of our Aristotelian alpenstock, was an attempt to ascend some metaphysical Mont Blanc or theological Jungfrau; and although we can not exactly say that we reached the summit, yet we are sure that we were a great deal higher than the Origin of Evil, or the water-shed betwixt Liberty and Necessity. Even to old age, Dr. Watts felt something of this temptation, and very naturally. His forte was explanation. He had an admirable faculty of clearing up confusion, within his own line of things. In every-day ethics, and in the elements of mental science, he could expound, distinguish, simplify, so as few could do better. But it was unfortunate that he tried to set philosophers right on the subjects of Space, and of Liberty and Necessity, nor less unfortunate that he sought to readjust for theologians the doctrine of the Trinity. It is scarcely presumption even in us to say, that these were matters too high for him. His mind was not naturally

designed to master such difficulties; nor were his habits those of profound, continuous abstract thinking. He was neither Joseph Butler, nor Jonathan Edwards, nor William de Leibnitz, but the Isaac Watts, whom the most of good men would have rather been; and it is no reproach to his general ability to say that he failed to ascend those dizzy altitudes, although it might have been more to the credit of his prudence if he had never tried.

If rightly told, a life like that of Isaac Watts would read great lessons; but, for brevity, and notwithstanding the exception we have just taken, the whole might be condensed into—"Study to be quiet, and to do your own business." Dr. Watts had his own convictions. He made no secret of his Nonconformity. At a period when many Dissenters entered the Church, and became distinguished dignitaries, he deemed it his duty still to continue outside of the National Establishment. At the same time, he was no agitator. He felt no call to rail at his brethren for their ecclesiastical defection, nor did he write pamphlets against the evils of a hierarchy, real or imagined. But God had given him a "business." He had given him, as his vocation, to join together those whom men had put asunder—mental culture and vital piety. And, studying to be quiet, he pursued that calling, very diligently, very successfully. Without concealing the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, without losing the fervor of his personal devotion, he gained for that Gospel the homage of genius and intelligence; and, like the King of Israel, he touched his harp so skillfully, that many who hardly understood the words, were melted by the tune. Without surrendering his right of private judgment, without abjuring his love of natural and artistic beauty, he showed his preference for moral excellence, his intense conviction of "the truth as it is in Jesus." And now, in his well-arranged and tasteful study, decorated by his own pencil, a lute and a telescope on the same table with his Bible, he seems to stand before us, a treatise on Logic in one hand and a volume of "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" in the other, asserting the harmony of Faith and Reason, and pleading for Religion and Refinement in firm and stable union. And as far as the approval of the Most High can be gathered from events

\* The merits of Watts's Logic are admirably stated by Tissot of Dijon, in his preface to a French translation. (Paris, 1846.) "Il y a aussi plus de méthode et de clarté peut-être dans la Logique de Watts que dans celle d'Arnauld. Le bon sens Anglais, le sens des affaires, celui de la vie pratique, s'y révèle à un très-haut degré; tandis que le sens spéculatif d'un théologien passablement scolastique encore, est plus sensible dans l'Art de penser. Or, Watts a su être complet sans être excessif; il a touché très-convenablement tout ce que devait l'être, et s'est toujours arrêté au point précis où plus de profondeur aurait pu nuire à la clarté."



or from its reflection in the conscience of mankind, the Master has said: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Without trimming, without temporizing, he was "quiet;" and without bustle, without boasting or parade, he did "his own business," the work that God had given him. And now, no Church repudiates him. Nonconformity can not monopolize him. His eulge is pronounced by Samuel Johnson and Robert Southey, as well as Josiah Conder; and whilst his monument looks down on dissenting graves in Abney Park,

his effigy reposes beneath the consecrated roof of Westminster Abbey. And, which is far better, next Lord's day, the Name that is above every name, will be sung in fanes where princes worship and prelates minister, as well as in barns where mechanics pray and ragged scholars say, Amen, in words for which all alike must thank his hallowed genius; and it will only be some curious student of hymnology, who will recollect that ISAAC WATTS is the Asaph of each choir, the leader of each company.

From the London Critic.

## THE POET AND THE STARS.

A SAGE of the starry sciences sat  
In his high and guardless tower,  
And swept the night-heaven's boundless realm  
With a glass of wondrous power;  
He saw where far-off suns gave day  
And the march of worlds went by,  
Till a wandering poet came and spake  
To that watcher of the sky:

"A moment turn thy mighty glass  
Where the foamy waters spread,  
And let it wing an exile's sight  
To the land he may not tread.  
The skies are high and the stars are bright,  
But the bird will seek its nest;  
There lies the home of my happier years,  
And the hearts that love me best."

The sage smiled cold as the winter moon,  
But he turned his glass of might,  
And the exile saw his country's cliffs  
Like a mist-wreath on the night.  
He saw, and went, and the long years passed,  
As ever the years have gone—  
The world around his watch-tower changed,  
But the watcher still gazed on.

At length to his far-exploring glass  
That wanderer came again,  
The love was cold and the home was low,  
And he turned to the bright stars then.  
"I greet thee well," quoth the scornful sage,  
"For an ancient art thou hast;  
When the world below goes ill with men,  
They turn to the skies at last."

"Thy glass can reach," the poet said,  
"To the planets' utmost goal,  
But can not give to thy sight the range  
Of the winged and wandering soul;  
Thou hast gazed and reckoned many a year  
Where their distant splendors burned,  
But the well-spring of my song was there,  
And my heart hath but returned:

"Beside that fount I learned of them  
What never was known to thee,  
Till the light of an earthly home-fire came  
Between the stars and me;  
For thus it is, that the nearest bond  
Hath power on the spirit's wings,  
And thus it is that this weary world  
Is full of parted things:

"The wise man parts from wisdom here,  
And the true man parts from truth;  
The royal heart to clay comes down  
From its golden hopes of youth;  
The souls that were as brethren born  
Grow old and die alone,  
And the prophet love is not received  
When he cometh to his own:

"They are reckoned among many a race  
That pine for a far-off kin;  
They are growing gray in many a home  
That are strangers yet therein;  
They have sat them down with stock and stone,  
They have toiled with herd and swain,  
Whose birthright was the loveliest realm  
Of the Graces' fair domain:

"So is the world's work marred and staid,  
For the soul is out of place,  
And life is a burdened heritage,  
And man is a troubled race—  
At strife for the fears that downward strain,  
For the hopes that upward go,  
And haunted still by a broken dream  
Of the time it was not so:

"The Earth grows cheerless in her age,  
For the parting time is long,  
And brave hearts break on the prison bars,  
But the bars are old and strong:  
They grow by fortune, they grow by time,  
By friendships and by wars,  
Yet never may one abide that parts  
The poet from the stars."

FRANCES BROWNE.

London, July 18th.

From the *Eclectic Review*.

## MICHAEL ANGELO AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.\*

THERE are mighty agencies in the physical world, which have not only temporarily marked the place where their manifestations have occurred, but have likewise stamped their impress upon them to endure forever; and so, too, in the world of mind, there are master-spirits which have not only exercised a mighty influence upon their own age and country, but have also defied the power of time; and are, even now, exerting over the human intellect a more extensive dominion than that which they possessed over their own contemporaries. Among these

"Dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns,"

none deserve a loftier niche in the temple of fame, and few have had greater influence upon succeeding ages, than Michael Angelo Buonarroti. The architect of St. Peter's—the skillful engineer whose efforts almost saved Florence in her last struggle for freedom—the designer of the Cartoon of Pisa, whose appearance marked an era in Art—the painter of the Sistine Chapel, whence generation after generation of artists have since drawn inspiration—the sculptor of the tomb of the Medici, and the mausoleum of Julius II.—the author of many a graceful madrigal and thoughtful sonnet—the great Florentine possessed a comprehensiveness and universality of genius, to which the whole of history can scarcely furnish a parallel. In him, vigor and originality of conception and matchless fertility of imagination, were combined with energy of purpose and unwearied application. Solitary, self-sustained, incorruptible, incapable of truckling or flattery, he stands forth, a prominent example of a true man in the midst of a

profligate and degenerate age. Often misrepresented, disappointed, under-valued, compelled to waste some of the best years of his life in works unworthy of him, by the ignorance and obstinacy of his employers, he never gave way to idle complaints, or sunk into unmanly inaction; Art was his mistress, to whom his thoughts were unceasingly directed, and whose smiles consoled him for the frowns or neglect of his patrons. Of such a man we can scarcely have too many biographies. That at present before us, is most carefully compiled, written in a clear and pleasing style, and, besides the life of the hero, includes clever sketches of his principal contemporaries, such as Lorenzo de' Medici, Savonarola, Raphael, Vittoria Colonna, the beautiful and accomplished Marchioness of Pescara, and many other distinguished historical personages.

Mr. Harford thus sets forth the objects at which he has aimed in adding another to the already numerous lives of the many-sided Tuscan:

"The claims of Michael Angelo to admiration as an artist, have been forcibly portrayed by numerous writers; but his great qualities as a man, present a wide field for further illustration. It has been my aim throughout the following biography, fully to do justice to him in each of these capacities. And, though it may appear difficult to add to the force of all that a Flaxman and a Reynolds, a Lomazzo and a Fuseli, have so ably written upon the characteristics of his art, I trust it may be found that the subject is not wholly exhausted, but that writers following in their train may be able to glean precious materials in the same field of criticism. My aim throughout these volumes has been to render them interesting, not only to the artist, but to general readers, and to the literary world, by developing Michael Angelo's character, artistic and social, political and religious; and by proving him to have been in each of these particulars equally worth of esteem and admiration. His social character, it is true, has been ably illustrated by his biographers Condivi and Vasari, who enjoyed the privilege of his intimate friendship, and published their memoirs of him in his own lifetime. These pages will

\* *The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti; with Translations of many of his Poems and Letters. Also Memoirs of Savonarola, Raphael, and Vittoria Colonna.* By John S. Harford, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S. In Two Vols. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans & Roberts. 1857.

be found to combine all the most interesting facts recorded by them, as well as much matter collected from other sources."

We are bound to say that Mr. Harford's volumes fulfill the promises thus made, and present a full and most able delineation of the brilliant career of Michael Angelo, whose long life extended from 1474 to 1563, and whose mental powers continued unimpaired even in his ninetieth year. The principal incidents of his life are too generally known to require recapitulation, and we shall, therefore, confine ourselves to bringing before our readers some of the most interesting facts and eloquent passages in Mr. Harford's work relating to the great artist and his most distinguished contemporaries.

The ruling passion was never more strongly displayed in early youth than in the case of Michael Angelo. Descended from the noble family of the Counts of Canossa, his father esteemed it a disgrace that his son should become an artist, remonstrated with him on his fondness for drawing, prohibited him from using the pencil, and had even recourse to severe personal chastisement; but all in vain; and the father was at length obliged to yield, though with a very bad grace, to this scion of the Counts of Canossa following art as a profession. The abilities of Michael Angelo soon attracted the notice of Lorenzo de' Medici, and the youth was admitted into the Academy of San Marco; where, in his ardor to excel, he pursued his professional studies even on holidays, and often far into the silent hours of the night. While Michael Angelo studied at Florence, he had the privilege of associating on intimate terms with some of the most accomplished scholars of the age, such as Politian and Pico di Mirandola. Lorenzo was a great patron of Greek literature, and two young Englishmen, named Groeyn and Calot, afterwards distinguished promoters of Greek learning in their own country, obtained their knowledge of it at Florence:

"The torch of Greek learning," says Mr. Harford, "which to the honor of England, has so long emitted a pure and steadfast light on the banks of the Isis and the Cam, was thus derived to her from those of the Arno, beneath the auspices of Lorenzo de' Medici and Politian. Such, however, is the power of bigotry and prejudice, that great opposition was made to the first attempts of English scholars to introduce

Greek letters into our two Universities. The facetious pen of Sir Thomas More denominated the two parties at Oxford for and against the new study, as Greeks and Trojans, and so bitter was their mutual animosity, that they actually came to blows, the watch-word of the opposing faction being, 'Cave a Græcis, ne Hereticus fias.' When Erasmus visited Oxford, this prejudice was on the decline; but it continued so strong at Cambridge, that he lectured on Chrysostom to empty benches; and severe penalties were even denounced against any one who should be detected as having a Greek Testament in his possession."

In the fourth and fifth chapters, an interesting account of the Platonic Academy, founded at Florence by Cosmo de' Medici, will be found, and of the doctrines and beliefs of these modern Platonists. Michael Angelo used to frequent the meetings of this Academy, and his poetry proves how deeply he was imbued with its doctrines; and Mr. Harford thinks, that their influence is also to be traced in his artistic works, inducing a lofty idealism, a love of allegory, and mystical views of nature and art. The death of Lorenzo de' Medici, in 1492, was a great blow to Michael Angelo, who long continued deeply to lament him, but found a refuge from his grief in unceasing application to his professional studies. About this time, he seems to have acquired the profound knowledge of anatomy for which he was afterwards so distinguished. He was intimate with the prior of the monastery of Santo Spirito, and executed for its church a crucifix in wood of somewhat less than the natural size. The prior, who was a great admirer of his talents, furnished him with an apartment in which to pursue his anatomical studies. On first handling the dissecting knife, however, his nervous system was so powerfully affected that it seemed as if he must forever abandon it. But his resolute will and unquenchable desire to render himself a complete master of the science of design came to his aid, and, at length, enabled him to overcome his repugnance. Subjects were frequently supplied him from the hospital of the monastery; and, ultimately, he became able to handle the knife with surgical indifference and precision.

We now come to one of the most interesting and best-written parts of Mr. Harford's work, the history of Savonarola, that fearless and single-minded, but ill-

starred precursor of the Reformation, who, for some years, exercised in Florence a power as great as that afterwards exercised by Calvin in Geneva. Michael Angelo had a great friendship for this extraordinary man, regarded his character with affectionate veneration, and in his later years, the Holy Scriptures and the writings of Savonarola were his favorite study. Both the monk and the artist were ardently attached to the cause of freedom, in which the former fell, and the latter long afterwards nobly distinguished himself, when appointed commissary-general of the fortifications of Florence, against the attacks of the Imperialists, in 1529. Savonarola was born at Ferrara, in 1452. He was of noble extraction, and being destined for the medical profession, had all the advantages of a learned education. He soon, however, evinced a decided preference for the study of theology; and to avoid the opposition of his relations, secretly quitted the paternal roof at the age of twenty-three, and joined himself to a Dominican fraternity at Bologna. His first appearance as a preacher at Florence took place in 1483, when owing to a natural difficulty of articulation, he entirely failed. Undiscouraged, however, he persevered for a year, like the great orator of Greece, in trying to overcome this defect, and succeeded so well that, being appointed in 1486, to preach at Brescia, scarcely a vestige of it was apparent. From this time, his preaching was distinguished by all the zeal and energy of a reformer. He denounced the vices of the age, the luxury and profligacy of nobles and priests and cardinals, and even ventured to point to Rome as the mystic Babylon, and mother of abominations. In 1491, he was appointed prior of the Dominican convent of San Marco in Florence, and soon became the most popular preacher in the city; crowds flocking to hear him from the neighboring villages as well as from the town itself:

"Many of the tradesmen," says Mr. Harford, "forbore to open their shops till after the morning preaching was over, and not a few of them were in the habit of exercising hospitality to such of the peasants as had come in from a great distance and needed refreshment. Even during the rigors of winter, the area in front of San Marco was thronged, long before the doors were opened, by a multitude of devotees, anxious to obtain the best places. The people hung

upon his lips with intense interest, for he addressed them with a fervor, an affection, and a fidelity which they had never before witnessed, and which deeply touched their consciences and their hearts. An increased attention to the duties of religion, and a remarkable reformation of life and manners, gradually became the visible consequences of Savonarola's preaching."

Savonarola, as Mr. Harford justly observes, was not the first Italian who had denounced the vices of the clergy, and the corruption of the papacy. Petrarch a century before, in his "*Epistles sine titulo*," and in three of his Sonnets, spoke of the Romish Court at Avignon, as the western Babylon, a sink of iniquity, a hell upon earth; and Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI., the successors of the Popes denounced by Petrarch, and under whom the youth and manhood of Savonarola were passed, were equally vicious and unprincipled, and disgraced their position by the most shameless profligacy and the darkest crimes. These roused the zeal of Savonarola, and one can not but admire the courage of a simple monk carrying out his reforms against the spirit of the age, and in the face of all Italy. Lorenzo de' Medici—although he and Savonarola worked in different ways, the one trying to divert the Florentines in order to prevent them from thinking of their lost liberties, the other striving to reform their minds and lead them heavenwards—had such a high opinion of the fidelity and truthfulness of the Dominican monk, that he sent for him when on his death-bed, and listened in the most devout manner to his prayers and exhortation. After the expulsion of the Medici, Savonarola was applied to, by the members of the new government, to point out the measures best adapted to the present crisis. This he did in an eloquent address, and concluded by exhorting the citizens: 1st. To do whatever they resolved upon in the fear of God. 2. To act on a patriotic preference of public to private interests. 3. To promulgate a general amnesty; and 4th. To fix the government on a popular basis. Thus placed in an elevated and commanding position, the subsequent mistakes of Savonarola were the consequences of a misdirected zeal for good and great objects, not of any selfish or unworthy motives. Mr. Harford gives several specimens of Savonarola's powers as a preacher, which will be found very generally interesting, from their fervor, boldness, and



just views of Christian truth. The indignation of the papal court against this unscrupulous reformer was unbounded, and his own rashness at length enabled them to effect his destruction. He endeavored to turn the Carnival into a religious ceremony, of which mystic dances and sacred songs formed a part, the whole scene being strongly tinged by fanaticism. He induced the citizens to give up indecorous books, pictures, and objects of extravagant luxury, and resolved, during the Carnival of 1497, upon making a holocaust of the various offending objects, which is thus graphically described by Mr. Harford:

"A pyramidal scaffold was erected for this purpose in the public place, opposite the palace of the Seignory. At its base were to be seen false beards and hair, masquerading dresses, cards and dice, mirrors and perfumery, beads and trinkets of various sorts; higher up were arranged books and drawings, busts and portraits of the most celebrated Florentine beauties; and even pictures by great artists, condemned in many instances, on very insufficient grounds, as indecorous or irreligious. Even *Frà Bartolomeo*, one of the greatest artists of that, or of any age, was so carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, as to bring his life-academy studies to be consumed on this pyre, forgetful that in the absence of such studies, he could never himself have risen above low mediocrity, nor such painters as *Raphael* and *Michael Angelo* ever have been trained to glory. *Lorenzo di Credi*, like himself, a devoted follower of *Savonarola*, did the same. It was thus that a man of great learning and lofty eloquence, full of zeal also for the glory of God, and for the highest interests of humanity, was betrayed by monkish extravagance into an indiscriminating warfare against taste and genius. The pile thus constructed was set fire to by the enthusiastic procession, amidst hymns and acclamations; and its value may be judged of by the fact that a merchant of Venice offered to purchase the whole at the price of 20,000 crowns."

From this time the influence of *Savonarola* appears to have declined, but not his reforming zeal, and denunciations of papal corruption, which, at last, induced the infamous *Alexander VI.* to determine on effecting his destruction. An interdict and excommunication was suspended over Florence, the partisans of the *Medici* and of the *Romish Court* obtained an ascendancy in her councils, and the spot where the dauntless monk was arrested is still pointed out in the beautiful library of *San Marco*. His arrest was immediately notified to the Pope, who dispatched

two judges from Rome to try, or rather to condemn him. *Savonarola* was put to the torture in its severest form, and the extremity of pain wrung from him admissions retracted as soon as the torture ceased. After passing a month in prison, he was sentenced to be strangled and burnt, along with his disciples, *Pescia* and *Maraffi Sylvestre*, which sentence was carried into effect on the 23d of May, 1498, and the ashes of the martyrs was afterwards cast into the *Arno*. The deportment of *Savonarola* was calm to the end; and his last words to his confessor were: "Pray for me; and tell my friends not to be discouraged at my death, but to continue steadfast in my doctrine, and to live in peace."

During the period of *Savonarola's* power in Florence, *Michael Angelo* had paid his first visit to Rome, and had executed his *Bacchus*, and the *Group of the Pietà*, now in *St. Peter's*. Nothing could exceed the celebrity which the last of these great works attached to his name. It was the theme of universal admiration. Poets celebrated its merits, artists multiplied studies from it, and its author was henceforth regarded as the first of living sculptors. In 1502, he revisited Florence, having received a commission to execute a colossal statue from a great block of marble which had long lain neglected in the *Palazzo Vecchio*. From this, in spite of the difficulties of the undertaking, he sculptured his celebrated "*David*," which now stands in the open air in front of the *Palazzo Vecchio*. About this time, he also painted a *Holy Family* for *Angelo Doni*, and designed the famous *Cartoon of Pisa*, in competition with *Leonardo da Vinci*. Each artist selected his subject from the wars between Florence and Pisa. *Leonardo* chose a cavalry encounter; his youthful competitor a company of infantry surprised by the near approach of the enemy whilst bathing in the *Arno*. In *Michael Angelo's* cartoon the figures were of the size of life, drawn in black chalk, the shadows being in brown, and the lights in different degrees of white. *Benvenuto Cellini* thus speaks of these two great works: "While these cartoons thus hung opposite to each other, they formed the school of the world. Although the divine *Michael Angelo* afterwards painted the great chapel of *Pope Julius*, he never again fully realized the force of these, his earlier studies."

Michael Angelo was drawn from his literary and artistic pursuits at Florence—where he assiduously studied the Tuscan poets, and especially Dante, as well as the arts of design—by the invitation of Pope Julius II., who sent for him to Rome, in order to intrust to him the execution of his mausoleum. The fiery old pontiff and the haughty independent sculptor had many differences, and at length the latter, indignant at the studied neglect with which he was treated, fled from Rome to Florence, and resumed his labors upon the Cartoon of Pisa. He was, however, induced to return, and was received by the Pope with distinguished consideration. He returned to Rome in 1508, and soon after, at the urgent request of the Pope, but contrary to his own inclination, undertook the painting of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, which he completed entirely with his own hand, and which occupied him for nearly two years. Of this magnificent work, Mr. Harford remarks:

"Michael Angelo stands single and alone, no less in the force and spirit of his execution, than in the grandeur of his conceptions. Never was pencil more obedient than his to the suggestions of the intellect. Those who have had the privilege of mounting by means of temporary scaffolding, nearer to these awful Titanic forms of prophets and sybils, who look down like another race of beings from their lofty seats, or who have availed themselves of the use of mirrors to bring them beneath the eye, never fail to be smitten with admiration at the dash and vigor of each stroke, and not less at its certainty and truth. On a fine day, aids like these will insure to the artist and the amateur impressions of indelible wonder and delight, at the originality of this great artist's mind and style; a style in which the relief of sculpture appears to blend with the richness and clair-obscur of painting."

Those who wish a detailed account of the whole composition and painting of the Sistine ceiling, will find it in the thirteenth chapter of Mr. Harford's first volume, who thus eloquently sums up his elaborate description:

"The grand works of creation—the primeval history of man—the entry of sin into Paradise—the curse which it brought on this fair creation and its awful consequences—the reversal of that curse, and the reëntree of life and immortality through the Gospel—the initiatory preparation for the incarnation of that divine Redeemer to whom all the prophets bear witness, and to whom at length every knee shall bow—such are the great subjects chosen by Michael

Angelo to employ his creative pencil. We are carried back to the patriarchal age, to the mystic age of prophecy and poetry; and we have also before us a magnificent display of the mighty energies of physical force and industry. Sublimity of sentiment and unrivaled powers of design, undebased by any admixture of puerile superstition, here reign and triumph."

That selfish and unprincipled voluptuary, Leo X., whose name has come down to posterity encircled by a halo of false glory, succeeded the fiery old soldier-pope, Julius II. He sent for Michael Angelo as an architect, in order to employ him in building a magnificent façade for the church of San Lorenzo in Florence, which contained the ashes of many of the family of the Medici. In consequence of this commission, the great artist was compelled to proceed to the quarries of Seravizza, where five or six of the best years of his life were consumed in making roads and raising marbles; and yet, after all, the undertaking was abandoned by the capricious Pope, whose patronage proved to Michael Angelo the greatest misfortune of his life.

In 1527, took place the terrible sack of Rome by the lawless bands of the Constable de Bourbon; and, in 1529, the Imperial army encamped before Florence. The citizens had for some time been aware of the impending struggle, and had made preparations to meet it. Towards the close of 1528, they appointed Michael Angelo commissary-general of the fortifications, in which post he displayed transcendent abilities as an engineer. His first care was an attentive inspection of the fortifications, and the execution of all essential repairs; his next was to place the walls and fortress of San Miniato, as commanding the city, in a complete state of defense, and to add to their security by new works and bastions. This he accomplished with so much scientific skill, that, in after times, the celebrated French engineer, Vauban, devoted considerable time to their examination, and made accurate drawings of them. His labors were, however, futile. There was treachery within as well as the foe without; and Malatesta Baglioni, the Florentine general, introducing the enemy within the bastions of the Roman gate, nothing was left but to surrender; and so, in August, 1530, fell the liberties of Florence. A general amnesty, with certain exceptions, was one of the condi-

tions of capitulation; but, to gratify the revenge of Pope Clement VII., this was afterwards violated, and the scaffolds ran red with the blood of some of the noblest citizens of Florence. Michael Angelo was among those excepted from the general amnesty. He succeeded in concealing himself for some time, and was at length pardoned by the Pope, who wished to employ him on the sacristy of San Lorenzo, for which he executed the tombs of the Medici, where are the celebrated statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo de' Medici, and the no less famous allegorical figures of Aurora and Twilight, Day and Night.

The mausoleum of Julius II., Michael Angelo's first papal commission, which had given him such constant anxiety, and about which he had suffered so many disappointments, was at length finished on a reduced scale, and erected in the church of San Pietro-in-Vinculis. It is thus described by Mr. Harford:

"Not having been originally destined for its present locality, it very naturally appears quite out of place. It is too lofty and vast in its dimensions for the size and height of the church. The object which principally strikes the eye, on approaching it, is the colossal statue of Moses; not placed according to the artist's original plan, on an elevated platform in composition with various figures of Prophets and Virtues, but singly and alone in the centre of the façade of the mausoleum, and close to the eye. It is some time before the spectator discovers, what ought to have been a leading object, the sarcophagus and reclining form of Pope Julius on the second stage of the monument. It was the work of Maso dal Bosco, but is devoid of dignity or effect. On each side of the Moses, in niches, are two statues emblematic of Active and Contemplative Life. The idea is borrowed from Dante. They were designed and finished by Michael Angelo himself, and are fine specimens of his sculpture. Active Life, under the appellation of Leah, holds a mirror in her hand, signifying that our actions ought to be the result of reflection; in the other hand is a wreath of flowers, the symbol of cheerfulness. Contemplative Life, under the name of Rachel, indicates by the bent knee, by the upraised head and eye, that her wrapt soul is mounting heavenwards. Above the sarcophagus, is a Virgin and Child, from the design of Buonarroti, by Settignano. The child holds a little bird in its hand, and is a model of grace and sweetness. Immediately above the statues of Active and Contemplative Life, are two figures of a Prophet and a Sibyl, by Montelupo, with which Michael Angelo was by no means satisfied. The entablature of the tomb is flanked on each side of the Moses, and at its extremities, by termini, and is further

adorned by the arms of the Pope, and by two marble candelabras. The whole looks less like a monument to the honor of Julius II. than to that of Moses."

In 1533, Michael Angelo, at the desire of Paul III., commenced his famous painting of the Last Judgment. Its design and execution cost him eight years of assiduous application and severe labor, and it was finally opened to public view at the Christmas festival of 1541, when Michael Angelo was in his sixty-eighth year. Before the painting was quite finished, the Pope came to view it, accompanied by a train of attendants, among them his master of ceremonies, Biagio da Cesena, a grave and grand old gentleman, far more alive to breaches of etiquette than to wonders of Art. He was terribly scandalized at the number of naked figures that met his view, and pronounced them more suitable for the walls of a bagnio than for those of a Pope's chapel. Unlucky man! Michael Angelo had heard and remembered; and never was poor master of ceremonies so punished. On the Pope's departure, he seized his pencil, and gave to the countenance of Minos (a huge monster with a sweeping tail, bowing amidst a crowd of demons) so perfect a resemblance to Biagio, that no one could possibly mistake the likeness. The painter's revenge soon became known, and created much merriment; but the indignant master sought the Pope, and complained of the insult to which he had been subjected. "Where has he placed you?" said the amused pontiff. "In hell," replied poor Biagio. "Alas! then," replied the Pope, "I can do nothing for you; had he placed you in purgatory, I might have delivered you, but in hell there is no redemption."

In his seventy-first year, Michael Angelo painted, in the Pauline Chapel, the conversion of St. Paul, and the crucifixion of St. Peter. These, the last works of his pencil, were completed when he had reached the advanced age of seventy-five. As compared with the free and grand penciling of his works in the Sistine Chapel, their execution is deficient in spirit and energy. "They may be regarded," says Mr. Harford, "as forming the Odyssey of his art. Behind the great altar of the Cathedral of Florence is still to be seen a marble group, the last piece of sculpture touched by the great Florentine. The subject is the Dead Christ supported by

the Virgin Mother, to whom another female figure is ministering, and Nicodemus is introduced near them in a standing posture. Owing to the intractableness of the marble, this group was never completed. The following graphic account has been left by an eye-witness of the energy and certainty with which Michael Angelo wielded his chisel:

"I may say that I have seen Michael Angelo at work after he had passed his sixtieth year, and although he was not very robust, he cut away as many scales from a block of very hard marble in a quarter of an hour as three young sculptors would have effected in three or four hours—a thing almost incredible to one who had not actually witnessed it. Such was the impetuosity and fire with which he pursued his labor, that I almost thought the whole work must have gone to pieces; with a single stroke he brought down fragments three or four fingers thick, and so close upon his mark, that, had he passed it, even in the slightest degree, there would have been a danger of ruining the whole."

The magnificent fabric of St. Peter's was the work of Michael Angelo's old age; for he was only appointed architect on the death of San Gallo, in 1546, when he was upwards of seventy years of age. In contrast with the design of his predecessor, whose defects he had clearly pointed out, he formed a new plan, simple and majestic, a model of which he executed in fifteen days, at an expense of only twenty-five scudi. It exhibited a single order of 108 feet, of a magnitude unexampled in ancient or in modern times; for the order of the great Temple of Baalbec, the loftiest of antiquity, is only eighty-one feet. This order he surmounted by an attic of thirty-two feet, making the front altogether 140 feet high. Thus, to a gigantic design he superadded gigantic features appropriate to its colossal dimensions, and imposing by real magnitude as well as by quantity and numbers. He also restored the church to the Greek cross—a form best adapted to give prominence and effect to its grand and central feature, the magnificent dome, whether viewed from within or without. This design was approved of by the Pope, and, at the advanced age of seventy-two, the great sculptor entered upon the arduous duties of architect of St. Peter's. In the patent appointing him to this office, he demanded and obtained the insertion of his refusal of all salary for his great work,

and, during the seventeen years of his superintendence, he never received a single farthing. He at length achieved the magnificent conception of Bramante, of elevating the Pantheon in the air, and produced a cupola far surpassing that of Florence in height and magnificence, and transcending it no less in the beauty both of its external and internal curve. In this respect, indeed, the dome of St. Peter's can scarcely be surpassed:

"He planted it," says Mr. Harford, "upon an elevated tambour, and in place of the unbroken peristyle of Bramante, he introduced on the side of each window (sixteen in number) piers encircled with coupled columns, the summits of which were destined to be adorned with statues of prophets and apostles from his own designs. That magical play of light and shadow upon the cupola of St. Peter's, which charms the eye of the spectator throughout the day, is a consequence of these advancing piers, and the present effect would be greatly heightened if the statues, as seen on his model, had actually been introduced. The corresponding piers on the minor domes were also to have been adorned with statues. The interior sections of the cupola correspond with those of the exterior; the linear graces of the roof being repeated, and coupled pilasters within answering to the coupled columns without. The lantern is singularly elegant, and was constructed with only a slight deviation from the original model."

Unfortunately, Michael Angelo's plan of the Greek cross was departed from. Pope Paul V. authorized Carlo Maderna to violate the original plan by the elongation of the entrance nave. Had the great artist's scheme of the Greek cross been adhered to, the eye of the spectator, on entering the church, would at once have been struck by the sublimity of the dome, and by the fine arrangement of the subordinate parts of the fabric in connection with it. Carl Maderna's alteration entirely frustrated the possibility of any such effect, by placing the opening into the dome at such a distance from the entrance portal as scarcely to allow of its being visible; and it was still more fatal to the external beauty of the building, for the cupola, on approaching the grand façade, is cut through in perspective by its upper story, and is, therefore, half concealed from the eye, instead of triumphing as the sublime and presiding feature of the whole edifice. Another most unfortunate departure from the plan of Michael Angelo, has been the substitution of the present encumbered façade, frittered and broken



into a number of parts, for the grand portion in the style of the Pantheon, which presented a design of unexampled boldness and magnificence. Mr. Harford supplies two careful drawings of St. Peter's—as Michael Angelo designed it, and as it now appears—which show far better than any description how much the world has lost by these ill-judged departures from the plans of the great Florentine.

A very interesting chapter in the second volume is devoted to the considerations of Michael Angelo's poetry, which, says Mr. Harford, "is deeply interesting from the light which it reflects upon his character and opinions, as well as from its intrinsic beauties. It chiefly consists of small poems, some of which are light, airy effusions of sportive fancy, whilst the greater part are of a graver character, and are replete, like his art, with original and lofty thought, and pure and noble sentiment, conveyed in language concise, vigorous, and elegant. The collection includes sixty-two small poems under the name of madrigals, and sixty-four sonnets, besides a few pieces of somewhat greater compass—the most interesting among which is an elegy, in which he deploras the death of a brother, and describes in a touching strain of devotion and tenderness, how much this stroke had revived his feeling of grief for the loss of his father." The original MSS. of these poems in Michael Angelo's own handwriting, very clearly and carefully transcribed, are among the literary treasures of the Vatican Library. They were first published at Florence in 1623, and were reprinted by Manni in 1726. They have since passed through several editions, both in Italy and France; and, about ten years ago, Mr. E. Taylor published, at London, an elegant essay on these poems, accompanied by various translations.\*

In his old age, Michael Angelo was deeply afflicted by the death of his faithful and attached servant Urbino, who had

lived with him for twenty-six years; and the following touching letter to Vasari, who had written to condole with him, shows how deeply he felt his loss:

"MY DEAR GEORGE: I scarcely know how to write, but must just acknowledge your letter. You have heard of Urbino's death—an event for which most grateful thanks are due from me to God, though, as respects myself, the loss is most severe, and my grief profound. My thanks are thus due, because, while living, his care of me was such as greatly to prolong my life, and dying, he has taught me to meet death, not with aversion but with desire. He lived with me twenty-six years, and I ever found him incomparable and faithful; and now, when I had rendered him rich, and regarded him as the prop and the repose of my old age, he has passed away, leaving me no other hope but that of rejoining him in Paradise; and of this God has vouchsafed me, as it were, the pledge, by the great blessedness of his last moments. His chief regrets in the prospects of death were, that he left me in this deceitful world pressed upon by so many sorrows, though indeed, the greater part of me is departed together with him, nor does aught remain behind but a deep sense of bereavement."

In 1558-9, Duke Cosmo of Florence visited Rome, and paid the utmost respect to Michael Angelo; and his son, Don Francesco de' Medici, when conversing with the great artist, held his cap in his hand, and seemed unable to express the delight he felt on finding himself in the presence of a man of whom he had heard so much, and whom he had long wished to see. But the closing scene was now approaching. A slow fever attacked Michael Angelo in the beginning of 1563, and he breathed his last on the 17th of February of that year, surrounded by his friends, retaining his senses to the end, and in his last moments, requesting those around him to remind him of the sufferings and death of our blessed Lord. According to his expressed wish, his mortal remains were conveyed to Florence, which they reached on the 11th of March; and it was decided to convey them in the dead of the ensuing night to a chapel in the church of Santa Croce. A great concourse of artists assembled for this purpose; the elder bore torches in their hands, while the younger contended with each other for the honor of aiding in carrying the bier, over which was cast a velvet pall studded with gold; and happy, in after-times, did any of them feel, who

\* For specimens of Angelo's graver sonnets we refer our readers to Mr. Sheppard's volume, "The Foreign Sacred Lyre," noticed in our last number. Sonnet VIII. is deeply interesting, written, as it appears to have been, at the close of the great artist's earthly career. The last stanza is thus translated by Mr. Sheppard:

"Nor painting now, nor sculpture can beguile  
The soul—embracing on death's awful brink,  
Love's arms for us upon the cross outspread."

Pp. 226, 227.

could boast of having shared in this office. A magnificent public funeral was celebrated on the following 14th of July, in which the splendor of the preparations vied with the artistic beauty of the works prepared by the genius of the Academicians. A conspicuous position in the church of Santa Croce was subsequently selected by the duke for the monument of Michael Angelo, for which he presented the marbles, while Vasari furnished the design, which was carried into execution by the eminent sculptor Battista Lorenzi. "Its most prominent features," says Mr. Harford, "are a pure bust of Michael Angelo, and statues of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in allusion to his triple artistic honors. The bust is distinguished by an expression of dignified amenity. Recorded honors gathered around this monument in the form of innumerable poetical tributes in Latin and Italian, the most admired of which were afterward published."

We can not better close our notice of these interesting volumes, than by the following extract describing the personal appearance and habits of the great artist whose career we have been pursuing:

"Michael Angelo was of middle stature, of a spare habit of body, bony and muscular, active

in his gait and movements, and of a ruddy complexion. His forehead was square, lofty, and somewhat projecting; his nose might have been fine, but from the flattening injury inflicted upon it early in life by Torrigiano; his cheekbones were a little prominent; his eyes were rather small, sparkling, of a grey color inclining to blue, and but slightly overshadowed; his lips were thin, the lower lip somewhat projecting; his hair and beard raven black, till extreme old age shed its snows upon them; the beard terminated in two points. The cranium was large in proportion to the face. His aspect was amiable and animated, blended with an expression of resolute firmness and decision. He was rather broad in the shoulders; but his limbs were in good proportion. His habits of temperance were rigid. In youth, when absorbed in study or by professional labor, he lived chiefly on bread and a little wine; and in old age he exercised the greatest moderation. At the age of sixty-six, when pursuing the gigantic labor of painting the Last Judgment, he contented himself with little more than a frugal repast at the close of the day. He was in consequence ever active both in body and mind; seldom accepted or gave invitations to dinner; and declined receiving presents, which he regarded as involving dangerous obligations. He required but little sleep, and often rose in the dead of night to pursue his artistic occupations. At such times, if employed in sculpture, he would put on a paper cap or casque, so constructed as to bear in its front a candle, by means of which his hands were left at liberty while pursuing his work."

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From the Leisure Hour.

## TALES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CHINESE LIFE AND MANNERS.

THE city of Canton, surrounded by walls five leagues in circumference, is divided into three distinct towns: the first, extending along the banks of the river, consists of more than forty thousand *champans*, which serve both for ships and dwellings; the second contains the European and American factories; and the third, separated from the latter by walls and a gate which no foreigner is allowed to pass, forms the true Chinese city. Near this gate, but in the foreign quarter, in days gone by, two men were walking. The costume and appearance of the elder were those of a

native, while the light nankeen dress, and still more the figure and countenance of the other, showed him to be of a different race. He was one of those Western merchants who had begun to settle at Canton for purposes of trade. The two men were conversing in a subdued tone, and in the Chinese tongue.

"I tell you, You-hi," said the foreigner, "that our Company will no longer endure such robbery: the duties claimed by your *hou-pou*\* would ruin us in two years. I

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\* Chief of the customs.

might talk till to-morrow without being able to enumerate half the frauds which he practices! It was only yesterday that he returned crates of common glass as mirrors, and gun-flints as agates! I tell you, You-hi, that such tricks shall not go on."

The Chinese made a deprecating gesture. "What can I do?" he asked. "The *hou-pou* is a greedy man; the Company were wrong in offering him a half-closed hand when they should have opened it entirely."

"And have we not, then, already made sufficient sacrifices in giving the fellow presents to the amount of five thousand dollars? We can't give him any more; and you, You-hi, must make your *hou-pou* understand that."

The Chinese tried to excuse himself.

"You must," repeated the factor firmly.

"In granting the exclusive privilege of foreign commerce to twelve merchants, forming what you call the *Kong-hang*, the Emperor has appointed them to serve as agents with the 'barbarians.' When one of our vessels arrives, it is you who furnish it with provisions, and obtain for it the *chop* (permission) to depart. In short, you are our agent, and it is your business to obtain justice for us."

"But how is that to be done? We poor *hanists*\* are the victims who suffer all the ill-treatment which our masters dare not inflict on you foreigners. We are placed between the two, like iron between the anvil and the hammer, and receive all the blows without being able to escape them."

"That's your affair, You-hi," replied his companion coolly. "You are far too clever not to be able to discover some means of making the *hou-pou* more tractable. Otherwise," added the merchant, trying the effect of a threat, "I fear we shall have to get angry, and throw a dozen or so of your people into the river."

"What do you say?" cried the Chinese, his small cunning eyes squinting with terror. "You can't be serious."

"Indeed I am, my good friend. I think it would be a most useful lesson to your functionaries in general. And here we are," he said, pointing to a palace, whose gates were adorned with dragon's heads in effigy, and with very real chains and whips. "Go in now, and plead our cause

well: with good will mountains are moved."

"Ah! that is always your saying; but we have a proverb which says, that the wisest man in the world can not force the spider to spin silk. I will do all I can, however, and let you know the result this evening at supper; for you have, I hope, received my invitation?"

"Written in gold letters on red paper? Yes, you may depend on seeing me."

They parted; and the factor repaired to his own dwelling. As he entered the door he was met by a pleasing young girl, attired in a magnificent European dress. This was the foreigner's only child, and she was deaf and dumb. Yet her intelligence was so great that her father, by means of signs and finger-language, was able to converse with her perfectly. Her appearance at this time seemed to cause him very unpleasant surprise.

"Are you mad," he said, in the language that she understood, "to appear openly in such a costume? Unhappy child, you will ruin us both!"

The young girl threw herself into his arms, with a gesture of regret and a look so humble and supplicating that the factor's anger vanished; and, embracing her, he murmured: "Poor child! I forget how little she has to amuse her."

The laws of China forbade, on pain of death, the admission of any foreign females into the Celestial Empire. Consequently, when our merchant accepted the lucrative post which he held, he was obliged to bring his daughter, whom he could not be induced to leave behind, in disguise, while he subsequently kept her most scrupulously in the interior of his dwelling from the observation of the natives. But it often occasioned him much anxiety, lest she should at any time imprudently expose herself to public gaze, and thus incur the displeasure of the Chinese authorities.

Shortly after his return, the merchant again left the house, in order to keep his appointment with You-hi; and, in doing so, quite forgot to leave word with his daughter that he would not return to supper. When his child found that her dearly-loved father did not appear, and that the servants knew not whither he was gone, it occurred to her that he was seriously displeased at her for having ventured to show herself in the front of the dwelling—a persuasion which made her

\* Members of the *Kong-hang*.

feel very uneasy. At length, with the wayward impatience and willfulness which often mark the actions of a deaf mute, the girl left the house, and rambled timidly along the banks of the river, hoping to meet her father. Suddenly, while doing so, two strong arms from behind grasped her: she turned round, uttering a piercing cry, and the same moment received a blow on the chest, in consequence of which she sank senseless on the ground.

Who can describe the grief of the merchant, when, on his return home, he learned the mysterious disappearance of his daughter?

Weeks passed on, and all researches having proved unavailing, he was settling down into a state of fixed despair, when he found it needful one day to meet the *Kong-hang*, in order to arrange some affairs of the Company. On his way through the vicinity of the forbidden precincts of the Chinese town, his eye happened to be caught by a sumptuous equipage, drawn by several richly-caparisoned horses. It was driven by a coachman who was easily recognized as a Korean, by the amplitude of his robe, his conical cap formed of woven bamboo, and his boots of quilted cotton. On the black lacquered panels of the coach appeared, in gilded relief, the baton of a mandarin, crowned with a garland of gilded jessamine.

Suddenly the silken curtains opened, and a loud cry was heard. The factor looked up, and recognized, bending forward, the face of his lost daughter.

The excited factor stretched out his arms, and rushed towards her; but at that moment the carriage passed through the Chinese gate, and disappeared. The frantic father tried to follow, but the sentinels thrust him back.

"My daughter! 'tis my daughter!"

"To the factory, dog!"

"No!" shrieked the merchant, "my daughter, let me follow her!"

"He's mad," said one.

"Throw him into the river," cried another.

Just then, the officer commanding the post came up, and ordered his men to tie the poor factor's hands behind his back, and to drive him to his own quarter of the town.

That evening saw the merchant in deep consultation with You-hi, to whom he confided the news of his loss. By the ad-

vice of the experienced *hanist*, he sent a petition to the governor of Canton, promising a thousand *liangs* for the recovery of his daughter.

In two days he received the following reply: "I, King-fo, having the diploma of *tsin-ssé*, having worn in succession the two blue buttons and the coral button; wearing to-day the button set with precious stones, and recommended nine times on the register of *ping-pou*; governor of the province of Canton, in the name of the Son of Heaven, the great and sovereign Emperor: to the chief barbarian of the foreign factory. We have read the petition which thou hast addressed to us, and have seen therein the truth of the words of the wise man, when he said that the hearts of men are as various as the different soils of the Celestial Empire. For, like the rocky and sterile ground are the hearts of the barbarians. Thou hast disobeyed the orders of the Sovereign Emperor, in keeping thy daughter concealed, and now thou complainest that she has been carried away; but know that the wise man does not believe the word of him who has violated the law. And as to the thousand *liangs* of which thou speakest, we are graciously pleased to accept them this time, although a very insufficient fine for the fault thou hast committed. Let this be a law in thine eyes."

After this attempt, the factor made various other equally unsuccessful ones to recover his daughter. At length, through his friend You-hi, he obtained information that she was living at Peking, in the house of a rich mandarin named Fo-hu, and passed for his niece. The time was approaching when the daughters and nieces of the principal mandarins were to be presented to the Emperor, in order that he might select the most beautiful for his wives. If the so-called niece of Fo-hu happened to be chosen, it would bring an immense accession of riches and power to the mandarin; it was, therefore, most unlikely that he would consent to give her up. Disguised as a Korean merchant, the distracted father traveled to Peking, obtained an interview with Fo-hu, and, as he anticipated, was met by a point-blank denial of the identity of his child, and a refusal to give her up.

The factor lost no time in vain remonstrances, but brought the matter immediately before the judge of the district; and by favor of rich presents, the cause came



on without much delay. Fo-hu appeared before the tribunal. He was a cunning-looking little old man, with a white beard, and wore a silken robe, ornamented with figures of a dragon, boots with carved points, and a violet-colored felt hat, adorned with a precious stone, in token of his dignity.

The factor first related his story; and then Fo-hu was called on for his defense. He exclaimed at the audacity of the barbarian, whose complaint, he said, should be marked false; and he summoned several of his servants, who, after having touched the ground with their foreheads, declared that the young female who lived in their master's house was really his niece, the daughter of a brother of his who had died at Canton.

The factor then proposed that the girl should be brought into court, and that they should abide by her decision.

Fo-hu turned pale at this proposal, and objected to the indelicacy of making a female of rank appear in public.

"Let her appear veiled," cried the factor; "but let her come."

The judge having approved of the expedient, dispatched some of his officers to the mandarin's house, accompanied by one of Fo-hu's servants, to whom his master gave some directions in an undertone.

At length a veiled figure was ushered into court, and the factor rushed towards her. But the low stature, the tottering gait, the fingers with long nails, were all utterly unlike his daughter!

The veil, by order of the judge, was raised, and the factor beheld a total stranger!

Fo-hu immediately demanded that the stranger should be severely punished for his audacious attempt, and the judge acquiesced.

"You are sentenced," he said, "to wear the *tcha* during two years in the state prisons."

The punishment of the *tcha* is very much used in China. It is a sort of frame composed of two pieces of wood, hollowed in the middle: the neck of the criminal is placed in the hollow; then the two pieces being joined, the judge places his seal on them, to prevent their being opened. The *tcha* thus forms a sort of collar varying in weight from sixty to two hundred pounds. A jailer, armed with a whip, marches the unhappy prisoner,

thus loaded, every day through the streets, where he is exposed to the insults of the populace, and conducts him back to prison in the evening.

It was at the close of one of these dreadful promenades that the factor, when near one of the suburban canals, sunk on the ground, completely exhausted. The jailer, finding his prisoner really unable to move, philosophically resolved to wait, and sat down beside him.

Just then a noise of oars was heard, and a *loche* appeared on the canal. Two boatmen stepped out of it, bearing a burden which they laid on the ground. The jailer perceived that it was the body of a drowned man.

"You caught a fine fish, then, comrades!" he said.

"One that won't enrich us much," replied one of the men.

"Did you find nothing on him?"

"Nothing but this little case, containing a vial of drugs and some papers."

"Pity he's dead," remarked the jailer; "for he looks like a physician, and I have a patient here whom I do not know how to get back to prison."

"Ah! so you have some one in your collar—who is he?"

"A rich merchant from Canton."

"Rich!" cried the boatman; "and why does he not purchase a substitute?"

The factor roused himself at these words. "Is it true that another might take my place?" he asked in astonishment.

"Certainly; for high payment you will even find men who will suffer themselves to be decapitated."

The factor's eyes brightened; he made an effort, and, standing up, despite of the crushing weight of the *tcha*, he exclaimed: "Which of you will take my place? I will enrich him for life."

"What is the length of your sentence?" asked one of the boatmen.

"Two years."

They shook their heads. "No man could survive it," they said.

"Unless the prisoner was sometimes permitted to take off his collar," observed the jailer, with a significant wink.

"But how can that be done?"

"Oh! there are means," replied the jailer. "I'll do it for you now for a *tael*."

The factor fumbled in his garments, and threw the coin on the ground. His keeper immediately set to work; and in a few moments the *tcha* was off.

"Now," cried the factor, whose morals from long contact with the Chinese were somewhat of the same low standard, "I have found a substitute. Put the *teha* round the neck of this corpse; dress it in my clothes, declare that I died of exhaustion, and I will give you one hundred *taels*, and the same between these two honest men."

The bribe was too tempting to be rejected. The factor gave them an order on the *hou-pou* for the sum named, and proceeded to exchange garments with the defunct. The boatmen gave him the little casket, which was of no value to them, and he hastened away, scarcely able to believe that he was free.

He walked on for some distance, until, his strength beginning to fail, he sat down to rest beneath a lamp. Bethinking himself of the little casket, he took it out and opened it. As the boatmen had said, it contained nothing but a little bronze vial, carefully sealed, and some papers.

Those which the factor first opened, contained formulas of different poisons, with descriptions of their various effects; but the last was a letter addressed to the physician Wang-ti, in which he was entreated to hasten to Pekin for the great enterprise which had been intrusted to him.

While the factor was reading over this letter and trying to discover its meaning, he became aware that two men, bearing lanterns, were standing near, observing him attentively. The factor, not half-liking this scrutiny, stood up, and began to replace the papers in the casket; but one of the men approaching, read the name engraven on its cover.

"It is he," said he, in an under-tone, beckoning to his companion.

"What do you want of me?" asked the factor.

"You are the physician Wang-ti from Pao?"

"And what then?"

"We were sent to meet you by Fo-hu."

"Fo-hu!" repeated the factor, trembling with agitation.

"Come! he is waiting for you."

The factor's first thought was to try to escape; but the recollection of his daughter determined him to brave all dangers. He therefore stepped into a litter which was in waiting, resolved, if possible, to profit by the mistake of his conductors,

in order to see and deliver his child. He was borne to the dwelling of Fo-hu, and passed great part of the night in conversation with that worthy. There we will leave him, and see what passed next day in the imperial palace of the "Round Garden," situated at some distance from Pekin.

On this day the Emperor was to receive the *grandees* of his empire in his throne-room, named "the dwelling of the Serene Sky." Before the door there stood twenty-two young nobles, some bearing in their hands yellow umbrellas, others holding golden suns and crescents, and others carrying various other emblematic devices, which were all covered with gold. At the end of the hall, which was approached by an alabaster staircase, stood the throne, covered with precious stones, and supported by two dragons of massive gold. The Emperor had just taken his place. His dress consisted of a tunic of marten's fur, over a long robe of yellow silk, on which the dragon with five claws was embroidered in jewels. He wore a cap of fox's skin, adorned with a single pearl of extraordinary size. He was surrounded by princes of the blood, and several governors of provinces, to whom tea was served in small cups. The Emperor himself was listlessly sipping a decoction of Indian beans from a golden cup, which a kneeling servant had just presented to him. Although still young, his features were withered, his figure bent, and some inward disease seemed to be drying up within him the springs of life. He raised his dim eyes when the chief mandarin, Fo-hu, appeared before the throne, leading by the hand the factor, whom he had clothed in a magnificent costume.

They both knelt before the throne, and bowed their foreheads to the ground. The Emperor made a sign, and they were led to the platform before him.

"Is this the physician of whom thou hast spoken to me?" asked the Emperor.

"It is, Son of Heaven," replied the mandarin.

"You guarantee his skill?"

"The province of Ordos is full of the miracles which he has wrought."

"And thou," said the Emperor, turning to the pretended physician, "dost thou undertake to restore my health?"

"I hope to do so, if your Majesty has confidence in your slave."

"What must I do?" said the patient, with that air of submission which suffering gives; "I am ready to do any thing—to follow your directions implicitly. Only extinguish this fire that consumes me, and I will enrich you beyond all the mandarins of the empire."

"May your slave be permitted to speak without witnesses?" asked the factor.

The Emperor made a sign, and all the courtiers withdrew.

Then the factor, bending towards the throne, and lowering his voice, said: "You are betrayed, great prince! and Heaven has sent me to save you: they are compassing your death."

"Who?—what meanest thou?"

"Some of the mandarins have conspired to raise your successor to the throne, and have been trying to effect their object by means of slow poison. But your suspicions having been awakened, and hearing that Wang-ti possessed the secret of a most subtle poison, they addressed themselves to him——"

"So they sent thee to murder me!" interrupted the Emperor. "The names of these wretches!"

"Fo-hu alone spoke to me. I promised him to pour into your cup this day that sure and certain remedy."

For a few moments the Emperor was silent; then his pale features lighted up with a sudden gleam of triumph.

"Thou hast that remedy?" he said.

The pretended physician produced the little casket with the bronze vial.

"Pour it into this cup," said the Emperor, holding out the golden one from which he had been drinking.

The factor obeyed. Then the Emperor, having summoned back his mandarins, addressed them in a loud voice: "The sons of the dynasty of Han are protected by Heaven; and a wondrous blessing has just descended on them. Revere this man as a god: by his science he has discovered a beverage which not only cures disease, but causes life to revive within the frame, even like the buds of spring."

All eyes were turned on the physician, and a murmur of admiration was heard amongst the courtiers.

"This beverage," resumed the Emperor, "instead of reserving it for myself alone, I will share with my faithful servants. Approach," he said, holding out the cup, "and drink

There was a sudden movement amongst the throng of courtiers. Those who were innocent of the plot pressed forward with eagerness, while the others drew back, and cast apprehensive glances at each other. The Emperor counted these with his eye; they were the chief officials of the empire! He called them by their names.

"Why do my nobles draw back? Approach, Fo-hu! Thou shalt have the first draught."

The mandarin, pale and trembling, fell on his knees, and exclaimed that the physician was an impostor. His accomplices followed his example. Then their master arose in a threatening attitude, and exclaimed with a loud voice: "Heaven has marked the sign *tao*\* on your forehead. Soldiers! seize these poisoners, and let them be tortured until they confess their crime."

At these words the guards surrounded Fo-hu and his companions, and carried them off. There was tumult in the court, and all the ordinary etiquette was suspended. The faithful courtiers crowded around the throne, expressing their horror and their joy. Then all eyes were naturally turned on the disguised factor, whom the Emperor commanded to approach.

"Come," he said, "thou who hast saved me! Come, faithful Wang-ti! Only speak your wishes, and they shall be fulfilled."

The factor fell on his knees.

"Pardon me, mighty prince," he said, for having deceived you. I am no physician, and my name is not Wang-ti. Son of Heaven, you see before your throne a stranger who has braved every peril, in order to implore your justice."

He then related his story from the beginning. When he had ended, the Emperor raised him up, and, looking at him kindly, said: "The wise man forgives the tiger who tears the hunter in order to save its young ones. I pardon thee for having broken the laws of the 'Beneath the Sky,'† in favor of thy daughter. It is written that the monarch should be a fountain of joy to all those who approach him: take courage; if thy child still lives, she shall be restored to thee."

\* The mark of traitors.

† Hyperbolical periphrasis for China.

In a month after these events, the merchant, loaded with costly gifts, was sailing with his recovered daughter in a vessel bound for his native country. The intelligent mute comprehended the extent of her father's devotion, and her love for

him increased daily. Whenever any difficult enterprise was mentioned, and the father remarked, "By good-will, mountains are moved," his daughter never failed to add: "And by love they are carried away."\*

## ELECTRIC ANIMALS.

KIND readers, do not fear that I am going to write about pith-balls and brass discs, prime conductors, electrophori, and, in short, a thousand other technical things belonging to electricity: nothing of the sort. Indeed, I am just at this time in no mood to philosophize deeply myself. Sitting alone before my fire—a little tired, and, perhaps, if I dealt honestly with myself, a great deal more lazy than tired—poking the fire, as an Englishman does when he has nothing better to do—my black-and-white cat, Tom, jumps on my knee, and warms himself as dry as a chip before the cheerful blaze, which my poking has been the cause of.

Abstracted still, I look into the fire, and see in the glowing coals hundreds of pictures of friends that have been, when I am suddenly aroused from my meditations by a sharp puncture from the claws of my poor cat, Tom, accompanied by a short sharp hiss. I don't give Tom a kick, and call him an ill-conditioned animal, after the manner of all cats, as their enemies say; but I consider his remonstrance, and the punishment which accompanied it, as the result of a very justifiable resentment on his part. Whilst I was abstractedly looking into the fire, I had been unconsciously stroking down Tom's fur. This excited his latent electricity, which pricked him as so many fine needles would have done. Tom is not expected to know the philosophy of the thing, though he feels the pain of it; he scratched me—served me right.

I have very little doubt that much of the seeming caprice of cats—their sudden changes of temper, which people complain

of so much, and put down to innate badness of disposition—is nothing more nor less than the consequence of pain, occasioned by the development of electricity. Black cats have the reputation of being more electrical than others, but perhaps without reason. True it is that, if the fur of a black cat be warmed, and gently smoothed down by the dry hand, it is more luminous than cats' skin of any other color; but this is probably dependent upon the fact that fiery sparks are best perceived on a black ground.

Ever since Thales, of Miletus, remarked that a piece of amber, (in Greek, *elektron*,) when rubbed, acquired the property of attracting light bodies, friction has been one of the commonest means of exciting electricity. The ordinary electrical machine is nothing more nor less than a mechanical contrivance for causing a cylinder or plate of glass to rub against a cushion, and subsequently collecting and turning to account the electricity developed. A cat's skin is one of the most

\* The reader, of course, will not forget that to try such a narrative as this by a strict historical test, would be subjecting it to too severe an ordeal. It ought simply to be regarded as a faithful illustration of Chinese official life. Such of our readers as have perused Hue's "Travels through the Celestial Empire," will remember his vivid portraiture of the corruption of the mandarins. As regards, also, the substitution of prisoners, it may be remembered that during the late debate in Parliament on Chinese affairs, the Premier stated that in Canton persons might be found who, for a pecuniary reward, were willing to take the place of condemned criminals; content to procure with the money a few short days of sensual indulgence, and the prospect of a fine funeral—an honor so dear to the Chinese heart.



electricity-developing things known. Many instrument-makers sell a little apparatus, consisting of a slip or ribbon of silk, which, being drawn rapidly through a slit, in contact with a piece of cat's skin, develops electricity enough, when properly turned to account, to fire gas or gunpowder, to give shocks—in point of fact, to answer all the ordinary purposes to which the electrical machine is applied.

There is no agent so omnipresent as electricity, and yet concerning the nature of which we know so little. Many a timid lady who fears a thunder-storm, would be surprised if she only knew how much of the elements of a thunder-storm she may set in motion by the mere combing of her hair. Those of our readers who attend the Royal Institution Friday Evening Lectures, (and we strongly advise all to do so,) need not be told that Professor Faraday, that great master of electrical science, is frequently in the habit of showing, when delivering a lecture on electricity, how the mere act of combing a lock of ladies' hair will evolve sufficient electricity to set fire to gas, inflame gunpowder, or effect any ordinary result of electricity. All that is necessary to insure success in the experiment is, that the hair shall be absolutely free from pomatum, and absolutely dry. Yes, ladies, I have not the least doubt that if either of you, for the sake of experiment, chooses to free her hair from pomatum absolutely, to dry it absolutely, to stand before a fire on a stool having glass legs, (four wine-bottles will do,) and get a friend to comb her hair, with sharp rapid stroke—one of the newly-invented composition india-rubber combs would be most eligible—she would soon become sufficiently charged with electricity to evolve sparks on a piece of knobbed metal, or a friend's knuckle being presented near her. Equally little doubt have I that she would be able to light a jet of gas by the mere touch of her finger.

Every living being, animal or vegetable, evolves in various ways enormous amounts of electricity. The electrician can render it evident by special contrivances, but ordinarily it passes insensibly away. The act of stepping, or rather rubbing the surface of a carpet by the shoe, develops electricity; so does the act of rubbing the surface of dry paper with a piece of india-rubber. Indeed,

the electricity developed in the latter way is sufficient to make the paper luminous in the dark.

But friction is by no means the only cause of electricity being developed. I can not dissolve a piece of sugar or salt without developing electricity. I can not expose a piece of iron to moist air, and let it rust, without setting the mysterious agent in motion. In fact, every sort of chemical action involves the action of electricity; and when the chemist separates a drop of water into the two gases which by their combination form it, as much electricity is disturbed as would be involved in a considerable thunder-storm! This is a stupendous thought. I can not demonstrate its truthfulness here, but its correctness has been amply proved by the researches of Professor Faraday. To say "I don't know," has always been regarded as a painful theory; accordingly, philosophers, or, rather perhaps, would-be philosophers, have cherished certain pet terms at various times, which they use to cloak their ignorance. It has been the fashion amongst some people to refer the agency of whatever they did not know to electricity. That electricity has much to do with our material constitution there can be no doubt; but when people speak of the identity of the electrical and the nervous fluid, it may be as well to bring them to book at once, by asking whether there be any proof in favor of the existence of either the one or the other?

It is easy to develop electricity from any person by artificial means; but there are instances on record of people whose natural constitution was so electrical naturally, that they evolved sparks as they went about. There seems no reason to doubt these statements: they appear perfectly consistent with what we know of electricity.

Of all animals, perhaps the frog is most sensitive to electrical influences. So delicate indeed is his nervous system in this respect, that electricians are often in the habit of using the frog as an instrument for demonstrating the existence of smaller amounts of electricity than even their most delicate instruments are competent to do. The melancholy honor belongs to the frog, of participating with Galvani in the discovery of that branch of electricity which bears the name of galvanism, or, still more frequently, voltaic electricity.

Galvani having been dissecting some frogs, hung their legs on the iron palings of his door-way. A thunder cloud happening to lower over Bologna at the time—for Galvani lived at Bologna—all the dead frogs' legs began to kick. Alas! the poor frog, the barren honor of having lent a "leg" to the discovery of galvanism, little compensates for electrical experiments he has since been obliged to participate in against his will.

Leeches and snails are also delicately susceptible of electric influences. When almost any two pieces of different metal are brought into contact, with moisture between them, electricity is evolved; this, indeed, being the principle on which voltaic batteries are constructed. Well, if a crown-piece be moistened, then laid flat upon a plate of iron or zinc, and a leech dropped on the crown-piece, the little fellow will be almost as securely imprisoned as if he were tied by the tail. He may kick and wriggle, and try to be off, but immediately he extends his snout over the edge of the silver, and drops it upon the outside metal, he receives a shock which makes him glad to shrink back again; and by varying the form of arrangement, taking an annular piece of silver, and laying it upon another annulus of iron or zinc, the protective influence of electricity may be brought to bear for the protection of an object placed within the charmed circle. In this way we can, if we are so minded, protect any little vegetable of which snails are fond from their insidious advances.

Animal electricity assumes its most curious manifestation in certain fish, which discharge shocks at will, for the purposes of offense and defense. Three fish are noticeable in this respect; one, a sea-fish, (the torpedo;) the others, fresh-water fish belonging to hot countries: these latter are the *gymnotus electricus*, and the *silurus electricus*, respectively. In all these creatures the electricity is developed by specific organs, which, being dissected, show a configuration something like that of a voltaic battery.

The torpedo is a gristly flat fish, one of the ray tribe: it is common to the Mediterranean, and its powers have been known from times of great antiquity. Long before the real source of its power was dreamt of, certain Roman physicians proposed touching the torpedo, and receiving its shock as a curative means for

the same class of diseases which are treated by electricity now.

Much more formidable than the torpedo is the fresh-water shock-giver—the *gymnotus electricus*, or electric eel, found in some of the rivers of the hottest regions of South America. Several specimens of the *gymnotus* have been imported to England at different times, and made the subject of experiment. There once was a doubt whether the shock-giving power of the fishes indicated really depended upon electricity of precisely similar kind to that evolved by our machines. As regards the torpedo and the *gymnotus*, these doubts have long ceased to exist, and though the *silurus electricus* has not given equal opportunities for experiment, no one doubts that the shocks communicated by it are really dependent upon electricity. The *silurus*, however, is a smaller animal, and altogether a more contemptible foe than the *gymnotus*, only measuring about twenty inches long; whereas a full-grown *gymnotus* will measure three or four feet, or in extreme cases even more.

Some idea of the power of the *gymnotus* may be entertained from the means used to disarm them, and to catch them when their capture is desired. Humboldt relates that fords have sometimes to be abandoned for fear of the *gymnoti* which infest them, and he graphically describes the means employed to catch them. A number of wild horses being driven into the river, and prevented getting out again until they have accomplished their task, soon awaken the *gymnoti* from their lazy slumbers. They ascend from the bottom, glide under the horses, touch them, and dive again. It is only a touch; but such a touch! The horse neighs with fright, and kicks and plunges. Other *gymnoti* now touch him, returning to the attack again and again. Many of the horses are drowned in the unequal struggle; but each attack costs the fish an expenditure of force. They, too, are at length exhausted, float like dead things near the surface of the water, and may be caught with impunity.

What is this wonderful agent—what is electricity? We can not tell. Nothing is more common than to hear it attributed to the action of a fluid to which the term electric fluid is applied. Now this is delusive. Not only is there no evidence of the existence of such fluid, but modern

electricians are inclined to ignore its existence altogether. True it is that most of the functions of electricity convey the idea of something passing—of something flowing on; but this is no proof of the existence of a specific fluid. Who has not gazed on a field of corn in a windy day, and seen wavelike forms careering over its surface? The waves pass on, but each cornstalk remains where it originally was, and thus philosophers believe it to be with electricity. In other words, they conceive it to be a peculiar motion set up amongst the particles of matter, rather than a specific something contained in matter.

The rapidity with which the electric influence is transmitted through conducting bodies is astounding; but it is a fallacy to say, as is sometimes done, that electricity passes at any definite rate, abstractedly. The fact is, that its velocity of traveling not only differs for every peculiar substance, but for every varying dimensions

(within limits) of that substance. Thus wire may be so small that a charge of electricity will simply melt it without passing through, or the wire may be so much larger than requisite, that the increase of dimensions above the necessary point will not accelerate the passage of electricity. Moreover, the material where-with a conducting body is surrounded modifies the passage of electricity; for example, it will not traverse a subaqueous cable with the same facility that it traverses one surrounded by air. In an experiment performed by Professor Wheatstone—too complex for explanation here—it was found to traverse a copper wire with the amazing velocity of at least four hundred and ninety millions of miles in a second of time! The puny mind of man sinks down powerless before the contemplation of such tremendous figures, and we rise with new wonder and reverence at the mysterious powers which God has set around us.

HOW TO EAT WISELY.—Dr. Hall, in his journal, gives the following advice: "1. Never sit down to a table with an anxious or disturbed mind; better a hundred-fold intermit that meal, for there will then be that much more food in the world for hungrier stomachs than yours; and besides, eating under such circumstances can only, and will always, prolong and aggravate the condition of things. 2. Never sit down to a meal after any intense mental effort, for physical and mental injury are inevitable, and no man has a right to deliberately injure body, mind, or estate. 3. Never go to a full table during bodily exhaustion—designated by some as being worn out, tired to death, used up, done over, and the like. The wisest thing you can do under such circumstances is to take a cracker and a cup of warm tea, either black or green, and no more. In ten minutes you will feel a degree of refreshment and liveliness which will be pleasantly surprising to you; not of the transient kind which a glass of liquor affords, but permanent; for the tea gives present stimulus and a little strength, and before it subsides, nutriment begins to be drawn from the sugar and cream and bread, thus allowing the

body gradually, and by safe degrees, to regain its usual vigor. Then, in a couple of hours, you may take a full meal, provided it does not bring it later than two hours before sundown; if later, then take nothing for that day in addition to the cracker and tea, and the next day you will feel a freshness and vigor not recently known." No reader will require to be advised a second time who will make a trial as above, whilst it is a fact of no unusual observation among intelligent physicians, that eating heartily, and under bodily exhaustion, is not unfrequently the cause of alarming and painful illness, and sometimes sudden death. These things being so, let every family make it a point to assemble around the family board with kindly feelings, with a cheerful humor and a courteous spirit; and let that member of it be sent from it in disgrace who presumes to mar the ought-to-be blest reunion by sullen silence, or impatient look, or angry tone, or complaining tongue. Eat in thankful gladness, or away with you to the kitchen, you graceless churl, you ungrateful pestilent lout that you are! There was grand and good philosophy in the old-time custom of having a buffoon or music at the dinner-table.

From the Leisure Hour.

## A S E A - M O N S T E R .

It is related of some savages, in the fifteenth century, that when they for the first time beheld a ship approaching their shores, they imagined it to be an immense animal skimming the surface of the waters, whose wings were represented by its sails, and whose boats they regarded for a time as its offspring. Similar misconceptions have occurred in more recent times. About thirty years ago, for example, the crew of a British ship that had been some years in the South Seas, and was homeward bound within a week's sail of England, witnessed a phenomenon not less astonishing to their apprehension than a ship had proved to that of the simple natives of a remote region. The sensation it excited is not to be easily conceived; but the notice of the occurrence, as recorded in the phraseology of the ship's logbook, may possibly assist the conception. The following is the entry: "At sunset, dead calm; cloudy and hazy; no sail in sight. At 6.30, saw a black spot on the horizon, bearing W.S.W., which we at first supposed to be a vessel more fortunate than ourselves with a breeze; and this seemed the more probable, from its enlarging in bulk as if advancing toward us. At seven o'clock it had increased considerably, but was wholly unlike a vessel in its form, although a good height above the surface of the waters, and we could perceive that its form altered repeatedly. By several of the crew it was thought to be a very large whale, and the variation in its aspect arose from its spouting up water in its gambols upon the surface. Got a gun ready to fire at it, if it should come within range; but we soon found that it was taking an oblique direction across our stern. We could now, with the telescope, distinctly perceive the waters breaking and foaming about it from the impetuous action of its unwieldy body. The whole crew had become greatly excited, from an apprehension that it might turn upon us. Kept the gun pointed at it, ready to

fire, and got another gun loaded. At 7.15 it was broad on our larboard quarter, bearing N.W. by W. It now loomed still larger through the haze of evening, but with as little resemblance to a whale as to a ship; and from the rapidity and peculiarity of its motions, it seemed to partake more of the feathered than of the finny tribe, unable, perhaps, from some cause or other, to sustain a higher flight, whilst the violent action of its wings and feet must have occasioned those frequent bodies of water it cast upward, and which left behind it long streams of spray. Unfortunately, the obscurity of evening deprived us of a distinct view of its general form, but its color appeared to be of a uniform black. At 7.30 it was three points before our larboard beam, pursuing the same direction; and at 7.45 it was wholly obscured from our sight. All hands on board witnessed this extraordinary creature, and were greatly alarmed at its extraordinary bulk and action, its furious velocity, and its frightful aspect during its transit across the calm waters of the Atlantic. Two or three of the men on board were so affected that they went to prayers, fervently testifying their conviction, by repeated asseverations, that the mysterious object could be nothing but some supernatural appearance. Calm all night, keeping a good look-out, but no further appearance of the stranger." To this entry succeed the names of the master and crew.

By the time the ship had arrived in England, the imagination of all on board, growing by what it fed upon, had so worked upon their credulity, that even the captain, endowed probably with a larger share of intelligence and experience than his companions, having never before seen, read, or heard of so prodigious a mass of vitality, had persuaded himself that his name, with the names of his crew, and that of his ship, had established a famous notoriety, which could not fail to be thenceforth associated with a recorded



marvel. An elucidation, however, as surprising as it was unexpected, awaited them on their arrival. The monster had actually been brought into the port at Liverpool, where it was being exhibited. Thousands of persons, men, women, and children, had heard of it, seen it, and become familiar with it, and the inhabitants generally had ceased to regard it with astonishment or special interest; for while the skipper and his crew had been catching whales in the South Seas, its species, its habits, and even its organization, had been duly investigated and popularized; and in the meantime vulgar phraseology, for want of a better term, had named it a *steam-ship*.\*

A few years elapsed. A privateer lay becalmed off the shores of the island of Trinidad. Her sails, drooping from the yards and cringles that sustained them, seemed languishing for a breeze to neutralize the intensity of the glowing heat to which they were exposed. The steersman's vocation was suspended, and the helm left to itself. Some spare sails were extended above the deck, to serve as a temporary awning over the heads of the hybrid crew of half-caste desperadoes, who cared little for sun, moon, or stars, for the welkin above or the depths beneath, and as little for danger in any form, till a breeze should bring it or enable them to seek it. They were promiscuously disposed in listless inaction about the deck, after partaking of a repast which had imposed upon the cook the most arduous duties, and had also stimulated their own bibulous propensities. Some were smoking their cigars, but most of them were dozing away their time. It was a season of general repose. That beautiful island and the opposite shores of the continent were slumbering beneath the pink gauze of an ardent atmosphere, and not a cloud was to be seen in the keen azure above, to cast a shadow upon the bright smooth waters. While Nature was resting, why should not *they* also have a nap? And so they smoked and napped, until at length they were startled to their feet by a sudden exclamation of one of their number, who had been sleepily looking out upon the glassy face of the deep. As their attention was roused, and their

gaze directed seaward, their eye-balls were ready to start from their sockets, while they looked affrightedly upon the swift approach of some incomprehensible monster, which had been stealthily advancing upon them unperceived. All now was confusion: invocations, vociferations, and even imprecations mingled in a general and indescribable hubbub, while all hands were summoned to get one boat over the side, and to drag up another that had been towing astern. Hasty glances only could be given at the demon advancing with such appalling strides—rather, however, to measure its distance than to examine its features. The boats were not sufficient for the whole crew, who were soon rushing headlong over the vessel's side to gain them. A brief conflict ensued among the competitors, the strong against the weak, till both boats hurriedly shoved off, leaving those who were abandoned to seek safety by plunging into the sea, to follow by swimming, or to sink by exhaustion and fright. Every nerve was strained by the rowers in the boats, and every kind of utterance was employed to stimulate them in their purpose. As the distance was short, they soon reached the shore, and with one bound the whole of the living freight reached the strand, and scampered as fast as legs could carry them into the adjacent forest. With the swimmers, hope was now yielding to despair; their ears had caught the fearful sounds emitted by the belching monster, which seemed to convey a fearful presage of their fate, and paralyzed their energies. Still, however, they continued to strike out, as the hissing, whizzing, gurgling, tremulous noise increased. Their nearer approach to the beach encouraged them, and they strove also to animate one another, but all in vain; it was too late; their spirits gave way within them; the wild, confused sounds came louder upon their ears, and they felt that they were already within the monster's grasp, as the first long swell of the agitated waters overtook them, and carried them half senseless upon the sands. The unknown and dreaded object—a *steamer*—had meanwhile whisked past them, and round the bend of the coast, heedless of the abandoned vessel, and of the ignorant terrors which its first appearance in these waters had produced.

Years rolled on, and steam was astonishing the natives of other regions, till one day it penetrated the West-African

\* This was, we believe, the first steam-ship that crossed the Atlantic, and was named the "Fulton," belonging to New-York.

mist on a visit to Sierra Leone. Neither its name nor its distinguished rank appeared as yet in the category of expected or casual arrivals, at a station on that coast, near which the writer then resided. "Ships, "brigs," and "schooners," were alone on the visiting list, as worthy of the honor of a signal from the functionary whose office it was, as they came in sight, to announce them from his *bureau*, on the top of the hill about two miles from town and harbor; whilst the prominence of the spot itself, with the whitewashed lighthouse beneath it, was as significant as a street-door into an entrance-hall, for the guidance of such vessels in a safe approach toward the anchorage. Still, as they necessarily came end foremost to this particular point of the coast, their precise denomination was not always to be readily distinguished; but as a mast, like a tooth, is more easily taken out than put in, the signal-man made it a rule to announce a ship first, and then, if necessary, make her into a brig.

This notable was an eccentric character; he was a strict disciplinarian, had served in the Ashantee war as a private in the African corps, had graduated in West-India regiments till he acquired the dignity of a sergeant, and eventually became entitled to a "good-service pension" of six pence a day, with the honor of still serving the British crown as "captain-general and commander-in-chief," of a signal-post and its *et ceteras*. He was, nevertheless, strictly speaking, a "retired officer." His locality made him so. Here upon the rugged rocky platform of his domicile, hemmed in by high coarse grass intermixed with the prickly cactus and a variety of wild shrubs, Phæbe his wife, a few fowls and his telescope, one single gun and a flag-staff, were the sole ministers to his social enjoyments. Now and then, it is true, a chance visitor came to stop, for the sake of an airing or the beauty of the view, to whom he would show his certificates of service, advert to the origin of the distinction he bore in the army under the soubriquet of "Trump," or particularize the several occasions, during the reign of George III., on which he had shared in honor of firing a "*furi-ous-joy*" on his majesty's birthday.

No wonder that, with the wide ocean as the prescribed sphere of his daily contemplations, his philosophy should have

inclined to the speculative, or that, while scanning the hazy horizon with his glass, or in occasional fits of abstraction, his mind hovered over the small "farms" around the base of the hill, with their yams, and cassada, and corn, and his "broder Africans" at their desultory labor, he should have indulged a good deal in monologue. Hence we can picture him, on the day in question, soliloquizing somewhat in the following fashion:

"No wind, no wind, to-day—him go dead, quite dead; no ship, no brig, no schooner; dat sea him sleep. Berry well. Whew, him warm! Dem fowls, 'em sleep too; eberything sleep. I tink *I* go sleep lilly while. Phæbe!"

Phæbe was engaged in the cooled recesses of the kitchen, but she answered to her name, and subjoined the natural interrogatory:

"Wha' you want?"

"Him no warm to-day?" he continued. There was no difficulty in satisfying such a want.

"I tink so," she replied.

"Dere no wind; I no see noting; ebery ting sleep; I go sleep too. 'Spose you eye catch any one come, call me; hearey?"

"Berry well," responded Phæbe.

Still he had been on "guard" so often in his life, that it had become a habit; and that the wind might not catch him napping, he instinctively took another glance at the horizon—*now* to behold *something*!

"Berry odd," he exclaimed, "no see dat biffore!" But he had seen that singular phenomenon in the sky which is called the "bull's-eye cloud," and known to presage a tornado, and it seemed that here it was fallen into the sea in the middle of the dry season. His glass had never materially deceived him, but his suspicion now fell upon it; his hand, too was not so steady as usual, and he experienced a strange pricking sensation about his cranium as he gazed steadfastly through the tube. It certainly was *warm* and *misty*!

"Berry odd," he repeated, "him move, him move—come dis way, too, I *tink*; no wind dere—sea smoothe—no hab sail—no hab mast; dat no ship, no brig, no schooner, berry odd. Phæbe, come here!" And Phæbe came.

"Phæbe," he continued, "you no hearey ob dat island long way up da Melli-

courie riber, dat come down one time, go away into da sea, and den go back again up da riber to da same place?"

We have said that he was very speculative, like most African negroes; and here *might* be such an island taking a trip, with a small community upon it, all smoking their pipes. Phæbe generally affirmed her husband's notions.

"Dis wicked world Phæbe." Phæbe felt uncomfortable, and a little puzzled: so did he.

The object was now more palpable, but he alone had, as yet, regarded it. Phæbe was regarding her husband. "He *must* hab *feber*," she thought, which answers for most complaints in an African's apprehension.

"Phæbe," he repeated, as he withdrew his eye again from the glass, and with a prodigious expansion of the chest to effect the power of utterance: "Phæbe, you eber see da ebil spirit?"

Phæbe thought she had seen him *once* but she "no see him *good*!"

"Look *dere*!" exclaimed Trump, pointing with his glass to the approaching object.

"Yih, yih, yih, yih, oh me!" ejaculated Phæbe; "wha' for you no mek no signal—fire gun?"

"Wha' for mek signal? him no ship! Wha' for fire gun? You tink I fool, mek noise—eh?" responded Trump; and the glass went again to his eye, while poor Phæbe *yih-yihed* with tremulous emotion, as she gazed alternately at the awful-looking nondescript and upon the workings of her husband's countenance. His mouth became the most significant index of intense apprehension, remaining too wide open to respond to Phæbe's repeated questions, till it at length relaxed, first in letting out a groan, and then vociferated: "I see 'em, I see 'em foot—see 'em good; him tear up da water; him mash 'em, mash 'em, mash 'em, all round! See, him come fast; run, Phæbe, run; I neber leabe my post—neber!"

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Phæbe would have remonstrated, but she *yih-yihed* instead most lustily, on beholding at the same moment the people on the little farms beneath, throwing away their hoes and scampering away up the country. Trump saw them too, and involuntarily dropped his glass; but he still faced the enemy, although under the effects of a revulsion within him, which seemed to paralyze him. All his martial exploits crowded in upon his mind, and with them the glory of a soldier's death. "Run, Phæbe run," he still muttered, as he stood transfixed, confronting the perturbed, unwieldy spirit of the waters; but Phæbe was already running, at the imminent rise of her neck, down the declivity. "I *neber* leabe my post," he repeated, and now, indeed, there seemed less need for it; for as his terrors increased, the cause of them became less distinct; his eyes had dilated into a goggle; his mouth had expanded to a prodigious stretch; respiration seemed to have almost ceased; his knees, from the weight of their responsibility, took to working zigzags; and in evidence that the whole of his understanding had settled downwards, his feet at last, with a spring to adjust their load, started off with his body down the rugged and precipitous incline, with such celerity that the achievement continued for some years as a popular condiment with "*Palaver sauce*." Tradition, too, has it, that the fowls were conscious of being left in command of the signal-post; that the cock reared his crest and gave a crow on the occasion, so like the crow of an English cockerel, that it has never been determined, and probably never will, whether it was in compliment to the passing steamer—for such was the monster—or the triumphant retreat of Sergeant Trump.

The substantial accuracy of the foregoing incidents may be relied on, they having come beneath the cognizance of the writer.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE MYTHOLOGY OF FINNLAND.\*

THE recent rise of Finnish literature is probably owing to two causes: one, the fear of the Finlanders lest the result of their separation from Sweden should be complete absorption in the Russian empire; the other, the desire of Russia to counteract in anywise the Swedish tendencies of the educated classes in Finland, even at the risk of developing the nationality of the purely Finnish element of the population.

However this may be, no Finnlander ever deserved better of his countrymen than Castrén—as philologist, mythologist, and traveler, perhaps the most noticeable man yet produced by the North of Europe. The book whereof we shall now render an account, was the final product of his restless, vehement spirit, and was intended to comprise a course of lectures, to be delivered by him as Professor of the Finnish Language and Literature in the University of Helsingfors. But this design was never completed; and we hardly know a sadder spectacle than he must have presented, reclining, as his editor describes him, on the bed whence he was never to rise, and beating back death until his failing hand had penciled the last lines of the chapter which now concludes his work.

Founded on myths and legends which till lately have been preserved solely by oral tradition, the system of ancient Finnish belief frequently, of course, appears incomplete and contradictory. Possibly if Castrén had lived to finish and revise his book, these defects might have been removed: possibly the discovery of new fragments of archaic poetry may do much towards supplying the deficiencies and reconciling the contradictions to which we have alluded. Till then we shall not attempt to localize the tribes and places

mentioned in the myths of Finland, to indicate the relation (if any) which they bear to the history of the Finnish people, or dogmatically to rationalize their legends, seeking vainly to find therein embodiments of physical truths or illustrations of ethic principles. We can not condense and utilize these mythic mists and clouds: let us, however, present a sketch of their fantastic forms, as they soar and sweep above and around the reefs and rivers, the pine-forests, lakes, and sandy moors of Finland.

In so doing we may hope to throw some light on mythology in general. These traditions and legends, too, were believed and are still sung by perhaps the most ancient European tribe: the creed which they illustrate, after a contest of three hundred years, finally succumbed to Christianity as late as the sixteenth century; and our account, however meager, may gratify the enlightened curiosity of those who desire a more intimate acquaintance with the fathers of the bravest soldiers of the Lion Gustavus, the ancestors of the silent, much-enduring people against whose shores we were lately obliged to level our Baltic cannon. But above all, some knowledge of the Finnish myths is a necessary preliminary to the comprehension and enjoyment of the *Kalevala*, the national epic of Finland, a wild and singular production, which we may hereafter introduce to our readers.

It would seem that in the earliest ages of Finland, the people worshiped natural objects under their sensible forms. The mythopœic period (to use an expression of Professor Max Müller's) appears anticipated, and all beings were persons, all relations actions.\* The sun, the earth, and the sea, for example, were held to be living and sacred beings. And such is still the case with certain Samoyedan tribes akin to the Finlanders. Gradually, however, as their capacity for abstract

\* Castrén's Lectures on the Finnish Mythology, translated from the Swedish by order of the Imperial Academy; with notes, by A. Schiefner. St. Petersburg: Eggers et Comp. London: Williams and Norgate. 1853.

\* *Oxford Essays*. 1856, pp. 11, 32.]



ideas increased, the existence of secret, invisibly working energies was recognized: these were attributed to unseen and superior Persons, who dwelt connected with, but distinct from, the visible entities; and the fundamental idea in Finnish mythology, as we have to deal with it, came to be this: that every object in external nature was presided over by an unseen tutelary deity, *haltia*, (plural *haltiat*,) genius, or regent. These *haltiat*, like human beings, had bodies and souls; but the minor ones at least were almost formless and immaterial; and their existence was distinct from, and independent of, that of the objects in which they were especially interested. They were all, in fact, immortal, but ranked according to their respective powers, which varied directly as the extent and importance of their several charges. The plebs, among those Finnish deities, occasionally served the gods of the greater houses, who ruled respectively the air, the water, the earth, the forest, etc. Thus Pihlajatar, the goddess of the mountain-ash, though quite as divine as Tapio, the forest-god, was compelled to act as his servant. There is, nevertheless, no doubt that one of the chief peculiarities of this mythology is the absence of interdependence among the deities:

"Every god (says Castrén, a little strongly) how petty soever he may be, operates in his own sphere as a substantial, independent power, or, to speak in the spirit of the runes, as a self-ruling householder. . . . The god of the polar star only governs a quite insignificant spot in the vault of heaven, but on this spot he is his own master or host."

Like the ancient gods of Italy, the Finnish deities are generally represented in pairs. Every god or "host" was probably wedded; they lived in palaces or houses, and were surrounded by families more or less numerous.

Could a people with such anthropomorphic tendencies ever attain to the abstract idea of Divinity? Did the pagan Finns ever recognize the existence of a single Supreme God? Yes; but at a comparatively late period in the development of their mythological system, and possibly under Christian influences. Judging from the Samoyedes and other Finnish tribes remaining in the religious condition from which the Finns proper have long emerged, the primary object of Finnish worship was

the visible heaven; and naturally, for what could sooner awaken the wonder and awe of the northern savage than the sky, with its sun, moon, and stars, its snow, rain, and storms, its lightning, aurora borealis, and, above all, its thunder, which even the Shaman, with his magical powers, confessed himself unable to control? The sky itself was regarded as divine; a personal god of the sky, bearing, as was usual, the name of his dominion, was then conceived of; and, lastly, this being was chosen to represent the idea of Supreme Divinity. The word Jumala is found in the Finnish runes with each of the three significations—the material sky, the sky-god, and the Supreme Being. Its etymology also strongly confirms the foregoing theory.

When this word Jumala was thus elevated to express the abstract idea of Supreme Deity, its former concrete meanings became obsolete, and new vocables had of course to be chosen to express them. The sky was then denoted by *taivas*, the god of the sky by *Ukko*, originally a title of honor applied to any of the gods, and strictly meaning a grandfather, a married man, or an old man, but ultimately appropriated to the god of the sky, as the most eminent of the ordinary Finnish divinities. Hail, ice, snow, and storms were held to be in the hands of *Ukko*. He ordained the march of the clouds through heaven. For obvious reasons, therefore the Finnish agriculturists sought to secure his favor; and the hero Väinämöinen thus invokes him in the second rune of the *Kalevala*:

"Give us, Ukko, rain from heaven:  
Let the clouds all drip with honey,  
That the corn-ears be uplifted,  
That the standing-corn may rustle!"

In his latter capacity he is called the *Leader of the Clouds*, the *Shepherd of the Lamb-clouds*. Other titles of his are: the *Ancient One of the Air*, the *Father of Heaven*, the *Golden King*, the *Silvern Ruler of the Air*, the *God of the Breezes*, etc. As successor to Jumala, he wields the thunderbolts, pashing therewith the mountain-demons, and his voice is the thunder; he is therefore entitled the *Thunderer*, the *Neighbor of the Thunder-clouds*, and *He that speaketh through the Clouds*. He was represented as seated on a cloud in the midst of the sky (hence

he was also called *the Navel of Heaven*) and bearing on his back the firmament. He was armed like a noble warrior: his bow was the rainbow, (it is still called *ukon kaari*), his fiery arrows were of copper, and the lightning was his sword. Like Thor, he wielded a hammer; and, lastly, we find, in a vein of homely symbolism, that his shirt sparkled with fire, his stockings were blue, and his shoes colored.

In the *Kalevala* he occasionally interposes. Thus, when the sun and moon were hidden away in a mountain by the evil Hostess of Pohjola, Ukko, like the Titan Atlas, relinquishes for a time the support of the heavens, strides along the edge of the clouds, and strikes fire from his sword to kindle a new sun and moon. So also, when Lemminkäinen is pursuing the steel-hoofed, fire-breathing horse of Hiisi, the Evil Principle, Ukko, at the prayer of the hero, checks the speed of the courser by opening the windows of heaven, and showering on him flakes of ice and hail-stones of iron. He generally, however, seems to prefer encouraging a spirit of self-reliance in his worshipers; and we find him, accordingly, vainly invoked to aid the mystic Daughter of the Breezes in bringing forth Väinämöinen, who had lain in her womb seven hundred years; to staunch an axe-wound in the same hero's knee; to guide with his sword of fire a warrior's boat down a roaring cataract.

With all his power, Ukko was by no means the suzerain of the sun, the moon, and the other heavenly bodies that abode within his dominions; they dwelt apart, and uninfluenced by him; and, though originally worshiped in their material forms, had soon special deities of their own, called, like Scottish lairds, by the names of the estates with which they were respectively connected. Päivä thus came to mean both sun and sun-god; Kuu, moon and moon-god; Tähti and Ottáva designated the polar star and the Great Bear, as well as the respective deities of these bodies. These gods were represented as dwelling in glorious palaces, and as all of the male sex. The *Kanteletar* (a collection of Finnish popular songs) contains an account of the expedition made to earth by the sun, moon, and polar star, to win the hand of Suometar, a beautiful virgin, egg-born, like Helen. The steady star was the successful lover. The sun and moon, however, had each a

consort, a son and a daughter. Päivä, indeed, had two sons, one of whom comes to aid Väinämöinen in the destruction of a mystic fish with a knife, "silver-edged and golden-handled," which the sun-god flings him from the clouds. Päivä's other son was Panu, "scion of beloved Day-time," the god of fire; and Castrén therefore thinks it probable that the ancient Finns regarded earthly fire as an emanation from the sun, or, as the runes would say, "a child of the sun-mother."

The daughters of the sun, moon, polar-star, etc., are represented as young and lovely maidens, seated sometimes on the border of a red shimmering cloud, sometimes upon a rainbow, sometimes at the edge of a leafy forest. They were surpassingly skillful in weaving, the ascription of which accomplishment was probably suggested by the resemblance borne by rays of light to the warp of a web.

As might be expected in such a climate, the gods of the sun, moon, and stars are represented as serene and noble beings, holding all the beauty of earth in fee, and generally willing to share with mankind the knowledge of mundane matters which their lofty position and penetrating rays have procured them. So in one of the last episodes of the *Kalevala*, evidently produced under semi-Christian influences, when the marvelous child mysteriously disappears from the knee of his virgin-mother Marjatta, and she successively invokes the stars, the moon, and the sun for information as to her "dear golden apple," "her beloved little silver-staff:"

"Wisely then the Sun gave answer:  
'Well I know thy child beloved:  
It was he alone who made me,  
Let me rush in gold through heaven,  
Let me beam in silvern splendor  
All the lovely days of summer.  
Yea, I saw thy Son beloved,  
Him, thy babe, O thou Unhappy!  
There he stands, thy son so little,  
In the marsh up to his girdle,  
To his arms within the heather.'"

The sun's career of gentle beneficence is seldom varied. Once, when the mother of the murdered hero, Lemminkäinen, was, like King Æetes, raking together the fragments of her son's body from the river of Tuoni, (the god of the underworld,) and feared that the shadowy beings on the banks might resent her intrusion, the sun-god, yielding to her entrea-

ties, caused the Shades to fall asleep in the strength of his beams. Far-darting Phœbus Apollo would have taken their shadowy lives if he could have got to Erebus. The legend is remarkable, as showing that the Finns believed that even the abode of the dead could be reached by the blissful rays of heaven.

Another heavenly being is Koit, the dawn and the deity thereof. Nothing concerning this deity is contained in the purely Finnish traditions; among those of Esthonia, however, we find the following graceful myth, evidently physical, and suggested by the length of the northern summer solstice.

In this myth the sun is represented as a lamp illuminating the hall of Vanna Issa, (the Esthonian Supreme Deity,) and intrusted by him to the care of two immortal servants, a youth and a maiden.

"To the maiden who is called *Emmarik*, (*Evening-Twilight*), the ancient Father said: 'My daughter, unto thee I intrust the sun; extinguish him, and hide away the fire that no damage may ensue.' Then to Koit, (*Dawn*): 'My son, it is thy duty to rekindle the light for a new course.' On no day is the light absent from the arch of heaven: in winter he resteth a great while, but in summer-time his repose is short, and *Emmarik* gives up the dying light into the very hands of Koit, who straightway kindles it into new life. At such times they each take one look deep into the other's dark-brown eyes, they press each other's hands, and their lips touch. The Ancient Father beholds them, and saith: 'Be happy as man and wife.' But they answer: 'Father, destroy not our delight, let us forever remain bride and bridegroom, so shall our love be always young and new.' Once a year only, for the space of four weeks, they come together at midnight. Then *Twilight* layeth the dying light into the hands of Dawn, and a pressure of hands and a kiss make them happy. And the cheeks of *Twilight* redden, and their rosy redness is mirrored in the sky till Dawn rekindles the light. If *Twilight* delay overmuch, the nightingale calls to her banteringly: 'Thou lazy maiden, the night is too long!'"

The other deities of the air may be soon described. Among them were the *Luonnotars*, mystic maidens, three of whom were created by the rubbing of *Ukko's* hands on his left knee-cap. These became the "mothers" of iron, as related in the following curious fragment:

"Faltering they began their journey,  
From the cloud-rim stepping downward.

And their bounteous breasts were swollen,  
So that all their nipples pained them.  
Then on earth their milk down-pouring,  
Flowed the fullness of their bosoms,  
Through the earth and through the marshes,  
Ay, and through the drowsy billows.

Black the milk that one produceth,  
She, the eldest of the Virgins:  
White the milk the second spilleth,  
She that was the next begotten:  
Red the milk the last outpoureth,  
She the youngest of the maidens.

Wheresoe'er the black milk trickled  
There soft iron sprang to being;  
Where the white milk came down-pouring,  
There was hardened steel created;  
Where the red milk ran in rivers,  
There did brittle iron follow."

*Kalevala*, rune ix. 47-67.

Dwelling in the highest regions of the sky, *Utar* presides over fogs and mists. She passes the finer descriptions of fog through a sieve before sending them down on the world. There is also a goddess of the wind, and a special goddess, *Suvelar*, (from *suve*, summer, south,) of the south wind. She is described as a gentle, benevolent deity, healing the sick with honey, which she drops from the clouds, keeping watch over the herds, etc.

Next to air, water was the element most revered by the ancient Finlanders and the tribes akin to them:

"It could hardly be otherwise, (says *Castrén*), for so soon as the soul of the savage began to suspect that the godlike is spiritual, supersensual, then, even though he continue to yield reverence to matter, he in general values this the more highly the less compact it is, the more ethereal. . . . He sees on the one hand how easy it is to lose his life on the roaring waves, and on the other, he remembers that from these same waves he derives the gifts that form a means of prolonging his existence."

Accordingly, the map of Finland is still full of names like *Pyhäjärvi* (holy lake) and *Pyhäjoki*, (holy river.) The *Votyaks*, a Finnish tribe, still offer a goat or a cock to the water; the *Ugrian Ostyaks* and many *Samoyedan* clans still bring a reindeer to the river *Ob*, which they hold in high honor. In Esthonia, too, there is a brook, *Vöhhanda*, so sacred that till lately no one dared to fell a tree or break a twig in its vicinity, such sacrilege being avenged by death within the year. Storms arose if any impurity was allowed to enter the brook, and a mill which an unbelieving and speculative German had

built so as to pollute the stream, was burnt down by the zealous guardians of its honor. We are even told that not only animals, but children, were offered to it. The Esthonians also revered the lake Eim, concerning which Fr. Thiersch relates the following legend :

"Savage, evil men dwelt by its borders. They neither mowed the meadow which it watered, nor sowed the fields that it made fruitful, but robbed and murdered, inasmuch that its clear waves grew dark with the blood of the slaughtered men. Then did the lake mourn, and one evening it called together all its fishes, and rose aloft with them into the air. When the robbers heard the sound, they exclaimed : 'Eim hath arisen : let us gather its fishes and treasures.' But the fishes had departed with the lake, and nothing was found on the bottom but snakes and lizards and toads. And Eim rose higher and higher, and hastened through the air like a white cloud. And the hunters in the forest said, 'What bad weather is coming on!'—the herdsmen : 'What a white swan is flying above there!' For the whole night the lake hovered among the stars, and in the morning the reapers beheld it sinking. And from the swan grew a white ship, and from the ship a dark train of clouds ; and a voice came from the waters : 'Get thee hence with thy harvest, for I will dwell beside thee.' Then they bade the lake welcome, if it would only bedew their fields and meadows ; and it sank down and spread itself out in its home to the full limits. And they set the bed in order, and built dams, and planted young trees on the bank to cool the waters. Then the lake made all the neighborhood fruitful, and the fields became green, and the people danced around it, so that the old man grew joyous as a youth."

In Finland the water-god was Ahti, or Ahto, on the etymology of which name the Finnish language throws no light : Castrén, however, compares it with the Sanskrit *ahis*, lake, and the Old-Norse *ahi*, the world-surrounding serpent, that is, the sea, (*ægir*, Lat. *æquor*.) Like other Finnish deities, he is represented as an aged venerable man ; but he wears a robe of foam, and is bearded with grass like a Roman river-god. This Water-host, or Wave-king, as he is called, dwells with his stern and aged spouse, Vellámo, at the bottom of the sea, in a chasm called Salmon-rock or Fish-court, where his palace Ahtola is built. He possesses (besides the fishes, his *peculium*) an untold treasure, which he has acquired in consequence of fragments of the mystical, luck-bringing Sampo having been sunk in the sea by the Hostess of Pohjola. Although greedy for

the goods of others, and seldom returning any portion of what falls into his hands, he is by no means incapable of generosity. He receives the drowned with hearty kindness, and once, when a herd-boy was chipping wood on a river-bank, and his knife fell into the water, Ahti (like the god in the Æsopian fable of Mercury and the Woodman)—

"Moved by his weeping over the mischance that had befallen him, came swimming to shore, dived down to the bed of the river, and brought up from thence a golden knife. Full of honest innocence, the boy assured the god that that knife did not belong to him. Then Ahti dived down a second time, and brought up a silver knife, and when the boy refused to take this also, Ahti betook himself a third time to the river-bed and brought from thence the right knife, which the boy gladly recognized as his own. To reward the child for his upright dealing, Ahti gave him the three knives."

The other water-gods appear in the rivers under the general names of Ahtolaiset, (inhabitants of Ahtola,) "Water-people," "Vellamo's eternal people," etc. They are sometimes mentioned as the children, sometimes as the subjects, of Ahti and Vellamo. They did not confine themselves to the sea, but were met with in lakes, rivers, fountains, and streams. Some had special names : as Aallotar, (*wave-goddess*), Koskenneti, (*waterfall-maiden*), Melatar, (*rudder-goddess*), etc. We find nothing noteworthy concerning any of them except Pikku Mies (*the little man*), who once when the human race was deprived of sunshine by the branches of a colossal tree brought forth by the earth in her primal rankness, yielded to the prayers of the hero Väinämöinen, and came forth from the sea with a copper axe in his girdle, gradually gained Titanic bulk and height, and felled the tree at his third stroke. They were in general kindly and helpful ; some, however, such as Turso and Vetehinen, used their power for annoyance and destruction. These names are remarkable as indicating that the Finnish system of belief was to some extent influenced by the mythologies of the neighboring populations—Turso being clearly cognate with the Scandinavian *thurs*, (as in *Hirmithursar*, the evil rime-giants,) while Vetehinen (from *vesi* water) is the water-demon, called by the slaves Vodennoi. The Scandinavian Neck, concerning whom Mr. Matthew Arnold has



sung so exquisite a ballad, also appears in Finnländ, under the name of Näkki, and with the peculiarity of having iron teeth—a mythological expression of a current's edacious and enduring powers.

The earth was doubtless originally regarded by the Finns as a god-like being, and then endowed with a personal deity represented as a gracious mother bestowing existence and nurture on man and other living creatures. We find accordingly the two appellations: *Maa-emo* (mother-earth) applied to the maternal earth, and *Maan-emo*, (mother of the earth,) given to the Finnish Demeter. She is a powerful goddess, and when duly invoked, ever willing to aid the weak and helpless. According to some mythologists, she is espoused to Ukko, the sky-god, who blesses her children with rain and warmth; and she cares for the fertility of females as well as for that of fields. It is unnecessary to particularize the minor terrene deities who respectively govern trees, hemp, flax, rye, etc. One alone is mentioned in the *Kalevala*, *Virkannas*, the aged, who leaves for a time his presidency over oats in order to baptize the Virgin's infant. Little attention seems to have been paid to these agricultural deities, the Finns, with their cold climate and barren soil, naturally neglecting cultivation for hunting, fishing, and cattle-breeding. But the gods of the forests were held in high veneration. Their chief was *Tapiola*, the watchful, "the forest-friend"—*benignus ac facetus* like the Roman *Faunus*. He is described as a tall slender old man, wearing a dark brown beard, a high-crowned hat of fir leaves, and a coat of tree-moss. His spouse was *Mielikki*, (*gracious*), "the forest hostess," "the honey-rich mother of the forest." Success in hunting was considered in Finnländ, as well as in Greece, to depend on the favor of the wood-gods. Our readers may remember the allusion in *Theocritus* to the pelting and tearing and nettle-stings inflicted on *Pan* by the unsuccessful Arcadian sportsman. The Finnish system was more refined and perhaps equally effectual. If the hunters had been fortunate, *Mielikki* was described in their songs as gentle and beautiful,

"Fine her shift, and soft her kirtle,  
With her lovely locks all golden;"

having her hands glittering with golden

ornaments, wearing garlands, hair-bands, ear-rings, all of gold, with pearls on her eyebrows, and blue stockings and red shoe-strings on her feet. But if the bag were empty, it was asserted that the goddess was a hateful and hideous being, clothed in rags and shod with grass.

She keeps the keys of the treasury in *Tapiola*, her husband's habitation, and her chest of liquid honey (the food of all the forest deities) stands on a golden hillock in a glade. The tired hunter often prays for a drink from this chest. With her husband, children, and servants, she watches over the wild beasts and herds of cattle. These wood deities are invariably represented as mild and gentle-hearted, doubtless because they were all females with the exceptions of *Tapiola*, and his son *Nyyrikki*, a stately youth, who employs himself in building bridges over the morasses, through which the cattle would otherwise have to struggle on the road to the summer pastures, and in cutting guide-marks on the forest trees, lest hunters should lose their way among the woods and mountains. This latter occupation is also carried on by the little *Sima-Suu* (*Honeymouth*), one of *Tapiola's* maidens, who plays besides on *Sima-pilli*, (*Honeyflute*;) and in one of the runes is implored by a hunter to waken *Mielikki* with her music, that the goddess might listen to his prayers for success.

The forest-demons are few in number, but strong in wickedness. Their chief, *Hiisi*, is the Finnish Devil. He closely resembles the Samoyedan *Parné*,

"An evil being, who dwells [like the Italian *Orco*] deep in the forest and pursues men. He has only three fingers on each hand; but his fingers are furnished with sharp nails, wherewith he rends those who fall into his power. He devours all his offerings, and has neither tent, reindeer, nor clothes. He always travels on foot, and is a swift runner. He has no wife, but some true comrades, who always associate with him."

*Hiisi* was brought into the world along with *Sycejätär*, from whose spittle he formed the snake, and is described as immeasurably strong and horrible. He sends the sorest pains and diseases that afflict mortals, and generally assists in all the evil that is done throughout the world. He is frequently identified, with *Juutas* (*Judas?*), *Piru*, (perhaps the old Slavonic *Perun*, the thunder-god,) and *Lempo*, a

purely Finnish word, originally allotted to the representative of evil in its most comprehensive meaning. His name has in modern times been employed to express the Christian hell, just as Hades ultimately became a synonym for Erebus.

Turning from the external world to man himself, we meet with some gods whose energies find a field only within the sphere of human existence.

"These deities, however, (says Castrén,) have no dealing with the higher, spiritual, supersensual nature of man. All that they do concerns man solely as an object in nature. Wisdom and law, virtue and justice, find in the Finnish mythology no protector among the gods, who trouble themselves only about the temporal wants of humanity."

The goddess of love was Sukkamieli, which name literally means stocking-lover:

"Stockings (says Castrén, with amusing gravity) are soft and tender things, and the goddess of love was so called because she interests herself in the softest and tenderest feelings of the heart."

This conception is, however, as modern as it is puerile; the ancient Finns' love-deity was Lempo, whom we have already mentioned as identical with the spirit of evil; and their selection of him was doubtless due to their way of looking on love as a wild suffering, which bordered on madness, and was excited some how by an evil enchanter. Sleep Uni, was, as might be expected, personified as a friendly and gentle deity. The lazy Untamo was the god of dreams. Munnu cured diseases of the eye; Lemmas, a female deity, healed wounds and assuaged their pain. The most singular of this group was Suonetar, who occupied herself in spinning veins and sinews wherewith she supplied such of her worshipers as stood in need of her surgical aid. Other deities connected with human requirements were the Sinettäret and Kankahattaret, the goddesses, respectively, of dyeing and weaving. Matka-Teppo (journey-Stephen) was the road-god, and Aarni the guardian of hidden treasure. This employment was also pursued by a being called Mammelainen, whom Renwall, the Finnish lexicographer, describes as "*femina maligna, matrix serpentis, divitiarum subterraneorum custos.*" Hence it ap-

pears that the idea of a connection between hoards and serpents, so frequent in the myths of the Slaves and Germans, is by no means alien to the popular mind in Finland.

In nowise are the inconsistencies of man's practice with his theories more curiously shown than in the customs existing among those Finnish tribes who disbelieve in a future state, and nevertheless perform various ceremonies—such as placing in or upon the graves of the deceased food and clothing, axes, knives, kettles, flint and steel, sledges, and spears, which evidence their practical recognition of some form of life beyond the tomb. Some Finnish tribes—such as the Lapps, incapable, like all savages, of complete abstraction from the material—believe that the spirits of the dead are furnished with new bodies strong as those which they have animated upon earth; while others consider ghosts as invisible to all but the Shamans, as immaterial to a certain extent, (not so much so as to enable them to dispense with nourishment,) and either as abiding in the grave or the kingdom of the dead, or else as wandering through the darkness and storms of night, and giving signs of their presence in the howling of the wind, the rustling of leaves, the crackling of fire, etc. All the tribes, however, agree in considering the dead hostile to the living, in regarding them with terror, and in adopting measures to prevent their return to earth—such as casting red-hot stones behind their coffins, surrounding their graves with palings, making them bribe-offerings, or, finally, invoking the aid of Shamanism.

The ancient Finns, however, like the Greeks and Norsemen, were used occasionally to crave help and counsel from the dead. Thus, when Väinämöinen needed three magic words in order to complete the boat in which he was to sail to the Virgin of Pohjola's, he betook himself to the grave of the songful giant, Vipunen, roused him from his death-sleep, and received the necessary information. And still the Shaman, when he falls into his trance, is believed to wander through the subterranean regions, gaining wisdom and strength from his converse with the departed.

The earliest notion of the Finlanders with regard to the dead was that they spent their shadowy existence in their graves, over which the god Kalma

(corpse-smell) presided, with his evil daughter, who gave the serpent its poisonous gums. Not till long after were the dead conceived to inhabit Tuonela, or Manála, a subterranean kingdom, ruled by Tuóni. So in the ancient Latin cosmology there was, according to Mr. Keightley, no place answering to the Hellenic Erebus. Travelers to Manála must voyage over nine seas and a half, as well as one river, of great vehemence, which contains seething whirlpools and a perilous waterfall.

Like the Scandinavian Helheim, Tuonela was deemed analogous to the upper world. The sun shone there: land and water, forest and field, gave shelter to bears, pikes, wolves, and snakes. But the forests were gloomy, the waters black: from the grains produced by the corn-fields, the serpent, or the so-called Tuoni worm, had taken its teeth. The ruler of this region is an unyielding and merciless old man, with three fingers, and a hat hanging down on his shoulders. Like Hades, as originally conceived, Tuóni is described as being himself the leader of the dead to the under-world, as well as their guardian and governor. In the latter capacities he is aided by his wife, a hag with hooked, iron-pointed fingers and a distorted chin, and called in the runes, ironically, *hyvæ emæntæ*, (*the good hostess*), the customary food of her guests being frogs and serpents. Tuonen poika, "the red-checked," as he is called from his blood-thirstiness, is the son and assistant of this hateful pair. They had also three daughters, the first of whom, though wicked, black, and small, is memorable as having *once* exhibited kindly feeling, when she vainly advised Væinämöinen to give up his expedition to the under-world, and not to brave her father's wrath. Charon-like, she ferried the hero across the river of Tuonela. The black and eyeless Loviatar, the second daughter, is described as still more hateful. Impregnated by the wind, she brought forth the spirits of our nine most fatal ailments, plague, consumption, etc. The third daughter is the goddess of diseases.\* Where three arms of the hell-river meet, a rock uprises, called Kipukivi, or Kipu-vuori, beneath which the

spirits of all diseases are imprisoned. The goddess sits on the rock, whirls it round like a millstone, and grinds her subjects until they escape and go forth to torture mortals—a singular myth, the creator of which was, perhaps, actuated by a certain analogy between the fineness of flour-dust and the subtle nature of morbid influences.

The idea of a system of future rewards and punishments seems never to have occurred to the purely Pagan Finns; and the tone of the exhortation delivered by Væinämöinen, on returning from the expedition above referred to, is doubtless due to the introduction of Christianity:

"In the course of your existence  
Deal not ill, O sons of mortals,  
With the men whose souls are sinless;  
Leave the innocent unharmed.  
Evil are the wages paid one  
In the household of Tuóni.  
There is set the couch of sinners;  
There the bed of evil-doers;  
Under stones that burn forever,  
Under blocks of glowing granite,  
With a coverlet of serpents,  
Of Tuóni's swarthy reptiles."

Besides the gods and goddesses, there were various spiritual beings in whom the Finns believed. The Hältiat we have already mentioned as the powers presiding over all objects in nature. The Tonttu was a good-natured, one-eyed brownie, or house-spirit. He was held in high honor, and offerings of broth were made to him every morning. Putting a mare's collar on your neck, and walking nine times round the church, was a sure mode of attracting one to your house. They evidently came originally from Sweden, where the *tomte i gården* is still believed in. The Para also originated in the Swedish Bjæran, or Bare, a magical three-legged being, manufactured in various ways, and which, says Castrén, attained life and motion when its possessor, cutting the little finger of his left hand, let three drops of blood fall on it, at the same time pronouncing the proper spell. The owner of this being, by fair means or foul, had had always abundance of milk and cheese. The Maahiset (man, *earth*) are the dwarfs of Finland. They dwell in the earth, under trees, stones, and thresholds. Though infinitely small, and invisible to ordinary mortals, they possess human forms. Their tempers are irritable, and

\* The Finns regarded almost all diseases as evil spirits: some were formless, others had the shapes of animals, (for example, worms,) the nine, however, had the forms of men.

they punish with pimples, ringworm, and other skin diseases, those who neglect them at bakings, brewings, and entertainments; who enter new houses without bowing to the four corners, and paying other attentions to the subterranean inhabitants; or who in any wise happen to pollute their habitations. The *Kirkon-wäki* (*church-folk*) are little misshapen beings, who dwell in churches under the altars. When their wives are in labor, they richly reward any female Christian who comes and relieves the sufferers by laying her hand upon them.

Various beasts and birds were held sacred by the Finns. We find traces of the arcolatry, or bear-worship, once so widely diffused through the north. Ohto, the bear, was born near the sun and moon, on the shoulders of Otáva, and nursed by the goddess of the forest in a cradle slung by a band of gold to the branch of a budding fir-tree. His nurse refused to give him teeth until she received his promise to abstain from acts of violence. Ohto, as is well known, frequently breaks this promise, and the Finnish hunters have accordingly been able to reconcile their consciences to his destruction. He is called *the Apple of the Forest, the beautiful Honey-claw, the Pride of the Thicket*, etc. Swift dogs were the offspring of the West wind (Ahava) by Penitar, (*she-whelp*), a blind woman in Pohjola, just as Achilles' horses, Xanthos and Balios, sprung from Zephyros and the harpy Podarge. As to birds, the eagle according to some traditions, the wild duck according to others, took part in the creation of the world. The North-wind, Puhuri, the father of Pakkanen, (*frost*), sometimes, like the Eddaic giant, Hræsvelgr, was imaged as an eagle. The cuckoo, also, is held to have fertilized the earth by his song. The didapper is deemed sacred, because it foresees and proclaims the approach of rain. The milky way is called *linunrata*, *bird-way*, probably from some legend, like those of the Swedes and Slaves, in which liberated souls assume the forms of gray or snowy dovelets. Among insects, the bees—the loyal *Musarum volucres*, gathering honey, the *ἰδέα ἐδωδή* of the gods, from flowers and trees, as poets gain thought from all things fair and high—were of course regarded as sacred.\* The

butterfly (*Ukon koirra*, *Ukko's dog*) seems appropriated to the ruler of heaven. We may observe that the Bretons, not irreverently, call butterflies *feathers from the wings of God*.

In the department of inanimate nature, certain mountains, rocks, lakes, rivers, and springs were held especially holy. Among trees, too, we find the oak—the *ὄπυς ὑψίκωμος Διός*—called in the *Kalevala* *puu jumalan, God's tree*. The mountain-ash, or rowan tree, (*esculus Jovi sacra*), is also, even at the present day, regarded with reverence, and peasants plant it gladly by their dwellings.\* The sacred trees of Finland, like many excellent persons among ourselves, were by no means insensible to the pleasure of witnessing the misfortunes of those who become skeptical as to their divine qualities; and it was with full appreciation of this truth that the Pagan Tavastlanders, (as we find from a bull of Gregory IX.,) martyrizd certain of their countrymen who had become converts to Christianity, by hunting them to death round the trees aforesaid.

Having now touched on all that the Finns held spiritual or sacred, we come to consider their giants. Respecting these we find nothing in Castrén's work, and the following notices are gleaned from Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*. The giants of Finland, he observes, are distinguished by their cunning and ferocity from the stupid, good-natured monsters of Germany and Scandinavia. Soini, for example, (who seems to be the same as Kullervo, the hero of the mournfullest episode of the *Kalevala*),

"when three days old, tore his swaddling-cloth asunder. Sold to a Karelian smith, he was told to wait on a child; but he tore its eyes out, killed it, and burnt the cradle. His master then ordered him to fence the fields in; but he took entire firs and pine trees, and interwove them with serpents. He had then to tend the herds:

tion is perhaps the most remarkable: "The origin of bees is from Paradise, and on account of the sin of man they came from thence, and God conferred his blessing upon them; and therefore the mass can not be sung without the wax."—*The Gwentian Code*, xxvii., *Ancient Laws and Institutes of Wales*, 1841.

\* Virgil has:

"*Æsculus in primis, quæ quantum vertice ad auras  
Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.*"

In the west of Ireland branches of the mountain-ash are sometimes tied round churns, to keep the butter from being witchd away.

\* We find traces of this reverence for bees in the popular creeds of various nations. The Welsh tradi-



the mistress of the house, however, baked a stone in his bread, [there is a similar incident in an Irish legend,] whereupon Soini was so wrathful that he brought the bears and wolves there, who tore her leg and destroyed the herds."

There is something almost touching in this old giantess' recognition of the certain triumph of mind over the mere size and strength of her kindred :

"A giant-maiden took up in her lap a horse, plowman, and plow. She brought them to her mother and asked: 'Mother, what sort of a character can this be, which I found rooting in the earth?' The mother said: 'Take it away, my child; we must leave this land, and they will dwell here.'"

We have still to describe the Finnish heroes: this will be more fully done when we analyze the *Kalevala*, which is principally occupied with their achievements. We have also to exhibit the Finnish cosmogony. This we have deferred till now, inasmuch as some traditions assert that the world was entirely created by the heroes, and all agree that these mythic personages had much to do with its completeness and beauty.

In general, nations, like men, have had their golden age, to which, on attaining a certain maturity, they look back with pride and longing. We all have been in the land which Poussin thought of when he carved *Et in Arcadiâ ego* upon his shepherd's tomb; we all have exulted in the remembrance of that "wild freshness of morning," for which an Irish singer yearned. And so the Finnish tribes, whether on the barren steppes of Siberia or among the moors and morasses of Suomi, take delight in repeating runes about their golden age, when the mill-grist was gold, the oaks dripped honey, and the rivers flowed with milk; when sickness and famine were unknown; when all men were God-fearing and pure, wise, large, (like Hercules and Sigurdr,) strong and prosperous. Then lived the heroes who have now quite disappeared from the world. They ranked between gods and men, and gained their glory not only by their valor and warlike deeds, but also by their wisdom, their magical power, their skill in song, and their dexterity in smiths' work and other handicrafts. The women, too, of this race excelled in strength and bravery.

As to the origin of these heroes, the

Esthonians consider them the sons of the Supreme Deity, begotten before the creation of the world, and dwelling with their Father in his heavenly home. The Finns Proper, however, regard Väinämöinen and Ilmarinen, their principal heroes, as the offspring of a celestial virgin named Ilmatar, impregnated by the wind,\* when air, (*ilma*), light, and water were the only non-spiritual existences. And now, as the Esthonian and Finnish cosmogonic myths are mutually illustrative, we shall quote them both, and first the Esthonian :

"Yanna issa [the Supreme Being] abode in his lofty heaven: the holy sun was splendid in his hall. He had created the heroes in order to avail himself of their counsel, their art, and their strength. The eldest among them was Vannemuine, (Väinämöinen.) God had created him old, with gray hair and beard, and had endowed him with the wisdom of age; but his heart was young, and he possessed the gift of poetry and song. Yanna issa availed himself of the hero's wise advice, and when cares darkened his brow, Vannemuine played before him on his wondrous harp, and sang him his delightful songs. The second hero was Ilmarine, in the prime of life and manly strength, with wisdom on his forehead and meditation in his eyes. To him the gift of art was given. The third was Læmmeküne, [the Finnish Lemminkäinen,] a sprightly youth, full of freaks, ever joyous, and disposed to all manner of wantonness. Others, like Vibboane, the strong archer, are less noteworthy. All, however, regarded themselves as brothers, and the Ancient Father called them his children. Their abode was Kalleve.

"Now the Ancient Father rose up before the heroes, and said: 'In my wisdom have I determined to create the world.' The heroes were surprised, and looked up at him, and said: 'What thou in thy wisdom hast determined, can not be evil.' And whilst they slept, he made the world; and when they awoke, they rubbed their eyes and were astonished at the work. But the Ancient Father was wearied with the toil of creating the world, and he laid himself down to rest. Then Ilmarine took a piece of his best steel, and hammered it out into a vault, and strained this like a tent over the earth,† and nailed thereon the silver stars and

\* We now see the contradictions in which we should be involved were we to hold with some authors that the heroes were the sons of a giant Kaleva. Their abode, Kalevala, simply means Hero-home, and is derived from *kaleva*, heroic, cognate with the Turkish *dilep*, hero.

† So in the *Kalevala*, Ilmarinen is said to have forged the heavenly vault, "the roof of the breezes," so well that neither trace of tongs nor mark of hammer was perceptible thereon. This, however, as Castrén suggests, is probably only a rhetorical mode of expressing the hero's great skillfulness.

the moon; and from the Ancient Father's porch he took the light, and fastened it to the tent with a marvelous mechanism, so that it rose and descended of itself. Full of gladness, Vannemuine seized his harp, and chanted a song of exultation, and sprang upon the earth; and the singing-birds followed him; and where his bounding foot touched the earth, flowers burgeoned forth; and where he sang, seated on a stone, trees grew forth, and the singing-birds perched upon them, and accompanied his song. And Læmmeküne roved about, rejoicing, through the woods and on the heights; and Vibboane tried his bow. The Ancient Father was wakened by the noise, and marveled how the world had become other than he had made it; and he said to the heroes: 'It is well, my children, I had created the world a rough clod: it is for you to make it beautiful. And soon will I people the world with all manner of beasts, and then will I create men who shall rule the world; but man I will make feeble, so that he may not boast of his strength. And ye shall befriend mankind, and mingle with them, so that a race may arise that shall not so easily succumb to evil; for Evil I must not and can not destroy, because it is the measure and goad of Good.'

The cosmogonic myth of the Finns Proper is less Hebraic, more obscure, and evidently much older. The notion of a mundane egg, with its power of self-development, which we had hitherto conceived peculiar to the Hindu, Chinese, Persian, and Phœnician systems,\* has been lost by all the Ugrian tribes, except the Estonians and the Finns. No trace thereof is discoverable among the neighboring Slavonic and Scandinavian populations; and the myth may fairly be deemed a relic of the earliest Asiatic life of the Ugrian races. It is contained in the first rune of the *Kalevala* (2d ed., Schiefner's translation, vv. 103-288,) and to this effect:

"Often have I heard them saying,  
Oft in song I've heard them chanting:  
*Singly draw the nights anear us;*  
*Singly dawn the days upon us;*  
*Singly too was Väinämöinen,*  
*Speaker, he, of spells forever,*  
*Born of her that was his mother,*  
*Her the Daughter of the Breezes.*  
Virgin was the Breezes' Daughter,

\* The North-American Indians in their picture-writing, represented the Great Spirit "as an egg, with points projecting To the four winds of the heavens." See Mr. Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha*, which poem seems to have derived style as well as meter from the German or Swedish translation of the *Kalevala*.

She, fair Daughter of Creation.  
Long she bore her lone existence,  
All the time her life unwedded,  
In the long abode of breezes,  
On the level-beaten regions.

There her life was very lonely,  
Void of pleasantness her being,  
Evermore alone to tarry,  
Thus in maidenhood to dwell there,  
In the long abode of breezes,  
In the far-spread desolation.

Downward then the maiden floated,  
Sank upon the waves of water,  
On the ridges clear of ocean,  
On the desert far-extended.  
Then a storm-wind 'gan to gather,  
Fiercely from the east a tempest,  
Drove the deep to savage foaming,  
So that madly leapt the billows.

Then the sea-wind rocked the maiden:  
With her played the ocean-billow,  
On the azure water-ridges,  
On the snowy-wreathed brine-floods;  
And the storm-wind *blew* her pregnant,  
And the ocean gave her fullness.

Then the hardness of her body,  
And her pregnancy and sorrow,  
Seven hundred years she suffered;  
Suffered ages nine of mortals—  
Still the child unborn remaineth,  
Forth to light she can not bring him.

As the Mother of the Waters  
To the east and west she swimmeth;  
Northward now and now to southward,  
Ay, to all the sides of heaven,  
Anguished by the storm-wind's offspring,  
By her body's sore affliction:  
Still the babe unborn remaineth,  
Forth to light she can not bring him.

Softly then to weep beginning,  
Mournful words the maiden speaketh:  
'Woe is me so evil-fated!

'Woe is me that I have wandered!  
What a waste is here around me!  
Ah! that from the air I wended!  
That the storm-wind here should rock me,  
That the billow should caress me,  
On the wide-spread ways of water,  
On the far extended brine-floods!  
It were better were I only

Still the Virgin of the Breezes,  
Than to reign in these strange regions  
As the Mother of the Waters.

Very painful here is motion,  
Here my life is cold and dreary,  
Thus to bide within the billows,  
In the waters thus to wander!

'Ukko, thou, the god above me,  
Bearer, thou, of all the heavens!  
Hither come, for thou art needed,  
Hither come, for now I call thee!  
Take the maiden from her torment,  
From her sorrow free the virgin!  
Come forthwith, and hasten hither,  
Hither where thy love is longed for!

Little time had gone forever,  
Scarce had flown away a moment,

Lo! a wild-duck hastened thither,  
Thither flew the beauteous birdie,  
Seeking for her nest a station,  
Seeking where to fix her dwelling.

East she went, and then to westward;  
Northwards now she flies, and southwards:  
No such place can she discover,  
Not the very vilest station  
Where her nest may be upbuilded,  
And her homestead be established.  
Flying slowly, gazing round her,  
Then she pondered and considered:  
'If I have my house in storm-wind,  
If my dwelling be on brine-floods,  
Soon the blast will break my dwelling,  
Fast and far the waves will bear it.'

Then the Mother of the Ocean,  
She, fair Daughter of the Breezes,  
Raised her knees from out the billows,  
Raised her shoulders from the brine-flood,  
Where the bird a nest might build her,  
Where she might remain in quiet.

Then the beautiful bird, the wild-duck,  
Sailing slowly, gazing round her,  
Sees the Water-mother's knee-cap  
On the azure ocean-ridges:  
Takes it for a meadow-hillock,  
Deems it turf so fresh and dewy.

Flying thither, long she hovers,  
Now upon the knee alighteth,  
Quickly there her nest she buildeth,  
Golden eggs therein she layeth:  
Golden eggs a good half-dozen,  
But the seventh egg was iron.

On the eggs she bideth brooding,  
Soon she warms the maiden's knee-cap:  
Broods one day and then another,  
Also for a third she broodeth.  
Now the Water-mother marketh—  
She, fair Daughter of the Breezes,  
Feels that it is growing warmer,  
That her skin is being heated—  
Now she thinks her knee is burning,  
And that all her veins are melting.

Suddenly her knees she stirreth,  
Shakes her limbs with vehement motion.  
Fall the eggs within the water,  
Fall within the floods of ocean:  
'Neath the floods they break in pieces,  
And they dash themselves in fragments;  
And the pieces in the water,  
Sunk in slime they do not perish,  
But are beauteously transfigured,  
Fair the forms of all the fragments!"

Here, apparently, occurs an omission, or else two inconsistent runes have been united. Henceforward only one egg is mentioned.

"From the egg-shell's under portion,  
See, the lower earth-vault growtheth!  
From the egg-shell's upper section,  
See, upsoars the arch of heaven!  
All the egg contains of yellow  
As the dear sun brightly beameth:

What besides is white within it  
Softly shines the moon in heaven:  
What within the egg is clearness  
All becomes the stars in heaven:  
What within the egg is darkness  
Changes to the breezy cloud-land.

Fast and fast the time is flying:  
On and on the years go over,  
By the young sun's royal radiance,  
By the young moon's silver shining:  
Ever swam the Water-mother,  
She, fair Daughter of the Breezes,  
On the slumber-silent billows,  
On the misty ocean-barrens,  
And before her lay the brine-floods,  
And behind, the light of heaven.

Now, when nine long years were ending,  
Towards the tenth return of summer,  
From the sea her head she heaveth,  
And her brow from out the billows.  
Now beginneth her creation:  
Bringing-forth she now commences  
On the ridges clear of ocean,  
On the levels wide of billows.

Wheresoe'er her hand she raiseth,  
There uprise the rocky headlands:  
Where upon a foot she pauseth,  
Lo! the fish-garths fast are hollowed:  
Where she dives beneath the water,  
Sink the darkling sea-abysses.

Wheresoe'er her hips she turneth,  
There appear the level beaches:  
Where her steps to land she bendeth,  
There come forth the salmon hollows:  
Where nigh land her head she bringeth,  
Broadly grow the bights of ocean.

Further yet from land she swimmeth,  
Reats a little on the ridges;  
Then the wild sea-crags she fashions,  
Reefs that to the eye are hidden,  
Where the ships are often shattered,  
Where the sailors' lives are ended.

Fashioned now are all the islands;  
In the sea the cliffs are root-fast;  
Firmly fixed the breezes' pillars;  
Field and plain already fashioned;  
Shining stones upon them scattered;  
Rocks already furrowed finely;  
But the singer *Väinämöinen*  
Is unborn, and so abideth."

No power save his own can bring him forth to the light for which he longs. His mother fails: the sun, the moon, and Otava, the greatest of material beings, fail also. At last, strong in his self-reliance, this future poet, sage, and warrior liberates himself; helps to clothe the earth in material beauty, and to free it from the shadow of its early rankness: dwells in Kalevala, the land of heroes; strives for the hand of a beautiful virgin, but fails, though for her sake he descends into the underworld, and afterward dares a giant in his grave. Nowise disheartened, he builds

ships, fashions harps, cures diseases, slays wild beasts, fills the soul of his people with song and wisdom. Assisted by two other heroes he successfully warrays Pohjola, the land of mist and darkness—the Turan of the Finnish Iran—and thereby establishes forever the happiness of his country. At last, when his work is done, when the Virgin's child is crowned the King of Karelia, perceiving that

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfills himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,"

the pagan hero, chanting a mystic song, sails away to an island between earth and heaven.

"Then the aged Væinämöinen,  
With his swollen sails resounding,  
In his shining ship of copper,  
In his galley made of metal,  
Sought the higher earthly regions  
And the lower realms of heaven.

"There his galley gained the haven;  
There abode the Ship and Hero:  
But he left his harp behind him,  
Left his music sweet in Suomi,\*  
For the people's joy eternal—  
Noble song for sons of Finland."

So ends the *Kalevala*, together with these notes on the mythology of the ancient people by whom that poem was produced.

MACC DA CHERDA.

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From Chambers's Journal.

## THE KING'S WORD.

NEVER had the position of a king presented so hopeless an aspect as that of Charles VII. of France, in the year 1456, two years before his deliverance by Joan of Arc. Almost all the ports and fortresses in the hands of the English, an army which it was difficult to maintain, without allies, an empty treasury, and no prospect of soon again being able to fill it—those were the circumstances in which Charles found himself, when one day, during his sojourn at Bourges, he received information that the last remains of his army had, in the preceding night, set fire to their camp, and gone over to the enemy. With the defection of these troops, under the command of the Count de Richemont, Constable of France, the cause of Charles appeared to be irretrievably lost.

Such a disaster would have driven any other monarch to despair; but Charles—who received the intelligence of his misfortune just as he was engaged with his favorite, the Marquis de Giac, in his darling pastime of throwing the dice—merely

looked up with a slight air of astonishment at the officer who had brought him the message, and asked: "What! are they *all* gone?"

"All, sire."

"Well, Giac, that is a good joke," said the King, laughing and turning to his favorite.

"Yes, sire," answered Giac; "and the misfortune could not have befallen your Majesty at a luckier moment."

"Why so?"

"The men, sire, had arrears of pay owing to them, and the treasury is empty." At this moment a page announced the Comte de Richemont, Constable of France; and the countenance of the Marquis, which had hitherto borne an expression of careless gayety, instantly changed to one of extreme seriousness, and his face turned deadly pale.

"My cousin is welcome!" cried the King, at the same time looking towards

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\* The native name of Finland.



the officer, who was still waiting, and giving him to understand, by a motion of the hand, that he was dismissed.

"Well, Giac?" said Charles, in a tone of wonderment, as his favorite, whilst expecting the entrance of the Constable, left the dice-box standing untouched before him; "the throw is with you."

"Sire," stammered Giac, as he arose in embarrassment from the table.

"What is the matter?"

"Your majesty is aware that the Constable is not friendly towards me. As your treasurer, sire, he may think it my fault that the deserting troops had not received their arrears of pay, and I fear he may wish to be revenged."

"Nonsense, Giac! Do not give yourself any concern on that account. I, your king, will protect you."

"But circumstances might occur, your Majesty——" said the Marquis, trembling.

"There is nothing to fear. You have my royal word——"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the Constable.

"Welcome, good cousin, to Bourges!" cried Charles. "I have already heard what has taken place at St. Jacques de Beuvron. The wicked traitors!—— But what brings you to me, worthy cousin?"

"I am come, sire," answered the Count, "to return to you my sword of office, as it is no longer able to restore the lost condition of France."

"Not so hasty, cousin!" cried Charles, knitting his brows. "It is not my fault that the cowardly mercenaries have left us."

"It is not *mine*, sire," answered the Constable, proudly and with emphasis.

"I know, I know," said the King. "You are a faithful servant." The Count bowed coldly.

"When I received the constable's sword from your Majesty," said he, "and assembled an army to protect your throne, I did so upon one condition: I promised to support the troops at my own cost during a period of four weeks, at the end of which time they were to be paid by your Majesty, and you promised to send me a hundred thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Very true, cousin."

"Four months have elapsed since then; I kept my promise, but the money did not arrive. The troops refused to serve any longer without pay. I entreated and threatened, but without avail: the traitors

deserted secretly. It would not have happened, sire, if you had kept your word as well as I kept mine, and had sent the money as you promised."

"What!" cried Charles, rising from his seat, and pale with rage; "I did not send the money?"

"No, sire."

"No? And the money has been collected from the country for the purpose! . . . What has become of it?"

"Ask the Marquis de Giac, your Majesty: perhaps he knows," answered the Constable coldly.

The Marquis, who had hitherto listened to the conversation in a state of the greatest anxiety, replied to the King's question:

"Sire," said he, "out of the hundred thousand dollars, the Chevalier d'Ange was paid the bet he laid with your Majesty; and the rest I took in part-payment for the three horses I had brought from Burgundy."

"So the money has gone for a bet and three horses!" cried the Constable, angrily turning to the Marquis: "you are truly an excellent treasurer!"

"Whether I am so or not," answered the Marquis scornfully, "it is not your business to decide." The Constable bit his lip without making any reply, and then fell on one knee before the King, and presented his sword.

"Here, sire," said he, "is my sword back again."

"No, my cousin, we will not accept it," cried Charles; "for we know none more worthy to whom we can confide it." The Constable appeared to consider for a minute, and then, with a side-glance at the Marquis:

"Since you command it, sire," said he, "I will retain my sword, hoping long to wear it to the honor of my king and France; but I must make one condition, which I hope you will grant me."

"Most willingly, cousin."

"As Constable of France," continued the Count, "I exercise the highest jurisdiction within the provinces confided to me, as well as within the district of the town of Bourges."

"Right!"

"Allow me then, sire, to make use of this power; and permit that the same obedience may be shown to me that would be shown to yourself." Charles appeared for a moment embarrassed, and then, with

a side-look at his visibly anxious favorite; "It shall be so, cousin," said he, "but with one stipulation: you must answer to me with your honor for the safety of the head of the Marquis de Giac."

"I answer for his life, sire," said the Constable. Then turning to the Marquis:

"My Lord Marquis," said he, "you are my prisoner."

A few hours after the visit of the Constable to King Charles, the Marquis de Giac was a prisoner in Bourges, on the charge of having squandered the money belonging to the royal treasury. This at least, was the form under which the Constable had proposed to himself to retaliate upon the Marquis, for a long list of offenses he had been for some time committing with impunity, feeling himself safe under the especial protection of the King. The prisoner was fully aware of the danger of the position in which he was placed, although the word of the King, as well as that of the Constable, was undoubted security for his life. But are there not punishments infinitely more painful than death? Are there not tortures insufficient to destroy the thread of life, yet in comparison with which death itself would be a boon? And what was there to hope from the protection of a weak and frivolous King, at the time when the will of the Constable was of greater weight than that of his master?

Giving himself up to these reflections, his head resting on his two hands, the Marquis sat in a corner of his dark and dismal prison, awaiting the arrival of the messenger who was to make known to him his fate; for in those days no lengthened process was necessary for the condemnation of one who had fallen under the displeasure of the Constable. It was, therefore, that same evening that the door of the prison opened, and the Mayor of Bourges, attended by two sheriffs, appeared before the Marquis. A long roll of paper in the hand of the former announced to him that his fate was decided.

"My Lord Marquis de Giac," said the Mayor, after clearing his throat, and unrolling the paper, "draw near, and hear the sentence which the good city of Bourges, according to right and conscience, passes upon you."

The prisoner, by nature not timid, and endowed with a certain strength of soul

which enabled him to meet with fortitude inevitable evils, arose courageously, and walking up to the Mayor almost with an air of pride:

"Let me hear it!" said he. "But, pray, use not many words."

"As you command," replied the Mayor, bowing low as he spoke; and then he proceeded to read, with all the pomposity of his office, as follows: "The supreme administrator of the laws of the good and true city of Bourges decrees, according to right and conscience, that Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, be held guilty of having improperly and fraudulently squandered the royal treasure, and that he be accordingly attained of high treason, and condemned to suffer death by the sword."

"How? Death?" cried the prisoner, more in anger than in terror.

"Allow me to proceed, my Lord Marquis; I have not yet done," said the Mayor; and he read on: "In consideration, however, of its having pleased his Majesty, our most gracious king and master, to pardon with his own royal word the said Marquis de Giac, and to grant him his life, so shall the sentence pronounced upon him be commuted and changed to a penance; which commutation, however, can only be obtained by the condemned declaring in his own handwriting that he is willing to undergo the sentence of death, and to renounce the favor of the royal pardon offered him."

"And what is the penance which I am to prefer to death—in what does it consist?" asked the prisoner, turning pale.

"It is as follows," said the Mayor, reading further: "That Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, shall bind himself to put to death with the sword to-morrow morning before sunrise, in the open market-place of Bourges, one of the criminals at present convicted of murder."

Uttering a cry of rage and horror, the prisoner sank on the bench of his cell, and the door immediately closed upon the retiring Mayor and his attendants.

When we consider the degradation attached to the office of public executioner in the middle ages, the contempt in which the man who filled it was held, and his low position in a civil community, we shall be able to form some idea of the refined cruelty contained in the so-called penance inflicted on the Marquis de Giac. To come in contact, even in the remotest

degree, with that administrator of criminal justice, was held to be a disgrace which not even the royal authority was sufficient entirely to obliterate; and the meanest citizen would have preferred death to that act which the authorities of Bourges had imposed, under the name of a penance, upon a man of ancient and honorable race, and one who had long stood high in the favor of a crowned head.

At the dawn of day, on the 15th of June, 1456, an agitation began on the market-place of Bourges, which announced that something, as unusual as it was important, was about to take place. Out of all the houses, streets, and alleys streamed men and women of all ages, who assembled round a circle marked out with posts in the middle of the market-place, the entrance to which was strongly guarded by well-armed soldiers. Although the morning twilight did not afford a clear sight of what was prepared upon the inclosed spot, still there was a general idea of what was to follow, and those that stood nearest could discern a lightly erected stage, the sight of which left no doubt as to its object. It was a scaffold, which awaited its victim.

The expectation and the interest depicted on the countenances of the constantly increasing mass, was very decidedly different from that which was usually observed on like occasions. This difference had its rise in the circumstance that the present occasion was not one of a common execution, but, as was already known to the inhabitants of Bourges, an example of the administration of justice hitherto altogether without precedent. Besides this, the unusual time of day, as well as the place, contributed much to lend solemnity to the whole; for a gallows had never before been known to be erected within the precincts of the dwelling-houses of the citizens of Bourges; and added to this, the sword of justice was now to be seen in the hand of a man who, although he had not been particularly beloved by the people, had at least always been looked up to by them with respect.

As at length, during the continuation of that rustling and confused noise which is inseparable even from a silent multitude, the daylight increased by degrees, and announced the approaching rising of the sun in the east, a deep and awful stillness suddenly prevailed. Through a passage

formed by the crowd, a picket of soldiers approached the fatal ring; surrounded by these soldiers was a miserable cart, in which sat the executioner, and by his side a haggard-looking man, who was evidently about to suffer the death of a malefactor.

At a little distance from the cart, followed a clergyman, accompanied by a man, whose face was perfectly pale, but whose carriage was firm and proud, and his aspect imposing. His dress, richly embroidered with gold, but to which the armorial ornaments were nevertheless wanting, showed him to be of high rank. It was the Marquis de Giac. When he appeared, a suppressed exclamation of sympathy ran through the crowd.

In the mean time five members of the judicial body of Bourges had approached the scaffold from an opposite direction, and after laying several rolls of paper down upon a table, awaited earnestly and silently the approach of the condemned. A few moments after, the victims appeared upon the place of execution. The clergyman drew near to the culprit who had been convicted of murder, prayed with him for a short time, and then led him to the fatal seat; after which, amidst the breathless stillness which prevailed, the senior of the five judicial officers proceeded to read aloud, first the sentence of the murderer, and then that of the Marquis de Giac, to whom he turned at the conclusion with these words:

"I demand of you, Arthus Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, whether you are willing, under your own handwriting and signature, to give yourself up to the royal mercy, and thus escape the sentence of death which hangs over you?"

"No," answered the Marquis, in a firm voice.

"Then," continued the officer of justice, "you will have to perform the penance imposed on you, and do the part of executioner to the delinquent who has been adjudged to suffer death at the hands of the headsman."

Saying this, he made a sign to the executioner, who drew from under his cloak a sword, which he presented to the Marquis de Giac.

An indescribable expression of anxiety was depicted on every countenance. After a short pause, the Marquis, pale as death, seized the sword with a firm grasp, bared his right arm, and— A shriek of hor-

ror burst from the crowd—he had cut off his right hand by a desperate stroke of the weapon which he held in his left.

Returning the sword to the executioner, and turning to the judicial authorities, whilst the blood streamed from his arm, he said: "Go, tell the Constable, gentlemen, that the Marquis de Giac has no

hand with which to perform the duty of executioner——"

He could say no more, but fell fainting from loss of blood.

Before the expiration of an hour, the Marquis received the pardon of the Constable, who admired courage still more than he hated political crime.\*

### MISS TALBOT'S LETTER TO A VERY YOUNG PERSON.\*

You are heartily welcome, my dear little cousin, into this unquiet world; long may you continue in it, in all the happiness it can give, and bestow enough on all your friends to answer fully the impatience with which you have been expected. May you grow up to have every accomplishment that your good friend, the Bishop of Derry, can already imagine in you; and in the mean time may you have a nurse with a tunable voice, that may not talk an immoderate deal of nonsense to you. You are at present, my dear, in a very philosophical disposition; the gayeties and follies of life have no attraction for you, its sorrows you kindly commiserate! but, however, do not suffer them to disturb your slumbers, and find charms in nothing but harmony and repose. You have as yet contracted no partialities, are entirely ignorant of party distinctions, and look with a perfect indifference on all human splendor. You have an absolute dislike to the vanities of dress; and are likely for many months to observe the Bishop of Bristol's first rule of conversation, Silence; though tempted to transgress it by the novelty and strangeness of all objects round you. As you advance further in life, this philosophical temper will by degrees wear off: the first object of your admiration will probably be the candle, and thence (as we all of us do) you will contract a taste for the gaudy and the glaring, without making one moral reflection upon the danger of such false admiration, as leads people many a time to burn their fingers. You will then begin to show great partiality for some

very good aunts, who will contribute all they can towards spoiling you; but you will be equally fond of an excellent mamma, who will teach you, by her example, all sorts of good qualities; only let me warn you of one thing, my dear, and that is, not to learn of her to have such an immoderate love of home, as is quite contrary to all the privileges of this polite age, and to give up so entirely all those pretty graces of whim, flutter, and affectation, which so many charitable poets have declared to be the prerogative of our sex: O my poor cousin! to what purpose will you boast this prerogative, when your nurse tells you, with a pious care to sow the seeds of jealousy and emulation as early as possible, that you have a fine little brother come to put your nose out of joint? There will be nothing to be done then but to be mighty good, and prove what, believe me, admits of very little dispute, (though it has occasioned abundance,) that we girls, however people give themselves airs of being disappointed, are by no means to be despised; but the men unenvied shine in public; it is we must make their homes delightful to them; and if they provoke us, no less uncomfortable. I do not expect you to answer this letter yet awhile; but, as I dare say you have the greatest interest with your papa, will beg you to prevail upon him that we may know by a line (before his time is engrossed by another secret committee) that you and your mamma are well. In the mean time, I will only assure you, that all here rejoice in your existence extremely, and that I am, my very young correspondent, most affectionately yours, etc.

\* From Miss Talbot to a new-born child, daughter of Mr. John Talbot, son of the Lord Chancellor.

\* From the German of Schubar.



From the Eclectic Review.

## BIOGRAPHIES OF DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIFIC MEN.\*

SCIENTIFIC men are so prominently associated with the discovery of natural agencies and phenomena, and the promulgation of physical truths, that when reviewing their lives we are apt to forget their individual characters, and are comparatively indifferent to the manner in which they performed those duties common to every member of society. It is true that a class of special duties rise out of the pursuits in which a man is engaged, and we are so critical in our judgment of the manner in which they are performed as to be comparatively indifferent to his behavior in the incidental positions of life, if the code of morals be not broken, and his character be unstained by selfishness and an indifference to the welfare of those who have a claim on his affections. If a man be a lover of natural science, we follow his wanderings, participate in his research, and revel in the scenery to which he introduces us, without inquiring whether he is employing his talents in the best way, or whether he may not be neglecting some imperative duty. If he be a physicist, we do not tire of watching his experiments, and when his calculations intimate the correctness of his conjectures relative to some physical law, or to its exhibition in a previously unobserved phenomenon, we participate in his joy without asking whether such a mind might not have been more usefully employed in the resolution of some great social question, or whether the rectification of a public wrong-doing, or the establishment of a better principle of government in a prison, a poor-house, or a state, would not have been more honorable to him, and more beneficial to his neighbor.

The biographies of scientific men, however, are too often avoided by the reading public as though they were literary

deserts where human affections can find no object for their sympathy. Research, discovery, and the applause of academics, we are told, engross the thoughts of the man of science, and separate him from the habits and feelings of his neighbors and kindred. His name is honorably associated with scientific journals and unintelligible pages of learned phraseology, mystic emblems, and cabalistic formulae, but has no place in the discussion of social affairs, and questions of political moment. If the popular notion of the history and character of eminent scientific men could be trusted, we might write a brief description applicable to them as a class. Poverty of birth, the opposition of parents, struggles for existence, seclusion from the world, accumulation of knowledge, great discoveries, renown, poverty, and a neglected grave—such would be the table of contents descriptive of the lives of all. A scientific man in the opinion of the world is one who refuses to conform to the conventionalities of society, rejects its enticements, and is indifferent to its scorn—one who lives out of the area of the amenities of life, too wise to be loved, too poor to be respected. Can he be thought capable of the ordinary pursuits of life who voluntarily abandons that hope of wealth which maddens the life of other men, and follows that which other men despise? We know a man of science who spends every night in looking through a strange combination of mirrors and lenses, constructed by his own hands, and is as anxious at his work as if all mankind had an irrepressible longing to explore the stellar spaces, and, like the unfortunate, were oppressed by the idea that some distant place might be found where they could shake off care and be happy. Till light stealthily creeps from the east, and covers the sky with an impenetrable luminosity, the enthusiastic observer keeps his vigil in the silence of the awful heavens, as once the watchful eye rested on the serene summit of Sinai

\* *Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men.* By François Arago. Translated by Admiral W. H. Smyth, D.C.L., F.R.S., the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., and Robert Grant, M.A., F.R.S. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

before the cloud covered it, and the voice of God was heard. Another is seen playing with sunbeams, turning them through prisms, reflecting them from mirrors, watching their courses, measuring the angles of their incidents and refraction, breaking white light into colored rays, and ensnaring them in the net-work of geometry. A third is more hazardously occupied in drawing towards him the active agency of a thunder-storm from a black surcharged cloud, or extracting the same potent force from drops of water that he may discover the motive energies of nature, or apply them to some doubtful purpose which he considers an object of utility. What have such men to do with the engrossing interests of commerce, the jealousies of competition, the contentions of social politics, or the movements of the national will?

It is not our intention, at present, to discuss the compatibility of scientific pursuits and an active interest in, and performance of, social duties and commercial engagements, nor shall we long dwell upon the question, whether the possession of scientific knowledge is an impediment to the performance of those duties and services which the state has a right to demand of every citizen. The volume before us proves by examples, that it is possible to be eminently successful in the prosecution of science without neglecting the ordinary duties of life or the claims of country. Six of the nine celebrated men of science whose biographies are contained in this volume, were Frenchmen, living in the times, of the Republic and Empire — servants of the state, filling efficiently stations of public trust, and acting with more than average ability and self-denial. They were men who, while they pursued the most occult subjects of scientific research, were, for good or evil, foremost in the political movements of their age, lovers of freedom who suffered with their country, while they strove to protect her from anarchy by a prudent and courageous opposition to the lawless impatience and wrong-doing of a debased populace. A brief relation of some of the events in their lives will prove the accuracy of this assertion, and appropriately introduce a few remarks upon the progress, in their times, of at least one of the sciences they cultivated.

Silvain Bailly, the pupil and friend of

the Abbé Lacaille, and a member of the French Academy of Sciences, is best known to the English public as the author of a voluminous history of astronomy, which, in spite of many fanciful and absurd hypotheses, and an omnivorous credulity, frequently allied with religious skepticism, has a merit sufficient to redeem in part its follies. His ability as a man of science was not more highly esteemed by his contemporaries, than his character as a politician; but as in one capacity he was loaded with honors, so in the other he suffered the unmitigated penalty of being the favorite of a fickle populace. It is a painful spectacle to see such a man drawn into the vortex of a sanguinary revolution, for his sympathies were with honorable and benevolent acts, and his ambition was confined to the distinctions he won by his intelligence and learning. When offered a decoration and title of nobility by the government of Louis XVI., he made this proud reply: "I thank you, but he who has the honor of belonging to the three principal academies of France is sufficiently decorated — sufficiently noble in the eyes of rational men; a cordon or a title could add nothing to him." This man, who was the son of the keeper of the King's pictures, valued his science and its honors more than the titles kings give; but he could refuse no invitation, whatever its danger, when society demanded his time. When Laplace, Lavoisier, Coulomb, and other members of the Academy of Sciences, were appointed to investigate the charges made against the administration of the Hôtel Dieu, the great hospital of Paris, Bailly was elected secretary to the commission; and a fitting choice it was, for he had a cool head, a warm heart, and a ready pen. With a stern and indignant energy he described the horrors of that lazaretto and slaughter-house, and by his successful struggle with the abuses he witnessed, proved how little the benevolent feelings had suffered from the severe exercise of the intellect in the application of mathematical science to astronomical phenomena. In the great hospital of Paris, which would have been pointed to as the evidence of the civilization of France, the diseased, the dying, and the dead were lying side by side, and in the small-pox ward, six men or eight children were packed in the same bed. Operations were performed in the presence of men who, in

a similar condition, were only waiting the flight of a few hours or a few minutes to submit themselves to the same torture. The appeals of Bailly, aided by the tacit authority of the men of science with whom he was associated, at last lifted the arm of power, overcame the resistance of custom, held up to scorn the habitual insensibility to suffering, and established a decent and beneficent order in an institution which had before rather aggravated than relieved the sufferings of the diseased poor.

In the convocation of the States-General, Bailly took his seat as first deputy of Paris, and was afterwards elected president of the six hundred deputies of the communes. Not many days after the destruction of the Bastille, he was chosen mayor of Paris, and for two years filled that office under circumstances of pressing danger and difficulty. Thus was he brought to witness the dark deeds of *Sans-culottism*—that mad fury of an ignorant, suffering mob, which dragged Foulon and Berthier from the hall of the Hôtel-de-Ville to the lamp-post, and with a lawless mockery of retribution compressed into the few last hours of their lives the agonies they had often inflicted on others in the lapse of years, and then with demoniacal yells and laughter rushed through the streets of fashionable and fastidious Paris, to expose the heads of their victims. Was it a strange thing that, when the virtuous magistrate had become the jest of Marat, the hated of the populace, he should be robbed of his patrimony, and then driven to the bar of the infamous revolutionary tribunal, there to be condemned to death by the will of a people whom he had preserved from famine, and in all things served faithfully? It is not our present business to examine the charges brought against the mayor of Paris, or to defend his character as a public administrator, but we may affirm, without controversy, that his love of science and successful pursuit of it did not incapacitate him for the performance of public duties, destroy the love of rational liberty, nor diminish his influence and usefulness during a period of great national excitement and misfortune.

Joseph Fourier, another of the *savans* of France eulogized by Arago, was one of those gifted men who, in spite of adverse circumstances, have achieved for themselves that noble fortune—an illustrious

name in science. Though born in a low rank of society, an orphan when eight years old, and indebted for his education to the charity of a convent of Benedictine monks, he raised himself to eminence by his mathematical knowledge, and to renown among men of science by his researches on the theory of heat. Had he spent his life in the study and the laboratory, his scientific labor and literary taste would have satisfied posterity that his genius had not lacked the encouragement of industry. His career as one of the professors of the newly established Polytechnic School had scarcely opened with a flattering hope of that scientific glory which amongst the most intelligent classes of France is coveted as the greatest good, when he was selected by Monge as one of the philosophers who were to accompany General Bonaparte to Egypt, and form an institute by which he had resolved to civilize the country he had in anticipation conquered. Though Egypt was not conquered, the institute was formed, and Fourier was elected its perpetual secretary; but other labors were also assigned him, and he proved himself to be as efficient in the office of commissioner at the Divan of Cairo, as useful in the arrangement of treaties, and as skillful in diplomatic services, as he was eminent for his application of pure science and the investigation of physical problems. On his return to France, he was appointed Prefect of the department of l'Isère, and while his mind was occupied in the preparation of his "*Théorie Mathématique de la Chaleur*," a work of great originality and genius, he was also constructing roads, draining marshes, and effectively performing all the duties of a public administration. Fourier is thus exhibited as a man possessing in an eminent degree the capacity and tact which are the qualifications of a public officer, and in none of his labors does he more completely justify his claim to be regarded as a man of science, than in the direction of those works which converted a pestilent tract of country into a rich pasture, and made it a healthy residence for an industrious people.

Carnot, one of the judges of Louis XVI., and then successively a member of the Committee of Public Safety, Director of the armies of the Republic, a member of the National Convention, Minister of War, and Governor of Antwerp, is so un-

mistakably identified with the French Revolution, and is so often apparently associated with its most revolting atrocities, that one might hesitate to believe it possible he could at such a period, and with such work in hand, have occupied himself in the preparation of profound physico-mathematical papers. But his "Essay on Machines," his "Reflections on the Metaphysics of the Infinitesimal Calculus," and his publication on the "Geometry of Positions," give indisputable evidence of a scientific mind of high order. That he also possessed habits of business and eminent administrative powers, might be now regarded as a misfortune by those who are interested in his posthumous fame. His defense by Arago is an interesting contribution to the history of the revolutionary era. But while it is sufficient for our purpose to show that he did not find scientific research incompatible with the duties enforced by the acknowledged claim of his country on his time and talents, we do not doubt that his administration will be defended from many of the accusations made against it, if it can be proved that he acted up to the noble and magnanimous creed he professed when in exile: "Universal toleration," he said, "is the dogma which I decidedly profess. I abhor fanaticism, and I believe that the fanaticism of irreligion, brought into fashion by such men as Marat and Père Duchêne, is the most fatal of all. We must not kill men to force them to believe; we must not kill them to prevent their believing; let us compassionate the weaknesses of others, since every one has his own, and let us allow prejudices to wear away by time when we can not obviate them by reason."

Malus did not occupy any prominent place as a politician, nor hold an office demanding the exercise of those qualities of mind most appreciated by men of business. In the School of Engineers at Mézières, he received his education; but the disorderly acts of the scholars caused the suppression of the establishment, and Malus, disappointed of his commission, joined the army as a volunteer. While working at the fortifications of Dunkirk, he attracted the attention of M. Lepère, the engineer, and through the interest of that gentleman was received into the Polytechnic, where he passed his examinations with honor, and obtained his commission as a sub-lieutenant of engineers.

Soon after he had been promoted to the rank of captain, he embarked in the expedition to Egypt, and while there, had his full share of labor and suffering. When encamped at Cathieh, he composed a "Memoir on Light," the science he at a later period so greatly enriched, and we are curious to know how such an occupation of mind could be made consistent with his duties as a commanding officer in an enemy's country.

"There has recently been found among the family papers," says Arago, "a small bound book, in which Malus, when captain of engineers, and employed in the army of the East, traced day by day an abridged narrative of all the events of which he had been an eye-witness, or in which he had taken a direct part. These memoranda, which I have read with the greatest interest, and in which our fellow-laborer figures chiefly as a military man, seem to me to deserve a detailed analysis. I have resolved to lay it before you, were it only to prove once more, that profound knowledge and a scientific genius did not weaken either the zeal, the constancy, the courage, or the spirit of enterprise, which ought to distinguish an officer of the highest military qualities."

On his return to France, he presented to the Academy of Sciences, first, a "Treatise on Analytical Optics," and then a "Memoir on the Refractive Power of Opaque Bodies;" but these were unimportant contributions compared with the discovery of Polarization by Reflection, an observation and research which will rank with the most valued philosophical investigations of the nineteenth century.

Augustine Fresnel is another illustrious example of the combination of scientific genius with the ability and willingness to perform the ordinary duties of life, for he was a man who contributed largely to the true glory of his country by extending the boundaries of human knowledge, while he conscientiously performed with scrupulous exactness, the most trivial engagements of an inferior public appointment. When eight years of age he could not read, and his "memory refused almost absolutely to retain words from the moment they were detached from a clear argument and displayed in arrangement." After completing his education in the Polytechnic School, he received the appointment of *ingénieur ordinaire* in the *Ponts et Chaussées*, and was stationed at Vendée, "to level small portions of road; to seek, in the countries placed under his superin-



tendence, for beds of flint; to preside over the extraction of the materials; to see to their deposition on the road, or on the wheel-ruts; to execute here and there a bridge over the irrigation drains; to re-establish some meters of bank which the torrent had carried away in its progress; to exercise principally an active surveillance over the contractors; to verify their accounts; to estimate scrupulously their works; such were the duties, very useful, though not very lofty, not very scientific, which Fresnel had to fulfill during from eight to nine years in Vendée, in Drome, and in Ille et Vilaine." When Napoleon landed at Cannes in 1815, Fresnel, actuated by a sense of duty, joined the Royalist forces; but his feeble health was broken down by the hardships of the camp, and he returned to his residence at Nyons, amid the sneers and derisive shouts of the people. A few days later he was deprived of his office by the imperial government, and placed under the surveillance of the police. Having taken up his residence at Paris, he commenced that brilliant career of research which yielded one discovery after another in rapid succession, enlarging and systematizing the science of optics by the addition of new facts and correct data, and thus making his name famous in every country where knowledge is sought, and intellectual pursuits are honored.

Laplace is another of the six eminent French *savans* whose Eloges are contained in this volume, and if we are unable to bring him prominently forward as an instance of the union of business habits with eminent scientific talents, or even if we should find that he was an exception to the dogma we have proved by other illustrious examples, and as Napoleon said, "carried into the art of government the principles of the infinitesimal calculus," we need not regret the fact. Mankind could well afford to give an almost unbroken leisure, and a freedom from the toils of material existence, to the author of the "*Mécanique Céleste*," the "*Exposition du Système du Monde*," and the "*Théorie Analytique des Probabilités*"—works which a nation desired to reprint as the noblest monument it could produce in memory of its most profound philosopher and of its own glory. He surely might be excused from interference in the strife of parties, and the turmoil of revolutions, who was engaged in the production of works which will be an everlasting

honor to France, and give her a place, higher than she deserved, among civilized nations, when the name of her idolized Emperor fades from the page of history like the muster-rolls of the hundred thousand heroes who fell in the vain hope of accomplishing his ambitious projects. But even Laplace could not be excused from the cares of state when it was thought that the prestige of his name or his administrative ability could serve his country; and to his honor it is recorded that his first act, on the evening of his appointment to office as Minister of the Interior, was to solicit a pension of two thousand francs for the widow of the astronomer Bailly, which was nobly granted by General Bonaparte, then First Consul, with an order that it should be paid half-yearly, in advance. But while we thus do honor to the motive and the act of the greatest geometer, and the greatest military commander, France has produced, let us not forget the still more noble generosity of M. Cousin, also a member of the Academy of Sciences, and a municipal counselor, who had previously obtained for the impoverished widow the allowance granted to the poor, and every week personally received the provisions allotted for her support, and carried them to her lodgings. Well might Arago say: "Such noble actions are certainly worth good papers." The highest scientific attainments, whatever the world may say, are not drags upon the benevolent feelings, and in no degree hinder the exercise of the warmest affections of the heart, but inasmuch as the purity and activity of the moral powers are more excellent than the capacity and refinement of the intellect, so much more is the benevolent action of M. Cousin better than the best scientific paper. We can say but little of the manner in which Laplace performed his duties as Minister of the Interior, but we can not forget the words he uttered in his last moments, for they contain a truth which, from his lips, if properly understood, would be of more worth to mankind than all he could have done as an active partisan of the Revolution, or as the minister of a nation: "What we know is little; what we are ignorant of is immense."

The lives of the three English philosophers, whose Memoirs are contained in this volume, are still more pleasing examples—from the absence of the military

spirit—of the pursuit of science without impediment to the exercise of the domestic affections and social virtues, or to the performance of public duties.

William Herschel was one of the ten children of a musician living in Hanover, and was educated by his father for the same profession. By his eldest brother, Jacob, band-master in a Hanoverian regiment, he was brought to England. After suffering many disappointments and privations, he was appointed, by Lord Durham, band-master of an English regiment, quartered, it is said, on the borders of Scotland. His talent as a musician advanced his circumstances in life, and like many another poor youth, he probably seemed to himself richer in the advent of his fortune than when he had realized it. No longer harassed by unprovided daily wants, he devoted a portion of his increasing income and leisure to the study of languages, and the elements of science. A telescope at last came into his hands, and although he held the situation of organist at the Octagon Chapel in Bath, and his time was much occupied in private teaching and in public performances in concert and ball-rooms, he found time to use it, and the heavens were unsealed to him. In restless anxiety he sought for a larger instrument, and when his purse failed to meet the exorbitant demands of the optician, his poverty became his blessing, and his mechanical skill and optical knowledge supplied that which he could not purchase. A few years after this William Herschel was exploring the heavens with a five-foot Newtonian telescope of his own construction. The time at last came, when by the patronage and pecuniary assistance of the King, he was able to abandon music as a profession, and to devote his study to astronomy, and then he rivaled the fame of Tycho himself as an observer; but his history, whether under the shade of misfortune, or in the full sunshine of prosperity, gives no instance of the incompatibility of an ardent pursuit of science and the ordinary engagements of life. Both when he obtained the means of existence by his skill as a musician, and when by royal bounty he was freed from distracting labor and anxious thought, science occupied the principal place in his mind without causing a weak or inefficient performance of the common duties of life.

Of James Watt we need not speak, for his fame is founded on the eminently

practical and useful application of his scientific studies.

Thomas Young, the only other English philosopher whose biography has a place in this volume, was in his youth master of seven languages, and in after life he acquainted himself with the literatures of the nations who used them. He was a musician, and played many instruments; he possessed a critical knowledge of art; he was a mathematician, a man of science, and an interpreter of Egyptian hieroglyphics; he was the secretary of the Board of Longitude, a successful investigator of optical phenomena, and a voluminous writer. Yet this man, whose name is imperishably associated with optical science, by the discovery of Interference, was a physician, taking a place in the most courtly society, and fully enjoying the pleasures, and performing the duties of life.

Such were the men whose biographies have been written by Arago, as *Eloges* for the French Academy of Sciences, of which they were members. They were so eminent in their several departments, and were the authors of so many discoveries, that if we were to detail and explain the results of their researches, we could not fail to give an abstract of the progress, during their lives, of the sciences of astronomy and optics, in one of which all of them, except Carnot, Fourier, and Watt, were principally engaged. We are conscious how inefficiently this would be done in the narrow limits assigned to our review of Arago's "*Biographies*," but to form any opinion, approaching to correctness, of their services to science, such an historical outline is necessary. We select the science of astronomy as an example.

For half a century after the publication of the "*Principia*," nothing was done either in England or on the Continent, to extend the application of the theory of gravitation to uninvestigated astronomical phenomena. The style of the book was too unique, and its demand for educated and thoughtful readers too imperative, to admit of its circulation among the most intelligent unscholastic readers; and those English mathematicians who were able to understand it, perceived that the author had nearly exhausted his method of research. The "*Principia*" was published in 1687, and the philosophy it announced was at once accepted by all the most eminent men of science in England

and Scotland. The Newtonian theory of gravitation was taught by James Gregory at St. Andrew's, by Samuel Clarke at Cambridge, and by Dr. Keil at Oxford, and yet while Britain enjoyed a light which other European nations refused to receive, little or nothing was done to use it for the explanation of the celestial phenomena not investigated by Newton himself. "If Cote had lived," said Sir Isaac, "we should have known something," but we doubt whether there would have been much less reason to deplore the stagnation of mathematical science in England in the age when the French and German philosophers were distinguishing themselves in pure analytics, if the author of "*Harmonia Mensurarum*" had lived to the full term of human existence. There was no want of power among the mathematicians, as the works of Gregory, Saunderson, Brook Taylor, Emerson, M'Laurin, Simpson, and others prove, but they were ignorant of the progress of pure analytics, and in their admiration of the mighty scheme of celestial mechanics taught in the "*Principia*," weakness seemed to them preferable to temerity—they feared the fate of the adventurous god who dared to mount the chariot of Apollo. The unseemly dispute between the English and Continental mathematicians upon the rival claims of Newton and Leibnitz to the right of priority in the discovery of the principle of fluxions and the differential calculus, had so completely isolated our philosophers from their brethren, that while in France and Germany the power and applications of the calculus were daily increased, the English adhered strictly—perhaps with the national pertinacity—to Newton's method and notation, and practically assumed the impossibility of doing better or more than their great master. Thus, while our countrymen were boasting of the laurels won by a native conqueror, the bold intellect of other nations was extending the means of scientific research, and preparing for new explorations in the dominion of Almighty creative power.

On the Continent, science was in a totally different state. The minds of men were there preoccupied with the speculations of Descartes—they were like children ashamed of their infant toys, and afraid of more manly games. Another generation was necessary for the unprejudiced investigation of a theory antagonistic to their

preconceived opinions and adopted hypotheses. The Newtonian philosophy was unanimously condemned and banished by Huygens, Leibnitz, and John Bernoulli; by Cassini, Maraldi, and the other eminent mathematicians, who, by the cultivation of the infinitesimal analysis, prepared the very instrument of research, and method of investigation, which at a later period gave it an uncontested authority, and demonstrated, not only its sufficiency for the explanation of every celestial phenomenon, but its power to discover the existence of motions which observation had not revealed. Maupertuis was the first French philosopher, who, after an examination of the claims of the contending theories of Descartes and Newton, declared himself a disciple of the latter. This he did in a communication to the Academy in 1732. But the popular acceptance of the theory of gravitation in France is to be traced to the authority of Voltaire, who explained its principles in a lively essay which found many readers among the educated unscientific classes.

In 1745, eighteen years after the death of Newton, and fifty-eight years after the publication of the "*Principia*," Euler recommenced the study of physical astronomy by an analytical investigation of the perturbations of the moon, and in the following year he published his first lunar tables. This date is especially worthy of notice, because it gives the honor of solving the problem of three bodies to the man who, above all others, was most worthy, whether we judge him by the originality of his genius, or by his peaceful devotion of spirit, to receive the mantle and be the immediate successor of Newton. The question which Leonard Euler, the pupil be it remembered of James Bernoulli, proposed to himself, was one which the discoverer of the laws of gravitation had not discussed—which his geometry could not solve. Newton had demonstrated the mutual attraction of two bodies. He had proved, by a sublime geometry of his own, that a body projected in space within the attraction of a central force, revolves in a closed curve, and that the form of the orbit is determined by the position of the body in relation to the force and the velocity of projection, and that the magnitude and form of the orbit is calculable. He who announced that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle, with a force varying

inversely as the square of the distance, and directly as the mass, was not ignorant of, or indifferent to, the mutual attraction between the planetary bodies; nor did he fail to calculate the influence of subordinate attractive forces in disturbing the action of the solar force on planetary motions, or the perturbing power of the sun upon the orbits of the satellites. He clearly perceived that planetary attractions would account for the otherwise inexplicable irregularities in the motion of the moon, and some of the perturbations of that body he calculated. But he stood in need of a more searching instrument of analysis than his own geometry supplied, to calculate the amount of disturbance produced by the planets upon each other. It was Euler who commenced that profound investigation which involved the existence of three or more forces, and which will not be complete till every phenomenon is explained, and a perpetuity of mutations is revealed in every celestial phenomenon as the consequence of an invariable law.

While the intelligent classes in France adopted the Newtonian theory upon the dictum of the philosopher of Ferney, the Academy of Sciences was probably more influenced by the researches of Euler than by the opinion of Voltaire, in proposing, as the subject of a prize essay for 1748, the discussion of the irregularities of Jupiter and Saturn, with a view to the discovery whether the theory of gravitation could account for the irregularities in their motions. The perturbations in these two important members of the solar system were justly considered necessarily greater than the irregularities of other planetary bodies, excepting the moon. In the motions of the smaller planets there are perturbations which observation failed to detect till their existence had been discovered by calculation; but the irregularities of Jupiter and Saturn had been long known. In 1625, Kepler pointed out a want of coincidence between the observed and calculated places of these planets, the mean motion of Jupiter being by the tables too slow, and of Saturn too quick. Halley estimated the acceleration of Jupiter at  $3^{\circ} 40'$  in a period of 2000 years, and the retardation of Saturn at  $9^{\circ} 16'$  in the same period, and attributed these effects to the mutual attraction of the planets. The selection of these two bodies for examination by analytical processes was

therefore judicious, as the truth of the theory of gravitation could not by any other problem be more fairly tested than by its ability to explain the irregularities of their motions.

Clairaut and D'Alembert, the two most profound geometers of France, became competitors for the prize of the Academy, and delivered their memoirs to the secretary before the appointed time, fearing their researches might be anticipated by Euler. It happened according to their fears, in spite of their precautions, and Euler's essay was crowned. By each of the three geometers, the problem of the three bodies was solved by the infinitesimal analysis; but they all failed to explain the irregularities in the two superior planets, and Euler did not hesitate to assert that they were not caused by the mutual attraction of the planets. But, at the same time, this profound mathematician exhibited with clearness the analytical theory of planetary perturbations, and discovered periodical inequalities in the motions of both bodies.

After Clairaut had explained the motion of the moon's apogee by a correct computation of the lunar perturbations, there was a greater confidence in the applicability of the theory of gravitation to the resolution of celestial phenomena; and the Academy, undismayed by previous failure, proposed the theory of Jupiter and Saturn as the subject of a prize for the year 1752. Euler was again the successful competitor; but he could not discover the origin of the observed inequalities of motion. He found secular equations in the mean motions of both planets, but they were equal and additive. Four years later, he presented to the Academy another memoir on the same subject, distinguished by depth of thought, vivid perception, ingenuity of reasoning, and of indisputable value to science; but the author failed to connect the observed irregularities in the motions of Jupiter and Saturn with their mutual attraction. In 1763, the subject attracted the attention of Lagrange, and he presented a memoir to the Academy of Sciences at Turin. Applying a new solution of the problem of three bodies to the theory of Jupiter and Saturn, he obtained a secular equation of  $14'' 221$  subtractive from the mean motion of Saturn, and one of  $2'' 740$  additive for Jupiter. This was a nearer approximation to the result of observation



than had been before obtained; and though it did not prove that the observed irregularities were caused by the mutual attraction of the bodies, it made men hesitate to adopt the conclusion of Euler, that gravitation could not, in this instance, explain the difference between calculation and measurement. Euler had obtained one result, Lagrange another, and Laplace was now induced to enter upon the investigation, but probably with no higher view than that of a man who solves a question his own way, to test the accuracy of two calculators who have given different answers to the same problem. But, unambitious as the object may have been which led him to commence this investigation, it resulted in the discovery of one of those important generic truths with which the illustrious geometer on several occasions enriched science. The fact announced was that, from the earliest historic age, there had been no sensible alteration in the mean motions of any of the planets.

When a period of five-and-twenty years from the date of the first selection of the subject by the Academy of Sciences had passed away, the great problem of the origin of the inequalities in the motion of Jupiter and Saturn was unsolved. The perturbations of the planets had been rigorously calculated, the theory of gravitation had been triumphantly established, and the stability of the solar system had been demonstrated; but it was still unknown why the calculated places of the two superior planets differed from the observed. It had hitherto been supposed that the mean motion of Jupiter had been always accelerated, and that of Saturn as constantly retarded; but, about this time, Lambert discovered astronomical records which proved that opposite effects had been observed—that the motion of Jupiter was once retarded, and of Saturn accelerated. This historic evidence of the periodicity of the irregularities in the motion of these bodies reassured the investigators, for while it banished the idea of the possible indefinite increase of the disturbance—a certain cause of ultimate disunion—it convinced them of the existence of a compensating force and restitution of conditions. Examination followed the announcement of this important fact, and Lagrange discovered “that the mutual attraction of the principal planets can not produce any sensible alteration in their

mean motions”—any inequality of a secular character. This limited the inquiry to the existence of a periodic inequality of long duration. Such was the state of the problem when Laplace again attacked it, and closed an important investigation which had indirectly added much to the progress of physical astronomy, by a solution of every difficulty. The irregularities of the two planets, which formerly appeared inexplicable by the law of universal gravitation, then became, as the astronomer himself said, one of its most striking proofs. The process by which he arrived at the conclusion we can scarcely hope to explain, and the relations which establish the periodicity can not be better stated than in the words of Arago:

“Mathematical analysis has not served to represent in finite terms the values of the derangements which each planet experiences in its movement from the action of all the other planets. In the present state of science, this value is exhibited in the form of an indefinite series of terms, diminishing rapidly in magnitude. In calculation, it is usual to neglect such of those terms as correspond, in the order of magnitude, to quantities beneath the errors of observation. But there are cases in which the order of the term in the series does not decide whether it be small or great. Certain numerical relations between the primitive elements of the disturbing and disturbed planets may impart sensible values to terms which usually admit of being neglected. This case occurs in the perturbations of Saturn produced by Jupiter, and in those of Jupiter produced by Saturn. There exists, between the mean motions of these two great planets, a simple relation of commensurability—five times the mean motion of Saturn being, in fact, very nearly equal to twice the mean motion of Jupiter. It happens, in consequence, that certain terms, which would otherwise be very small, acquire from this circumstance considerable value. Hence arise, in the movements of these two planets, inequalities of long duration, which require more than nine hundred years for their complete development, and which represent, with marvelous accuracy, all the irregularities disclosed by observation.

“Is it not astonishing to find in the commensurability of the mean motions of two planets, a cause of perturbation of so influential a nature? to discover that the definitive solution of an immense difficulty—which baffled the genius of Euler, and which even led persons to doubt whether the theory of gravitation was capable of accounting for all the phenomena of the heavens—should depend upon the fortuitous circumstance of five times the mean motion of Saturn being equal to twice the mean motion of Jupiter? The beauty of the conception and the ultimate result are here equally worthy of admiration.”

While a few men among the most intelligent of their species were expending their intellectual strength in the examination of an irregularity of motion in the celestial mechanics, the worlds rolled on in their courses, constant even in their irregularities, neither weakened by age nor retarded by wear. But of the ambitious mortals who had been prying into the origin and probable duration of the motions of the mighty orbs, and constructing formulæ and tables for the determination of their places in times past and present, nearly all had finished their course and slept with their fathers. Clairaut had been dead nearly twenty years when Laplace published his last paper on the inequalities of Jupiter and Saturn, and Euler and D'Alembert died the year before. Another race of thinkers had risen to occupy the place of the illustrious dead; youth in its vigor had supplanted imbecile age, and Herschel, telescope in hand, beckoned forward by science, had commenced that grand celestial survey which has made his name so famous among living men, and will transmit it with his researches to future times.

The discovery of so many perturbations from mutual attraction, necessarily suggested a suspicion whether the stability of the solar system might not be ultimately endangered by them. Newton, perceiving the numerous irregularities of motion consequent to universal gravitation—the increase of one velocity and the diminution of another, the change of distances, orbits, and inclinations—might well doubt the stability of a system under the influence of such an apparent complication of forces, and feel the necessity of an Almighty hand to rearrange or restore order. What was there to assure the mind that the moon would not at some future time fall to the earth, and that one planet would not rush in giddy whirl into some new and unconceived orbit, while its neighbor, leaving its accustomed path, dropped to the sun? These were the doubts suggested by the possibility of disorder from the existence of apparently antagonistic forces. Periodic variations complete in given cycles were known; but there were also secular inequalities, or, in other words, disturbances which continued to increase for ages, having no apparent relation to the times of revolution. Lagrange did much to remove the anticipation of the future total dismemberment

and overthrow of the system, when he proved the mean distances of the planets to be constant, and the compensation of inequalities in limited periods, so that while a multitude of changes are effected the preservation of the mean distance is sure. Though we are creatures of time, and every year more sensible of the fleeting character of our terrestrial existence—though we are surrounded by objects mutable in condition and form, and are conscious that in a few years we shall cease to have an interest in any thing that is done under the sun—our minds cling gratefully to the assurance that, in the physical condition of the solar system at least, there is strength and perpetuity. We are not the inhabitants of an abandoned world! The continuance of its conditions are guaranteed by mutual attractions which, under other arrangements, might have broken up the combination. The planetary year is fixed, and the permanence of physical conditions is sure. Nature reiterates the Divine promise, “While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.”

When Laplace read, from the symbols he used, the history of the solar system, and prophesied its future, a serious uninstructed mind might have doubted whether he was not presumptuously approaching too near the verge which separates human knowledge from the secret things of God. But of the knowledge of “things seen and temporal” it has never been said: “Thus far shalt thou go, but no further.” The glory of the Creator in the universe was partially unveiled when the human intellect discovered that the stability of the system does not depend upon those simple mechanical arrangements which a mathematician would have suggested as the most probable means of balancing forces, governing velocities, and providing an equipoise for weights. The unbroken constancy and permanence of the motions do not result from the simplest possible arrangement of the bodies, such as that suggested by Aristotle, who imagined them moving in concentric circular orbits on the same plane. The existing arrangement is one human research could not have discovered. The combinations which give stability to the solar system, establish the physical conditions of the several bodies, and, in our world,

regulate the diffusion of light, the range of temperature, climate, seasons, and the distribution of land and water.

It was a bold but not unauthorized assertion of the great geometer that whatever might be the relative masses of the planets, their eccentricities and inclinations, if small, would always remain small, supposing them to revolve round the sun in the same direction. The immense mass of the central body controls every motion, and preserves order amongst the attendant worlds, in spite of all elements of disturbance. The force of gravitation acting between the lesser bodies produces irregularities, but the sun limits and controls them. One law governs the whole system, and the apparent struggles to escape from it are the effects of its operation in other directions. We perceive no evidence of decay—no element of permanent disturbance. The elliptical orbits of the planetary bodies change in form, and their planes oscillate, but the major axes are subject to only small periodic variations. It is a philosophy as consistent with the Divine attributes as it is honorable to the intelligence of man, which teaches that the motion of the sun and planets in the same direction, the slight eccentricities and inclinations of the planetary orbits, and the breaking up, if we may so speak, of the vast combination of worlds into secondary systems, consisting of planets and satellites, exclude the possibility of new physical conditions arising from a derangement of the system. Whatever may be the future changes of the whole or of a part, they will result from external agencies, or the direct exercise of the Almighty power.

We may close these remarks in the words Fourier used in his Memoir of Laplace:

"Nature keeps in reserve conservative forces which are always present, and act the instant the disturbance commences, and with a force increasing with the necessity of calling in their assistance. This preservative power is found in every part of the universe. The form of the great planetary orbits and their inclinations vary in the course of ages, but these changes have their limits. The principal dimensions continue to exist, and the immense assemblage of celestial bodies oscillates round a mean condition of the system towards which it is always drawn back. Every thing is arranged for order, perpetuity, and harmony."

We have already incidentally mentioned

the lunar theory as a subject of early research. Numerous perturbations of the moon long continued to be unexplained phenomena. After many tedious investigations and efforts to reconcile theory and observation, so as to make the one the expositor of the other, the task seemed so impossible of completion that it was by many thought more reasonable to doubt the existence of gravitation as the cause of those phenomena, than that the calculus was wanting in power, or the analyst in skill. In the investigation of this important branch of physical astronomy, Laplace was eminently successful.

By a comparison of ancient and modern observation, Halley discovered an irregularity in the mean motion of the moon, giving an increase from the first recorded observation to the last. Since the time of the Babylonian astronomers, this small increase has become a very appreciable quantity, and if an eclipse of the moon, which happened 3000 years ago, were calculated by modern tables, the event would appear to have happened considerably earlier than the recorded time. After the examination of several antecedent observations, Dunthorne calculated the acceleration from the year 1700, to be 16" of longitude in a century, but Lalande reduced the quantity to 10". For the discovery of such a minute difference, a comparison of recent with the most ancient observations is necessary, but the acceleration, small as it is, is sufficient, if unlimited, to ultimately destroy the balance between the earth and the moon, and introduce an element of disorder into the system. Euler investigated the origin of this disturbance, and upon a review of his labors said: "There is not one of the equations about which any uncertainty prevails; and now it appears to be established by indisputable evidence, that the secular inequality in the moon's mean motion can not be produced by the force of gravitation." Lagrange was not more successful in his attempt to solve the enigma; and how hopeless he thought any future research, we may gather from his advice—"the data are doubtful: reject the inequality altogether." Laplace made many trials, and often took the wrong path, before he was able to say, "I have found it;" but now it is found, how simple and satisfactory is the explanation! The sun by its attraction has a tendency to diminish the force of gravity between

the earth and its satellite; and, therefore, if the solar attraction be variable, it will quicken or retard the angular velocity of the moon. Now, the eccentricity of the earth's orbit has, from the time of the earliest astronomical observation, been decreasing, and as the perturbing force of the sun is inversely as the cube of the distance, the moon's motion has been accelerated. This acceleration, however, has a limit, and the catastrophe once thought to be so certainly in the womb of time—the fall of the moon to the earth—will not happen; for when the eccentricity of the earth's orbit has attained its minimum, a retardation of the moon's mean motion will commence. This secular inequality is, therefore, one in which alternate effects are produced, each occupying periods of vast duration, and is as certain a measurer of time as the vibrations of a pendulum; but how august is the fact of the existence of such a chronometer!

We might proceed to explain how Laplace successfully investigated other lunar inequalities, tracing two of them to the spheroidal figure of the earth; how he detected an exact commensurability in the periods of some of Jupiter's satellites, and entered into a profound investigation of the theory of tides. These labors he completed, and after adding so much to science by original investigations, he entertained the idea of collecting together the researches of his predecessors and contemporaries, and of writing a system of philosophy founded on the theory of gravitation, employing a uniform method of analysis. He lived to realize the noble conception. The "*Traité de Mécanique Céleste*" is one of the most valued efforts of genius, a prodigy of human industry, admitting comparison with the noblest intellectual efforts of the race. In this work, the author brings before us the relations and mutual dependences of material creation, draws the picture of a system of worlds, mighty in its dimensions, but more grand in its simplicity, and adduces evidences of its unity more difficult to conceive than its extension.

But we can not speak of the progress of physical astronomy in that remarkable age in which the intellectual vigor of France was preëminently developed, without associating the name of Lagrange with that of Laplace. These two eminent mathematicians were often occupied with

the same subject, and announced the same truth obtained by different processes. We follow them, step by step, in their researches, uncertain to whom preëminence should be given. Both labor in the same field, and when they do not make the same discovery by following different paths, each so much enlarges our conception of the vast region to be explored, and supplies so many facilities for following his investigation, or for commencing an independent inquiry, that we lose sight of the possibility of a rivalry in honor. Lagrange possessed a complete command of the calculus, and was distinguished by the grandeur of his design, the abstract form in which he presented it, and the unity of means by which he attained his object. In the "*Mécanique Analytique*" he follows his subject through all its phases from a single principle, and completes his work, if we may so speak, with the same tool. The term, elegance, may be thought an unsuitable description of a mathematical calculation, but if symmetry of design and simplicity of action be deserving that name, it may be applied to the investigations of Lagrange. Laplace excelled Lagrange as much in the adaptation of the calculus to the discovery of causes, and, if we may so speak, in the limitation of his potent instrument to the subject of investigation, as Lagrange excelled him in the generalization and elegance of his analysis; but any comparison of one with the other would be impossible if each were not eminent in the quality for which the other is preëminent. They were both inferior to Newton in originality of thought, and that power of conception which seems like intuition. Lagrange was accustomed to say: "Newton was the greatest genius that ever lived, and the most fortunate: we do not find more than once a system of the world to establish." And Laplace probably felt how much less would have been left for him to discover if the great master of science had possessed his means of investigation, when he wrote the high encomium which nothing but a consciousness of its strict truthfulness could have drawn from his pen: "The imperfection of the infinitesimal calculus, when first discovered, did not allow Newton to resolve completely the difficult problems which the system of the world offers, and he was often compelled to give mere hints, which are always uncertain until they are confirmed



by a rigorous analysis. Notwithstanding these unavoidable defects, the number and generality of his discoveries relative to this system, and many of the most interesting points of the physico-mathematical sciences, the multitude of original and profound views, which have been the germ of the most brilliant theories of the geometers of the last century, all of which were presented with much elegance, will assure to the 'Principia' a preëminence above all the other productions of the human intellect."

While the Continental astronomers were laboriously prosecuting the science of celestial mechanics, the English astronomers were improving the instruments of observation, measuring the planets, speculating upon their physical structure, tracing the orbits of comets, sweeping the heaven of fixed stars, resolving nebulae, and gauging the depths of the firmament. The men who were thus occupied, had acquired preëminent skill as observers, but they also possessed extraordinary powers as interpreters of nature, and while following the leadings of science under the guidance of the inductive philosophy, obtained such a glimpse of the boundless magnitude of the universe, of the innumerable multitude of suns, literally as numberless as the sands on a sea-shore, and of the incomprehensible glory of God in his creation, as reduced man and all his works to their native littleness, but confirmed the human spirit, so bright in its intelligence, so clear in its anticipations of immortality, in its commanding elevation above all physical and material existence. As the labors of Lagrange and Laplace in France have guided us in following the progress of physical astronomy, so the observations and researches of Bradley and William Herschel in England, the former as an instrumental, the latter as a telescopic observer, represent the advance of that practical acquaintance with the heavens upon which all astronomical knowledge depends. Although the fame of Bradley was established by the discovery of Aberration and Nutation, we are scarcely less indebted to him for invaluable improvements in astronomical instruments, and that vast series of observation which the illustrious Bessel so admirably used in his research upon the motion of the solar system in space. It is not, however, of him or of his labors that we have now to speak, but of Herschel, that ad-

mirable practical astronomer, who having communicated his first scientific memoir to the Royal Society, in the fortieth year of his age, continued for thirty-nine consecutive years to enrich the pages of the "Philosophical Transactions" with his labors, and while he rivaled in honor his great contemporaries Euler, Lagrange, and Laplace, lived like them to an advanced age, in possession of all his faculties, and with undiminished interest in scientific pursuits.

When Herschel commenced his career as an observer, astronomers had nearly completed their survey of that vast region of the solar system lying within the orbit of Jupiter. If we except the asteroids, every planetary body within that space had been then discovered, and little comparatively remained to be done beyond the confirmation or correction of previous observations and hypotheses. There can be no better proof of the minuteness and care with which previous astronomers had investigated the forms, orbits, revolutions, and intimations of the physical conditions of these bodies, than his inability to make any large addition to the knowledge they had acquired. If we except his examination of the ellipticity and physical state of the planet Mars, of the satellites of Jupiter, and of the solar spots, there is little in his survey of this portion of the heavens to demand especial notice. But when we pass beyond it into that more distant region little known to the ancient astronomers, we begin to appreciate the value of such a guide; and the further we advance in space the more clear are the evidences of his power to use with skill the telescopes he constructed, to apply them to right purposes, and to explore intellectually, as well as visually, the crowded firmament. Cassini had discovered two bands upon the disk of the planet Saturn parallel to the plane of its ring, but in his mind the fact was barren. Herschel directed his telescope to the same object, and discovered the rotatory motion of the planet on an axis perpendicular to the plane of the ring.

Saturn and its appendage sadly perplexed Galileo, and their true connection was unknown till Huygens announced "The planet is surrounded by a slender flat ring, everywhere distinct from its surface, and inclined to the ecliptic." Herschel turned his magnificent instrument to this curiously constituted body, and he

found two rings, having a rotatory motion round the planets, of immense diameter, and of such an inconsiderable thickness, that we can only represent the relative dimensions by a ring nine inches in diameter cut out of writing paper. Five satellites had been discovered—one by Huygens, four by Cassini. Herschel, with his forty-feet telescope, found two others. This, as was reasonably supposed, completed the system; but in our own day, an eighth was simultaneously discovered in that disproportionately wide space between the fourth and fifth satellites, by Mr. Lassell in England, and Mr. Bond in America. The planet Uranus and its six satellites were added to our representations of the solar system by this extraordinary man; and it is a curious fact that for more than half a century the existence of the moons was only known upon his testimony, for they had not been seen by any other astronomer. The perturbations of this planet, whose presence Herschel detected among a host of other bodies, from which it could not be distinguished by a less practiced eye, or a mind of less sagacity, have in our own day led to the discovery of a planet still more distant.

We must now watch the astronomer of Slough while he is sweeping the heavens with his gigantic telescopes, gauging the depths of space, assigning a form to the combination of innumerable stars, and describing the motion of systems. Although the stars visible to the naked eye are not many thousands, the number is greatly increased by a small telescope, and with every addition to the illuminating and magnifying powers the number revealed increases at so large a ratio as to leave the imagination far below the reality. When Galileo's little tube came into the hands of his contemporaries they found that the star sphere was no longer a canopy of gems not too numerous to deck the throne of an eastern potentate, but an unlimited space, containing, so far as man's capacity of observation is concerned, an infinite number of worlds. One of the first discoveries made by the telescope was, that some objects which appear to be single stars, consist of two stars so near to each other as to appear but one. When Herschel commenced his examination of these bodies, hoping to measure a parallax, a considerable number had been discovered, but of the

269, described in his first catalogue, little more than forty had been previously observed. It was at this time that Mitchell pointed out the strong probability of a physical connection between the two members of a double star, and of their forming a binary system, bound together by the force of gravity, one body revolving round the other in a period which might be measured. The correctness of this conjecture Herschel demonstrated twenty years after it had announced, for in that period the positions of many of the stars had changed sufficiently to permit an approximate estimate of the period of revolution, and in one instance the revolution had been completed. Thus it was demonstrated that gravitation binds together in the same chain of cause and effect the most distant globes, and acts as a universal force upon matter, whether in the body of the sun or in a fixed star.

When the great astronomer passes beyond the limit where his telescope gives a correct definition, the imagination is excited, and though he never loses *his* hold of the hand of science, those who follow him are apt to take a more adventurous flight, and forget the necessity of a guide in those dim realms of space where they seem to be looking from a distance into the laboratory of world. The telescope is no sooner in the hands of an intelligent observer but he discovers, apparently floating in space, many nebulous forms—cloud-like extensions—which, but for their permanence of place, might be thought travelers through the upper strata of the earth's atmosphere; but if, when the eye has been for a time fixed on one of those cloudy spots, an instrument of higher power be used, the dim mass and indefinite outline is broken into thousands of brilliant spots, as perfect in their stellar forms as those which stud the heavens every cloudless night, and he feels as one would, who, in perfect consciousness, closed his eyes upon a mist, and raised them to look into a serene hemisphere of stars. Guided by the imperfect observations of his predecessors upon a few of these nebulous forms, not exceeding 150, Herschel, with his noble instruments, commenced his observations, and in a few years catalogued 2500. But with him the investigation was not confined to the labor of collecting—of cataloguing as many as possible; but he did this to satisfy the more intellectual desire of classifica-

tion preparatory to a theoretical explanation of their several conditions. The idea of comparison between the genesis and progressive development of organic structures, and the formation of worlds, oppressed his mind, and led him to the assumption of an hypothesis which for a time was accepted by men of science, but which, like every other effort of man to construct a cosmogony, was but an imagination. He thought that he looked into the vast capacity of space where there was nothing but luminous nebulous matter—he looked again, and it was broken up, condensing round centers in all those stages of formation which must intervene between a purely nebulous extension and a perfect world rotating on its axis and revolving in a fixed orbit. But another astronomer has come with a still larger instrument, and the phantom vision has faded away. That which was in Herschel's telescope a luminous nebulous matter, has been resolved by Rosse into millions of stars, and all men now believe that if instruments still more powerful resolved the nebulae which still remain in cloudiness, they would reveal others more distant. Vast, beyond all conception, is this visible universe. The light of the nearest fixed

star is traveling three years in space before it reaches the earth. We see a star of the sixth magnitude as it was thirty-six years ago; the light of the most distant star visible in Herschel's forty-foot telescope was nearly 7000 years on its journey, and Lord Rosse's six-foot telescope exhibits rays which for more than 10,000 years have been flying through space with a velocity of 192,000 miles in a second. We may well exclaim, after the contemplation of such facts: "O Lord! what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" But it was a man who discovered them.

We might follow farther the steps of the great astronomical observer of the eighteenth century; but we have said enough to indicate the state of the science as it was left by Laplace and Herschel. To the masterly biographies in the volume before us we refer our readers for further information, and whether they examine them simply as records of the power of mind in difficult investigations, or as disquisitions upon the progress of science, they can not fail to be amply repaid for the time they expend upon them.

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From Fraser's Magazine.

## P E R F U M E R Y .

How do we smell? Ask a child the question, and he stares at your stupidity, and answers at once: "With your nose." Make the same inquiry of a physiologist, and you are told that the sense of smell is imparted to the brain through the olfactory nerve, which is acted upon by particles of odoriferous substances that are floating in the atmosphere. The man of science is as satisfied with his reply as is the child; yet if we take a fragrant substance—a fragment of musk, for instance—and note its weight, and after the lapse of days weigh it again, the most delicate

balance will fail to detect the slightest alteration, though at every instant, in a thousand different directions, innumerable scented atoms have been scattered to the winds.

Far be it from us to enter upon a physiological discussion. Grateful for the valued sense, we are willing to take for granted all that we are told upon the subject, while we consider some of the curiosities of perfumery.

The origin of perfumery Pliny traces to the East, and his opinion is fully borne out by the inspired writers, whose fre-

quent allusions to perfumes and aromatics prove the very early and extensive employment of the luxury by nations in whose land flourish the aloe, cinnamon, sandal wood, camphor, nutmeg, and cloves; the incense-tree which it was the sacred privilege of the Sabæi to gather, the balsam-trees, the sorrowful nyctenthes which pours forth its rich odors in the twilight, the Nilica in whose blossoms the bees are said to hum themselves to sleep, and the sweet Elcaya; these, and a forest of others, are the property of the East, and for ages were disregarded by the rest of the world. Homer but twice alludes to any thing of the sort being in use among the Greeks; and centuries after the Jews had been commanded to make incense, the Athenians were forbidden by Solon to use perfumery. Among the Lacedæmonians, the luxury was always discountenanced, and perfumers were expelled the city as wasters of oil, upon the same principle that they dismissed all who dyed wool because they destroyed its whiteness. In Athens the case was different: in spite of Solon's prohibition, a taste for perfumery grew apace, and its indulgence was brought to a higher pitch of refinement than it has ever enjoyed before or since. Though the East supplied the Athenians with the most valued gums and ointments, they added largely to the stock of fragrant plants already in use. Pliny, and Athenæus, who quotes the work of Apollonius, have left accurate accounts of the ingredients of the different perfumes, where they were best prepared, and—what is, perhaps, consoling to us just now—how they were adulterated.

The boxes in which the unguents were carried were generally made of alabaster, highly ornamented, and must have formed an expensive item in the jeweler's bill. But if we may believe a passage in the *Settler* of Alexis, even this extravagance has been exceeded:

"For he t' anoint himself  
Dipped not his finger into alabaster,  
The vulgar practice of a former age;  
But he let fly four doves, with unguents  
drenched,  
Not of one sort, but every bird a perfume bore  
Peculiar, and differing from the rest:  
And they hov'ring around us, from their heavy  
wings  
Showered their sweets upon our robes and  
furniture.

And I—be not too envious, gentlemen—  
I was myself bedewed with violet odors!"

The room in which an entertainment was given was always perfumed, either by burning incense or sprinkling the furniture with scented waters—an unnecessary measure, when we consider the lavish manner in which the guests were anointed. Each portion of the body had its appropriate oil or essence. Mint was recommended for the arms; palm-oil for the jaws and breasts; the eyebrows and hair were anointed with an unguent extracted from marjoram; the knees and neck with the essence of ground ivy. This last was beneficial at drinking parties, as also was the perfume obtained from roses; the quince yielded an essence suitable to the lethargic and dyspeptic; the perfume extracted from vine-leaves kept the mind clear, and that from white violets was good for digestion.

The fashion of anointing the head at banquets is said to have arisen from an idea that the heating effects of wine would be better borne when the head was wet, just as a patient who labors under a burning fever is relieved by the application of a lotion. Aristotle proved that his habits of observation had led him to a different and truer conclusion when he attributed the frequent occurrence of gray hair to the drying nature of the spices employed in the unguents. Nor did he stand alone in condemning their excessive use. It was not without a meaning that Sophocles represented Venus, the goddess of pleasure, perfumed, and looking in a mirror; and Minerva, goddess of intellect and virtue, as using oil and gymnastic exercises. Chrysippus sought in the derivation of the word an objection to the luxury; but the attempt was so far-fetched as fairly to expose him to the satire of an ancient wit, that "if there were no physicians, there would be nothing in the world so stupid as grammarians."

Socrates disapproved of all perfumes. "There is the same smell," he said, "in a slave and a gentleman, when both are perfumed;" a remark that made little impression upon his pupil Æschines, who turned perfumer, fell into debt, and attempted to borrow money upon the strength of his business. Alexander the Great was more attentive to the rebuke of his tutor, Leonides, for his wasteful expenditure of incense in his sacrifices. "It



would be time for him," his master told him, "so to worship when he had conquered the countries that produced the frankincense." The king remembered the lesson; and when he had taken possession of Arabia, he dispatched a cargo of frankincense and myrrh to his old tutor.

From Greece perfumes quickly made their way to Rome; and although their sale was at first strictly prohibited, their employment became more and more extravagant, until even the eagles and standards were thought unfit to face the barbarian hosts of Northern Europe unless they had been duly anointed before battle; and should the engagement have proved successful, the ceremony was repeated. Such was the demand for the luxury, that the chief street of Capua was occupied solely by perfumers. The incense burnt by Nero upon the funeral pyre of his wife Poppæa, exceeded the annual production of spices in Arabia. At a rather earlier period, Plautius Plancus, when proscribed by the triumph, was betrayed by his perfumes. His place of concealment got wind, and discovered him to his pursuers.

It is time that we leave these classic scenes, and devote a few minutes to modern perfumery, passing over the perfumed gloves and fatal caskets prepared by René, the chemist, astrologer, and perfumer, for the use of his mistress, Catherine de Medicis.

Thanks to Stow, we are acquainted with the exact period at which perfumes were introduced into England. "Milloners or haberdashers," he says, "had not then any gloves imbroydered or trimmed with gold or silke; neither could they make any costly wash or perfume until, about the fifteenth yeere of the queen, (Elizabeth,) the Right Honourable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweete bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things; and that yeere the queene had a pair of perfumed gloves, trimmed only with four tuffes, or roses of coloured silk: the queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her handes, and for many yeeres after it was called 'the Earl of Oxford's perfume.'" The old comedies of Elizabeth's time are full of allusions to oils and essences, quintessences, pomatums, perfumes, and paint, white and red. Strutt quotes a MS. re-

ceipt of this date to make the face of a beautiful color. A person desirous of improving his complexion was to be placed in a bath, that he might perspire freely, and afterwards to wash his face with wine, and "so should he be both faire and ruddy." The Earl of Shrewsbury, who had charge of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, made an application for an increased allowance, on the ground of her expensive habit of bathing in wine. Generally, elder beauties bathed in wine; the young ones were contented with milk. Milk baths were in the height of fashion in Charles II.'s reign. But the attempt thus to cheat Time of his wrinkles was vain; the would-be fair ones were driven in despair to conceal what they found it impossible to remove, and patches became the rage.

Curious as are the records of the indulgence of former ages in cosmetics and aromatics, it has certainly been reserved for our own time to perfect the science of perfumery. Within the laboratory of the perfumer, chemistry now holds a recognized place, and acres of some of the fairest spots in Europe and Asia are devoted to the cultivation of flowers whose fragrance is no longer wasted on the desert air, but preserved for the enjoyment of all who choose to purchase it. India and Europe consume annually 150,000 gallons of perfumed spirits. One large Continental perfumer alone consumes every year 80,000 lbs. of orange blossoms, 54,000 lbs. of rose leaves, 32,000 lbs. of jasmine, 60,000 lbs. of the flowers of the acacia farnesiana, besides a large amount of lemon, rosemary, lilac, tubereuse, and other sweet-smelling flowers. England imports nearly 200,000 lbs. of essential oils, about 20,000 bottles of eau-de-cologne, and an incalculable amount of pomatums, soaps, and all the mysterious belongings of a lady's toilet-table. Pliny lamented the enormous sums that were withdrawn from Rome in exchange for the spices and pearls of India and Arabia. The indulgence of perfumery amongst us increases the revenue £40,000 a year.

The most novel and remarkable feature of the present manufacture of perfumes is the establishment of flower farms. Flowers, indeed, have taken the place of ambergris, musk, civet, and the odoriferous gums, which are now only used to give stability to the more evanescent scents. There are flower farms in Europe and

Asia, and another is likely to be started in Australia for the cultivation of the wattle, a plant of the acacia genus, and resembling in odor very powerful violets. Practical men bear in mind the cheapness of mutton fat, (a very necessary consideration, the preparation of suet being an important branch of the perfumery business,) and anticipate success. England has her flower farm at Mitcham, in Surrey, where lavender and peppermint flourish unrivaled. Roses are also cultivated there, but only for the purpose of making rose-water. The French rose-water, however, is far superior; and for otto of roses we are dependent upon India and Turkey. The otto obtained from roses grown at Ghazepore, in India, gained the prize at the Great Exhibition in 1851. In Turkey, the cultivation is chiefly attended to by the Christians in the district of the Balkan. From that neighborhood are obtained every year, on an average, 40,000 ounces of the otto. Some idea may be gained of the extent of the rose plantations from the fact that 2000 rose-blooms yield but one drachm of otto.

Patchouli, another Eastern plant, is said to have been introduced into Europe in the following manner: It was observed by the purchasers and sellers in Paris of Indian shawls that they possessed a peculiar fragrance. It was useless to attempt to pass off home-spun goods for the genuine article: however admirable was the imitation, the fraud was immediately detected by the absence of the true smell. At last the haberdashers discovered the secret; the scent was owing to patchouli, and the plant which was then first imported to aid the deceptions of trade, soon became a fashionable perfume.

We may be said to be indebted to all parts of the globe for our perfumery; but the real garden of the perfumer is the south of Europe. Grasse and Nice, owing to their geographical position, are the principal seats of the art. The violet blooms most happily beneath the cold shelter of the Alps; while the more tender plants, as mignonette and orange-trees, are cherished by the soft breezes of the southern coast.

It would be useless to enumerate the long list of plants whose sweetness is introduced into our scent-bottles and pom-mades. It is an easier task to mention a few of those that we only enjoy in their native freshness: honeysuckle, sweet-pea,

magnolia, sweet-brier, clove pink, and wallflower, are the most familiar. The essences offered for sale under their names are imitations, prepared by the mixture of other flowers; for so closely allied are the odors of flowers that one atom of water may produce the difference; it is easy therefore to conceive how a mixture can be made from several odors that shall resemble the perfume of a particular flower. The jasmine alone can not be imitated.

Odors resemble the notes of a musical instrument, and blend together in different harmonious combinations. Heliotrope, vanilla, orange-blossom, and almond, form what has been called one octave of odors: patchouli, vitivert, and sandal-wood form another. The perfumer's skill is exercised in the judicious mixture of odors of the same octave. Upon this principle eau-de-cologne, ess bouquet, and all popular mixed perfumes, are prepared. The effect of mingling odors of different octaves is a faint and sickly smell.

The essential oil or otto, upon which the fragrance of plants depends, is in most cases easily obtained by distilling the flowers with water. But the oils of some of our most delicious flowers can not be thus obtained. The otto of violets, for instance, has never been extracted, and that of jasmine is procured with such difficulty that it possesses a fabulous price, and is consequently of no practical use. Recourse is then had to another method, termed *enfleurage*. The flowers are sprinkled upon purified lard, which absorbs the odorous principle, and this is afterwards extracted by spirit.

At this point a fresh object of attention meets the perfumer. All the citrine odors, which form an important ingredient in eau-de-cologne, the verbena, and lavender, require French or grape spirit. Jasmine and violet are best preserved by the English or corn spirit. Hence the English-made perfumes of these latter flowers are preferred on the Continent, although the plants are grown on that side the Channel.

It is in the investigation of such delicate points as this, and in the examination of the composition of the different ottos, that chemistry is of assistance to the perfumer. In these duties the late eminent chemist, M. Gerardt, whose early death the scientific world have lately had to deplore, was for some years engaged. Farther aid than this chemistry does not ap-

pear to afford; for the public, according to M. Piesse, have been misled by the assertion of Dr. Lyon Playfair, that the ethers of the organic acids procured from all sorts of abominations, and extensively used by confectioners, are turned to account by the perfumer. "The perfumer," says M. Piesse, "must for the present look on these bodies as so many lines in the poetry of science which are without practical application to his art."

The essence of pine-apple, for instance, which is an ether obtained from rancid butter, produces, when inhaled, irritation of the throat and lungs, and violent headache. The error which M. Piesse has rectified, probably arose from a confusion of the terms flavor and odor.

Having touched upon the most peculiar features of modern perfumery, we shall not enter upon the details of the trade. Every one will readily allow the skill that must be expended upon the fragrant compounds, and will have no difficulty in taking the word of a leading perfumer that the manufacture is not exempt from the tradesman's vice of adulteration.

In conclusion, we would inveigh against any attempt on the part of perfumers or authors to prove that perfumery is beneficial to health. It is a luxury, a pleasant and a harmless one; but that disease has been warded off by aromatic vinegar, or health restored to the dying by sprinkling a few drops of the "essence of cedar" in the sick-chamber, we no more believe than we do the advice the same writer gives to clergymen and public speak-

ers, to sniff a pocket handkerchief, soaked in eau-de-cologne, for the sake of the invigorating qualities of the rosemary it contains! We have heard of school-girls drinking eau-de-cologne to make their eyes bright, but we attributed the stimulating effect to another ingredient than the rosemary. The encouragement of perfumes in the sick-room is positively mischievous. Professor Johnston has pointed out that the odor which we dislike is overpowered by one more agreeable, but it is neither removed nor destroyed; the invalid continues to inhale it in spite of the warning given him by his senses of its injurious effects.

In speaking of the harmlessness of perfumery, let it be clearly understood that we allude only to the gratification that is thus afforded our sense of smell; we can not too strongly condemn the deleterious compounds that find their way, unbeknown to fathers and husbands, from the shop to the boudoir. Our contemporary *Punch*, like a true knight, raised his lance against an insidious enemy in the shape of belladonna, that promised to do all sorts of fine things to ladies' eyes. We in a like spirit would warn them against liquid blane, depilatories, and all the other nastinesses with which they may besmear their cheeks and arms, thereby blocking up the pores of the skin and hindering the healthy though insensible perspiration, which, shocking as it may seem to them, is constantly going on, and which can not be checked with impunity.

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From Titan.

## ON THE VOICES OF BIRDS.\*

THE windpipes of birds differ in some respects from those of men and quadrupeds. They are often longer, and always more firmly made; the gristle of the rings being carried all the way round. And, again, the stretched cords which give

forth the sound of the voice in birds, are not placed at the top of the windpipe, as with man, but at the lower part, not far from where the windpipe enters the lungs. This causes the hollow of the windpipe (that part which surmounts the sounding membrane) to strengthen the sound, by serving as a speaking trumpet. The voice, in its ascent up this tube, strikes

\* *What is a Bird? The Forms of Birds, their Instincts, and Use in Creation, Considered.* By Mrs. Wright. 18mo, 322 pp. London: Jarrold & Sons.

against the hard rings, and in rebounding from one to another, resounds with force. The wider also the spaces between the hard rings, the greater is the variety of tone produced. Thus the quality of a bird's notes depends almost entirely upon the internal formation of the windpipe, and upon the fineness of the material of which it is formed.

The windpipe of a bird may truly be said to act as a double instrument; since the lower entrance gives out tones like the reeds of a clarinet, while the upper outlet acts as a trumpet tube. The cheeks, the tongue, and the bill of a bird, excepting in parrots and a few other kinds, have scarcely any power to stop the sounds that come from the throat, so as to mould and join them into distinct words.

The great volume and strength of sound thrown out by birds arise not only from the make of the windpipe, but also from the general construction of the bird's body.

Birds, like other chest-breathing animals, draw in air, and then send it out again, somewhat after the fashion of a pair of bellows. The lungs which receive the air do not, however, fill the chest of the bird, but are fastened to the ribs; and out of the cavities in the lungs of birds proceed a vast number of fine tubes, that carry the air forward into minute cells, or delicate bags of membrane, which are thickly dispersed about the frame. It is probable that a bird's wonderful power of long-continued song arises from its ability to send air-blasts forward out of these cells into the windpipe, where they rouse up the vocal tones. Little feathered songsters, when under the excitement of musical rivalry, have been known to fall down dead, suffocated in consequence of having exhausted their over-abundant supply of vital air.

In some kinds of geese, ducks, and wading-birds, the windpipe of the male birds is so long, that before it enters the lungs it takes a folding turn under the breast-bone. Some of the males of these birds have also a sort of gristly cavity, near the end of the windpipe, which gives to their tones a loud whistling sound, not unlike the notes of a harsh bugle. The trumpeter-swan is one of these whistlers. These swans live during the summer in the cold regions of North-America: towards winter, they fly in large flocks more to the

south, and as they shape their course down the valley of the Mississippi river, they may be heard a long way off, uttering their loud music, which many people have described as like a wild chorus of horns clanging in the air.

For their size, birds are able to produce a larger amount of sound than any other animal. The shrill crowing of a cock will reach to a far greater distance than the shout of a man. Storks and wild geese may be heard sounding away high up in the air, at a distance of three miles. The croak of the raven, the cry of the duck, of the peacock, and of the goose, can be heard further off than the bellowings of a bull; and the song of the blackbird reaches to as great a distance as the voice of a man. The attention of a gentleman, walking in one of the most densely-crowded and noisy parts of London, was suddenly arrested, in the midst of the rattle of carriages, and the hum of human voices, by the notes of a bird in full song; he looked up, and beheld a small skylark pouring out its tuneful voice with such fullness of strength, that it rose above the din of confused sounds that streamed up from several streets.

Perhaps you may wonder why birds have had such strong voices given to them. As no decided reason is known, we are left to infer that their Maker has conferred this gift upon them, to increase their enjoyment, and to make them aware of each other's presence. Four-footed beasts, that live upon the ground, when in quest of their companions, can discover them by sight and by smell; and from being restricted in their ability to wander far away from each other, a slight exertion of voice is enough to serve their purpose. But the birds of the air are continually far apart from each other, and even when near to one another, many of them are so small, that they are hidden by the foliage of the trees amongst which they rest. Consequently those which live habitually together, whenever they quit one tree for another, keep up a peculiar sort of twitter, as if to inform their mates of every fresh movement. "A pair of bullfinches," Mr. Swainson says, "which crossed our path in a shady lane this morning, were sometimes on the same hedge, and sometimes opposite to each other, never separating to a greater distance than fifteen or twenty yards; when nearer, no calling note was to be heard,



but as soon as one flew to a further bush in search of fresh food, it apprized its companion by a chirp, and it immediately followed." When birds are exploring with their mates the best spot for building their nests, or are gathering materials to make them, the same signal-notes are continually to be heard. In the autumn there is much less chirping, because these labors of affection are then over.

The different characters of the various families of birds may be traced in their voices. The male birds are distinguished from the hens by the strength of their notes. The piercing cries of the birds of prey show their savage tendency; the echoing screaming of the swimmers, the harmonious warbling of the small insect and grain-feeding races, the importunate clamor of the waders, and the shrill sonorous call of the poultry, all mark the peculiar disposition, constitution, and habits of these different tribes.

Many peculiar species of birds probably learn their song when in the nest, by attending to the notes of the parent bird, just as children learn from their nurses and parents the language of the country in which they live. Bird-fanciers find that the first attempt of a nestling to utter sounds is not at all like its after-song, but that, as the bird grows older and stronger, it is not difficult to perceive what kind of sound it is attempting to copy. Whilst the winged scholar is thus endeavoring to form his song, he commonly raises his tone when he has caught a passage, but lets it drop when he fails. What he is not thoroughly master of he hurries over, lowering his voice as if he did not wish to be heard, and as if he could not yet satisfy himself. A common sparrow, that was taken from the nest and placed near to a linnet and goldfinch, adopted a song that was a mixture of the notes of these two. Three nestling linnets were educated, one under a skylark, another under a woodlark, and the third under a titlark, and instead of the song peculiar to their own species, they adhered entirely to that of their instructors.

Melody of voice belongs almost entirely to the *perching*-birds. The nightingale is thought by many to be our sweetest songster. There is a fullness, flexibility, variety, and harmony in its notes, which are quite astonishing. Dwelling for a minute in an under tone on two or three melancholy notes, the nightingale gra-

dually swells into a lofty key, till, rising to its utmost pitch of strength, it sinks down to a dying cadence, and again strikes off into a rapid succession of more brilliant sounds, ending in various detached ascending notes. Twenty-four different strains, with many delicate variations, have been reckoned in the song of a fine nightingale. On examining the sounding organs of these birds' windpipes, it is found that, for their size, they possess stronger muscles than those of any other of the feathered tribes.

The song of the thrush, is said to be the finest of any of our staying woodland birds, and indeed is superior in power and clearness, though not in variety, to that of the warblers. The song of the little wren is much admired; and for the size of the bird is very loud. The wren continues with us throughout the year, and warbles its sweet song very late in the season. In the cold of winter it has been heard to sing in the midst of a fall of snow.

Large birds are generally grave in their demeanor, and live much alone, while nothing can stop the constant prattle of the little company-loving songsters of the wood. The voice of the eagle is piercing, somewhat resembling the sharp barking of a dog, and is occasionally heard when the bird is flying so high that its form is completely lost sight of to the eye.

Most of the waders and swimmers, as before remarked, have loud screaming voices. The bittern has a very hoarse voice. When it comes out of its hiding-place in the evening, and takes to its wings, its music quite startles the listener; it sounds as if the voices of a bull and a horse were mingled together, and mocking you from the skies; yet listen patiently, and you will at last find some melody in its tones.

Several birds which have a wide beak, and a thicker and more fleshy tongue than the warblers, can be taught, as already remarked, to sound words, though they do not understand them. Parrots, pies, jackdaws, crows, blackbirds, starlings, and some others, which have this kind of bill and tongue, can be made to chatter continually; but, as their words express no thoughts, they do not at last speak. Some birds, from the form of their sounding organs of voice, and from the shape of their tongues, produce strange tones. The horned owl is one of these. In South-

America there is a bird called the campanero or bell-bird, which gives out a note exactly resembling that of a tolling bell. A bird with a similar note has been heard in South-Africa. Two missionaries journeying in the wild solitude of that land, listened to one of these birds with astonishment, and exclaimed to each other: "Did you not hear a church bell?" The sound came to their ears, heavy and slow, like a distant toll. It never seemed to be nearer, but came as a deep, solemn, dream-like sound, sometimes ceasing, and then again the solemn peal was borne upon the wind.

In North-America and the West-Indian Islands there is a thrush called the mocking-bird, which can imitate the sounds of many birds and animals. One of these birds, confined in a cage, has been heard to mimic the mew of a cat, the chattering of a magpie, and the creaking of a sign-post in the wind. This kind of thrush often frequents the dwellings of the American farmers, and sitting on the roof or chimney, will sometimes pour forth its own sweetest and most varied notes: at other times, it will borrow its song from every bird around; and on this account has been termed by the Mexicans "the bird of four hundred tongues." It sings from March to August. Mrs. Meredith, who resided some time in Tasmania, amusingly describe some birds, which the people around her called "the miners." These birds had a note like a sharp, short word. They were about the size of a blackbird, were clothed in feathers of a delicate French gray, with darker shades on the wings, and had a little black cap with touches of yellow on the head. The general air and expression of these miners "was extremely piquant and saucy." "They are," this lady says, "evidently great gossips, perpetually hunting out and interfering with every bird in the neighborhood, and a whole troop may frequently be seen chasing a marauding hawk or egg-stealing crow, flying all round in the busiest manner, and uttering their quick sharp cry of 'thief! thief! thief!' Their own morals being none of the purest, we might expect them to be chary of abuse; but apparently their individual experiences in theft only render them more alert in detecting the peccadilloes of their brethren, and we have often traced out our poultry foes through their agency!

"Their depredations in orchards are really serious, and their impudence so great, that nothing short of mortally wounding will scare them from their banquet. A fine bearing cherry-tree, one of our richest prizes from the Cambrian orchard, was planted close to the end of the verandah, in the belief that there the fruit would be safe, as persons were constantly passing to and fro; but our busy friends took up their daily abode in it, as soon as the cherries began to ripen, and continued to partake of our store, in the proportion of the lion's share as long as any remained. Yet was it well worth the loss of a few cherries, to witness the impudent nonchalance of these miners; how they would hop and creep about the branches, and instead of flying off when pelted with gravel or shouted at, would pop out their bright-eyed saucy heads from amidst the clustering leaves, and cry, 'thief! thief! thief!' as loudly as ever, straightway making a fresh onslaught on the fruit with such honest-looking, confident assurance, that I almost began to doubt whether they or we were the rightful proprietors of the tree."

With the song of the lark, we shall close our history of voices. The changing, sweet, and thrilling music of this bird charms every ear that listens to its notes; and those who understand the form of its windpipe, see impressed upon it the stamp of the divine hand. The causes that produce the lark's changing tones have been interestingly described by Mr. Robert Mudie; the following are his words:

"Every one in the least conversant with the structure of birds must be aware that with them the organs of intonation and modulation are *inward*, deriving little assistance from the tongue, and none, or next to none, from the mandibles of the bill. The windpipe is the musical organ, and it is often very curiously formed. Birds require that organ less for breathing than other animals having a windpipe and lungs, because of the air-cells and breathing tubes with which all parts of their bodies are furnished. But those diffused breathing organs must act with least freedom when the bird is making the greatest efforts in motion; that is, when it is ascending or descending; and in proportion as these cease to act, the windpipe is the more required for the purposes of breathing.

"The skylark thus converts the atmo-

sphere into a musical instrument of many stops, and so produces an exceedingly wild and varied song; a song which is, perhaps, not equal either in power or compass, in the single stave, to that of many of the warblers, but one which is more varied in the whole succession. All birds that sing, ascending or descending, have similar power; but the skylark has it in a degree superior to any other."

A bird is the child of nature; it loves its liberty. The most admired and sweet-

est song warbled from a prison-house of wire, often conveys to the instructed ear a cry of irritation and distress. Both a lark and a robin, imprisoned far away from their loved tuft of grass and green mossy tree, have a plaintive accent in their notes, that may well convey to our minds a faint representation of the mournful cry of the captive Israelites, who, on being asked to sing the songs of Zion replied, How can we sing the songs of our God in the place of our captivity?

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From the Dublin University Magazine.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF DELHI.

[As Delhi is now the great central battle-ground of India, to which many anxious eyes are turned, this article can hardly fail of interesting the reader.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.]

Two hundred years before the siege of Troy, a terrible war was brought to a conclusion in Upper India. The war of the Mahabharata was waged between the rival lines of Pandu and Curu for the possession of the territory of Hastinapura. The former proved victorious, but, broken-hearted by the deaths of so many friends and kinsmen, their leaders perished miserably in pilgrimages over the snows of the Himalayas. An equally wretched fate awaited the object of contention, for a sudden rise of the Ganges overwhelmed what was at that time the paramount city in Northern India. According to a somewhat doubtful tradition, the next capital was Indraprest'ha, or Indraput, founded by Yundishetira, on the right bank of the Jumna. There is no doubt, however, that this was a place of some importance, from the end of the twelfth to the middle of the fourth century before the Christian era, at which period the seat of government was removed to Oogoin. It is probable that it recovered some portion of its former greatness towards the close of the fourth century after the Christian dispen-

sation, for the Iron Lath, or pillar, near the Kutab Minar, records the warlike achievements of a certain Raja Dara, of whom nothing more known than what he himself has thus handed down to posterity. But its true revival can not be dated earlier than A.D. 782, when Anungpal, the founder of the Tuar dynasty, restored Indraprest'ha to its former preëminence, though he appears to have changed its name to Delhi. The original and real significance of this designation are veiled in obscurity. One ingenious etymologist mentions Delip, or Delipa, who lived previously to the Mahabharata. Ferishta talks of Dehlu, a prince of many virtues, who was deposed by Phoor, Rajah of Kumaon—the Porus of classical writers. A still more fanciful interpreter has discovered in the word an allusion to the fable touching the Kheel, or iron pillar of the Pandus, the pedestal of which was supposed to be placed in Hell. An infidel prince of the Tuar line, unconvinced of the truth of the ancient saying, caused its foundations to be laid bare to a great depth, when suddenly "blood gushed up from the earth's center,

and the pillar became loose, (*dhille*.)" —A pertinent objection, however, has been made to this theory, that the word on which so much stress is laid happens to be of Persian rather than of Sanscrit origin, and consequently could hardly have been applied to an Indian city that was in a flourishing condition some centuries before the first invasion of the Mohammedans. But passing over these old wives' fables, we begin to tread on surer ground when we arrive at the epoch of Mahmood of Ghazni. It is evident that the Rajah of Delhi was at that time a personage of considerable influence, for Ferishta particularly mentions him as having joined a confederacy of Hindoo princes to oppose Mahmood's third invasion of India in 1008. In his fourth incursion that fanatical conqueror, after the capture of Tahnesur, which was under the Raja's protection, "was desirous of proceeding to Delhi." But his nobles told him it would be impossible to keep possession of it, till he had rendered Mooltan a province of his own government, and secured himself, from all apprehension of Arundpal, Raja of Lahore." Again, on his seventh expedition, Mahmood having marched against Mathura, "and entered it with little opposition from the troops of the Raja of Delhi, to whom it belonged, gave it up to plunder." Some years later, in 1043, we read that "the Raja of Dehly, in conjunction with other Rajas, re-took Hansi, Tahnesur, and their dependencies, from the governors to whom Mahmood had intrusted them." They then proceeded against Nagrakote, when the Delhi Raja pretended that the great idol of Nagrakote, which had been destroyed by the Mussulmans, had appeared to him in a dream of the night, and promised to meet him in its temple. The rumor of this vision naturally brought a host of zealots to the Raja's camp, and the prediction, as usual, fulfilled itself.

The last of the Hindoo princes was the Raja Pithora, or Pirthi Raj, rendered famous by the gratitude of his favorite bard. Pirthi Raja was, strictly speaking, the head of the Chohans of Ajmere, but being adopted by his grandfather, the chief of the Tomaras of Delhi, he united these two states under his single sway. The government of Delhi, however, was more particularly conducted by his brother-in-law, Raja Chund. In the year 1191, these two princes defeated Shahab-ul-deen, the Ghorian, on the plain of Tirouri, between Tah-

nesur and Kurnal, the cock-pit of India; but two years afterwards fortune was less propitious to their courage. Chund fell in battle, and Perthi Raj, being made prisoner, was slaughtered in cold blood. After this decisive victory, the conqueror easily reduced Ajmere, and then returned to his native country, leaving his lieutenant Eibuk to achieve the work work of conquest, which was accomplished by the capture of Delhi, Coel, and Meerut. This remarkable man was a Turkoman slave, purchased by the Ghorian ruler, and named by him Eibuk, because of his having a little finger broken. On the assassination of his sovereign, Eibuk declared himself independent by the title of Sultan Kutub-ul-deen, or the "Pole-star of the Faithful." With him commenced in 1206, the Ghorian, or first Tartar dynasty, and it was in allusion to his origin that Hindoo writers have delighted to affirm that "the empire of Delhi was founded by a slave." A slave, his own brother-in-law, also succeeded him in 1210, for his son Aram was too feeble to rule a nation of warriors. Though a slave, Shums-ul-deen Altumsh was descended from a noble family in Toorkistan, and, like Joseph, had been sold into captivity by his brethren out of envy. After various singular adventures, he was purchased by Kootub for 50,000 pieces of silver, and subsequently raised to the highest offices. Shums-ul-deen governed with a vigorous hand, and compelled nearly the whole of Hindostan Proper to acknowledge his supremacy. His name is further immortalized in connection with Kutub Minar, a remarkable pillar near Delhi, two hundred and forty-two feet in height. On his death in 1236, he was succeeded for a few months by his son Kookn-ul-deen, a sensual prince, and, therefore, deposed in favor of his sister, the Sultana Regia. This princess, says Ferishta, had no other fault than that of being a woman, which in her case appears to have been a fatal one. She is described as being a fluent reader of the Koran, a rare event with her sex, and a high merit even in men. She was also a just and able ruler until she became fascinated by an Abyssinian slave, her master of the horse, whom she raised to the highest dignity of the state. As a natural result, the nobles deemed themselves injured and insulted, and under the leadership of Altuma—himself a Toorkoman slave—broke out into open revolt. In the battle that ensued the favorite was slain, and the Sul-



tana made prisoner. But her conqueror soon became her captive, and warmly espoused her cause. The nobles, indignant at his teachery, put both himself and his bride to death, and placed her brother Beiram on the throne. His reign was brief, for having endeavored to rid himself of the chiefs to whom he owed his elevation, he was two years afterwards thrown into prison, and then deprived of life. The next king of Delhi was Alla-ul-deen Masand, son of Rookn-ul-deen, and an inheritor of his father's vices. After a cruel and licentious reign of five years, frequently troubled by eruptions of the Mogul hordes, he also was deposed and put to death. The throne then reverted to a grand-son of Shums-ul-deen Atumsh, by name Nasir-ul-deen Mahmood, whose disposition and habits were rather those of a literary student than a monarch. He affected to regard himself as only the steward of the public revenues, and supported himself almost exclusively by copying the Koran. He had only one wife, who performed all the labors of the household without the aid of a single female servant. Nasir-ul-deen, however, was fortunate in his Wuzer, Gheias-ul-deen Bulbun, another Toorkoman slave, who restored the disputed supremacy of Delhi, and surrounded the court with all the pomp and circumstance of Oriental pageantry. On one occasion, when a Persian ambassador was expected, the Wuzer went out to meet him at the head of 50,000 foreign horse in the king's pay, 2000 elephants, and 3000 carriages of fireworks. At that time Delhi was the asylum of twenty-five fugitive princes, who had been dispossessed of their territories by the wild hordes of Ghenghiz Khan. The taste for magnificence displayed by Gheias-ul-deen during his wuzerat, was still further developed on his accession to the regal power in 1266.

"His state elephants were covered with purple and gold trappings. His horse guards, consisting of 1000 Tartars, appeared in glittering armor, mounted on the finest steeds of Persia and Arabia, with silver bits and housings of rich embroidery. Five hundred chosen foot in rich liveries, with drawn swords, preceded him, proclaiming his approach and clearing the way. His nobles followed according to their rank, with their various equipages and attendants."

Like Francis I. of France, Gheias-ul-deen was fortunate in becoming the patron of poets and historians, driven by the trou-

bles of the times from their native states, and who have exhibited their gratitude in their high-flown panegyrics. It does not appear, however, that his sagacity at all merited such enthusiastic laudation. Having been immoderately addicted to wine in his youth, he subsequently prohibited its use under severe penalties. He also excluded Hindoos from holding office, and enacted game laws of great stringency. In consequence of the harshness of his administration there were frequent rebellions, which were punished with terrible severity. His reign lasted twenty years, during which Delhi enjoyed an eminent degree of prosperity and importance. He also built the small towers of Gheiaspoor and Murzaghun, the ruins of which are familiar to all who have resided at Delhi. His successor was his grandson Keikobad, a licentious voluptuary, and a mere tool in the hands of his Wuzer Nizam-ul-deen, by whose instigation he invited the principal men of the Mogul settlers to a banquet, at which they were ruthlessly murdered. He afterwards turned his Wuzer's counsels to such good purpose that he caused him to be poisoned, but was himself assassinated after reigning only two years.

The Khiljee, or second Tartar dynasty, now commenced in the person of Jelal-ul-deen Khiljee, who also had been a slave. This old man, for he was 70 years of age, inaugurated his accession to the kingly power by putting to death the son of his predecessor; but with that exception he showed himself just and merciful. He is best known, however, to Mohammedan writers as having changed the color of the royal umbrella from red to white. He also removed the royal residence to Kelokree, which he inclosed with a wall, and beautified with gardens and terraces along the banks of the river. In the seventh year of his reign he was murdered by assassins, hired by his own nephew, Ala-ul-deen Khiljee, who then ascended the throne without opposition. The commencement of this reign was as glorious as the latter part was the reverse. One of his generals, after a successful invasion of the Carnatic, is said to have brought back 312 elephants, 20,000 horses, many chests of pearls and jewels, and one hundred millions sterling in gold. However this may be, Guzerat was conquered and annexed, and the Moguls were defeated on several occasions. His prowess, it

must be admitted, was tarnished by his cruelty, for the common men among his prisoners were butchered in cold blood, while the chiefs were trampled to death by elephants. He was guilty of a yet greater atrocity than this. In a moment of jealousy he discharged all the Mogul converts from his service, and when some of them, in despair, conspired against him, he ordered the whole of them, 15,000 in number, to be massacred, and their wives and children sold into slavery. Towards the close of his reign, his arms experienced many reverses, which, coupled with his habitual intemperance, accelerated his death, after twenty-two years' enjoyment of the royal title. His son and successor, Mobaruk Khiljee, was as cruel and licentious as himself, though one of his first acts was the release of 17,000 prisoners. In war he was bold and vigorous, and recovered the revolted provinces of Guzerat and the Deccan; but in time of peace he was dissolute and effeminate, and went about to the houses of the nobility dancing and singing, and attired as a female actress. He was assassinated in the year 1321 by his favorite, Khosroo Khan, a converted Hindoo, who destroyed every member of the royal family, but was himself speedily overcome and put to death by Ghazee Khan Toghlagh, Governor of the Punjab.

In the absence of any lawful heir to the throne, Ghazee Khan was unanimously proclaimed Sultan by the title of Gheias-ul-deen Toghlagh. He thus became the founder of the third Tartar dynasty, and constructed the castle or fortified town of Toghlaghbad, the ruins of which form one of the most interesting objects in the panorama of desolation viewed from the summit of the Kutab Minar. Gheias-ul-deen was likewise a warrior; and it was after his return from Tirhoot that he was killed by a wooden pavilion—erected by his son, Juna Khan—falling in and crushing him. Though generally suspected of parricide, Juna Khan encountered no opposition in assuming the title of Sultan Mohammed Toghlagh. This prince affords a memorable example of the insufficiency of great abilities to achieve success, unless tempered and guided by judgment. He is represented as a munificent, devout, accomplished, and enterprising monarch, but unstable in purpose, and visionary in counsel. Having bought off a horde of Moguls, at a price which drained his ex-

chequer, he invaded China with an army of 100,000 men, in order to recruit his finances. He lost his army in the snows of the mountains, and then equally in vain attempted to refill his treasury by issuing copper tokens, which completed the ruin of his credit. Not content with massacring the inhabitants of Canonj, he would surround extensive tracts of country with armed men, and narrowing the circle by degrees, would put to the sword every living soul found within. In one of his expeditions he lost a tooth, which he buried with great solemnity, and erected a monument to its memory. Soon afterwards, on the impulse of a mere caprice, he removed the seat of government and the people of Dehli to Dergiri, from which he permitted them to return only that he might a second time transport them to his new capital; in the words of Ferishta, "leaving the noble metropolis of Dehly a resort for owls, and a dwelling-place for the beasts of the desert." And it was truly a noble city, if we may credit the report of John Batuta, a native of Tangiers, who traveled through Hindostan near the middle of the fourteenth century. "We proceeded," he says, "from Masud Abad till we came to Delhi, the capital of the empire. It is a most magnificent city, combining at once both beauty and strength. Its walls are such as to have no equal in the world. This is the greatest city of Hindostan, and indeed of all Islamism in the East. It now consists of four cities, which becoming contiguous have formed one. The thickness of its walls is eleven cubits." These four towns were Seree, founded by Ala-ul-deen Khiljee, Jahanpanah, Shahpoor, and Kelo-kree—situated at some little distance from the site of the modern town of Delhi. Mohammed Toghlagh died in 1351, and was succeeded by his nephew, Feeroz Toghlagh, who built Feerozabad and Jahanamah, and improved and beautified the metropolis. His name, indeed, is identified with a host of public works, thus enumerated by Ferishta, though the round numbers are at least suspicious: Fifty dams across rivers, to facilitate their navigation; forty mosques; thirty colleges, with mosques; twenty palaces; one hundred caravanserais; two hundred towns; thirty tanks or reservoirs; one hundred hospitals; five mausolia; one hundred public baths; ten monumental pillars; ten public wells; one hundred

and fifty bridges. The six years that followed upon the death of Feeroz were stained with the horrors of civil war, but in 1394 his grandson, Mohammed Toghlagh II., was placed upon the throne, though a minor. The Delhi monarchy appeared tottering to its fall, the nobles did what seemed good in their eyes, and no one took thought for the people. In the midst of this weakness and anarchy, a formidable enemy appeared in the field. On the 12th December, 1398, Timour the Tartar arrived before the walls of Delhi, but on the left bank of the Jumna. His first step was to send a division across to the other side to storm Jahannamah, the site of the palace of the late Maharajah Hindoo Rao Bahadoor, and the scene of the recent engagements when the insurgents in attempting to carry a battery of British guns were gallantly repulsed by the Ghoorkas. A few days afterwards, Timour cruelly slaughtered his prisoners to the number of 100,000, because they were reported to have expressed some exultation at the approach of Mohammed's army. He then crossed the Jumna with the whole of his forces, and encamped on the same ground as that now occupied by the army of retribution. A hard-fought battle ensued, in which the Tartars were victorious, and in the course of the following night Mohammed Toghlagh and his Vizier Mulloo Khan fled to Guzerat. A deputation of the principal inhabitants came out on the morrow to tender their submission to the conqueror, and were promised pardon and protection. At night Timour celebrated his triumph by the customary debauch, and in the flowery language of Sherif-ul-ali Yeydee: "The tree of pleasure was forthwith planted in the garden of enjoyment. The brains of delight and pleasure were perfumed with the sweet odor of musk-smelling wine. From the splendor of the royal cup the festive meeting was lighted up with joy and ease of heart. A festive meeting is the opener of the heart and the creator of joy; and Sahib Kiran (Timour) shed the light of his countenance on the heads of the princes, and ameer, and pillars of state." But while Timour and his chief officers were reveling and making merry, his barbarous soldiers had come in collision with the inhabitants of the city, and a general massacre ensued.

own household property and burned themselves, together with their wives and children. Then the soldiers, notwithstanding the Hindoos opposed them with great courage and resolution, stretched forth the hand of power and violence in quest of plunder and spoil. At this crisis the nobles ordered the gates to be shut, that the army now outside might not enter, nor any great amount of harm be done. But on this night (Thursday) about 15,000 troops were in the fort, and throughout the whole night they continued to plunder, and to set on fire the houses of the people, and to feed the flames. In some places the Guchas, (Hindoos,) with great resolution stood on the defensive, and blood and slaughter ensued. Early in the morning, when from the inroad of the King of the Stars, the property of the Hindoo night was entirely plundered, (that is, when darkness was dispelled by the rising sun,) all the army entered the city, and a great noise was created thereby. On that Friday, the 17th day of the month, many Mahallas in Jahanpanah were publicly plundered. On Saturday, the 18th, the same state of riot continued; and every man of the army took captive about 150 persons, men and women, and brought them out of the city, so that to the meanest man belonging to the army not less than twenty persons became captive. And the other plunder and spoil consisted of various kinds of jewels and pearls, and particularly rubies and diamonds, various kinds of valuable cloths, various kinds of costly things, vessels of gold and silver, and money without count, on which was the impression of Ala-ul-deen Khiljee. And the amount of this money and the other property was so great as to defy narration by the two-tongued pen. And amongst the spoil there were female slaves who wore bracelets on their arms and ornaments on their legs—the very toes of whose feet were adorned with rings of great value. Respecting medicines, simples, and aromatics, no one now inquired. On Sunday, the 19th day of the month, they turned their attention to old Delhi, (Shah-poor,) whither many of the Hindoo infidels had fled. These being collected in the Jama Masjid, were prepared for battle and slaughter. Ameer Shah Malik, and Alee Sultan Tovachee, having taken with him five hundred tried warriors, went towards it, and with the stroke of the infidel-slaughtering sword sent them all to hell; and the heaps of the heads of the Hindoos reached to heaven, and their bodies became a prey to beasts and birds. Thus, on the day above mentioned, all old Delhi was plundered, and the inhabitants who remained alive were made captive. Several days successively were they occupied in bringing the captives out of the city, and each ameer obtained possession of a crowd of slaves. Amongst them were some thousands of tradesmen and artisans; and concerning these the royal order was issued that some of them should be distributed amongst those princes and nobles who had attended on the royal person, and had not entered into the city; and also some amongst those princes and

"A great many of the infidels set fire to their

nobles who had been appointed to different stations without the city. And as the pious resolve of his Highness, Sahib Kiran, according to the proverb—that the resolve of a good Musulman is better than his actions, had written on the tablets of his heart that he should erect a Jama Musjid of cut stone in his capital of Samarcand—the royal order was issued that all the stone cutters should be kept for the king's particular use. \* \* With good fortune and prosperity, Sahib Kiran remained fifteen days at Delhi, and the beams from the crescent of his victorious standard were removing the rust from the looking-glass of the sun and moon, and the excellencies of his government and his victories were such as to have created envy in the souls of Jumsheed and Alexander had they been alive.”\*

The pious savage, before he “turned his attention to the other provinces of Hindostan, for the sake of the destruction and extirpation of other infidels,” repaired to the mosque at Feerozabad, and “uttered to God the prayer of two inclinations with perfect sincerity and humility; and thanked God for his mercies which were beyond the bounds of conception.” From the departure of Timour until the advent of the Afghan Baber, the kingdom of Delhi was restricted to a very narrow territory around the walls. Two dynasties in succession occupied the powerless throne—the former known as that of the Synds, the latter as that of Lodi. It was in the year 1525 that the victory of Panneput laid Hindostan at the feet of the Caubul conqueror, who boasted of being sixth in descent from the terrible Timour. Through one of those singular misapprehensions with which history abounds, Baber and his descendants have been famous throughout the world, under the title of the Great Mogul. There was probably not a single drop of Mogul blood in his veins. The Moguls were a small but ferocious tribe of barbarians, who marched in the van of the desolating hordes of Genghiz Khan, and by their horrible cruelties spread such a terror of their name, that the trembling natives of Hindostan applied the term to all the invading hosts that arrived from the north-west; in the same manner as they now call all white nations Feringhees. It is

thus that the early European traders were taught to regard the King of Delhi as the Great Mogul, the only designation by which the last Asiatic dynasty has been known to Europeans. Baber himself died at Agra in 1530, for that city had now become the seat of government. His son Humagoon suffered a series of misfortunes which terminated in his flight into Persia. During his exile, three usurpers successively held the supreme title, and one of them, Selim Shah of Chunar, built the fort of Selinghur, at Delhi. Humagoon was eventually restored, but meeting soon afterwards with an accidental death, was succeeded by the Great Akhber in 1556. This able monarch resided principally at Agra, where he built the present fort: he also erected a tomb to his father in the neighborhood of Delhi. He is more justly celebrated for having organized a postal system throughout his vast dominions. At every ten miles there was a station-house, with an establishment of two horses, and a certain number of running footmen. The distance of one hundred miles was gone over in twenty-four hours, and the five hundred miles from Agra to Ahmadabad, were accomplished in five days. He had never fewer than 4000 runners in his pay, besides 12,000 horses, 1000 camels, and from 5000 to 6000 elephants. He was also desirous of maintaining one thousand hunting leopards; but it is said that some mysterious disease carried them off whenever they exceeded the number of nine hundred.

His son Selim, who succeeded him in 1605, changed his name to Jehangeer, or Conqueror of the World, but took no pains to merit the appellation.

In the early part of his reign he was mild and benevolent; but, after suppressing the rebellion of his son Khosroo, he impaled in a row seven hundred of his misguided partisans. It was in his time that the first English envoy appeared at the court of the Great Mogul. Sir Thomas Roe, in his narrative of what he saw and did on that memorable occasion, dwells at great length on the meanness and cupidity of the prince-royal and the chief nobles, against whom he appears to have been waging continual warfare. Of Delhi he merely remarks that “it is an ancient city, and the seat of the Mogul's ancestors, but ruined.” Sir Thomas's antiquarian lore was evidently very limited, for he quietly states that the Kutub Minar

\* This curious account is taken from the Zuffernamah of Sherif-ul-Ali Zeyde, translated by the late Mr. Cargill, President of the Delhi College, and published in the Journal of the Archaeological Society of Delhi, January, 1853.



was erected by Alexander the Great. In the following reign, that of Shah Jehan, the condition of old Delhi does not seem to have improved, for Tavernier says of it: "Dehly is almost come to ruine, and indeed is nothing but a heap of Rubbish: there being no other Houses remaining but only for poor people. Neither are there above three or four Lords of the Court that reside at Dehly, where they set up their tents in great Enclosures." However, a new era was approaching. In 1631, Shah Jehan founded the modern city of Delhi, which he called after himself, Shahjehanabad. This was really a handsome city for those times, as may be perceived from Bernier's lengthened and, perhaps, highly colored description. Tavernier is more calm and prosaic.

"Gehanabad—says he—as well as Dehly, is a great City; and there is nothing but a single wall that makes the separation. All the houses of particular men consist of great inclosures, in the midst whereof is the place for lodgings. The greatest part of the Lords do not live in the city, but have their houses without, for the convenience of the water. As you enter into Jehanabad from Dehly, you meet with a long and broad street, on each side whereof are vaults where the merchants keep shops, being only plat-formed at the top. This street ends in the great piazza before the king's house; and there is another very fair and large street, that runs towards another gate of the same palace, in which live the great merchants that keep no shops. The king's palace takes up above half a league circuit. The walls are of fair cut stone, with battlements. The moats are full of water, paved with free stone. The great gate of the palace has nothing in it of magnificence; no more than the first court, into which the great Lords may enter upon their elephants."

He then gives a description of the interior of the palace too long to transcribe, but which contrasts strangely with Bishop Heber's account. The Bishop had no opportunity of beholding the peacock throne, valued by Tavernier, himself a jeweler, at six and a half millions sterling. It was so called, because the canopy was surmounted by a peacock with his tail spread out, consisting all of sapphirs and other proper colored stones; the body is of beaten gold, which is encased with several jewels; and a great ruby upon his breast, at which hangs a pearl that weighs sixty carats. On each side of the peacock stand two nosegays as high as the bird, consisting of several sorts of flowers, all of beaten gold enameled.

It is too well known to need repetition, how the unfortunate Shah Jehan was deposed by his heartless, calculating son,

Aurungzebe. That prince, who has enjoyed a meretricious fame, was first proclaimed Emperor in Delhi, which once more became the capital of the empire. After his death in 1707, the power he had so laboriously built up rapidly crumbled away. Only thirty years later, the Mah-rattas, under Bajee Rao Peishwar, appeared at the very gates of Delhi, and plundered and burnt the suburbs. In 1739, a more grievous affliction overtook the imperial city. A shepherd of Khorasan had risen, from being a reckless free-booter to the throne of Central Asia, by the title of Nadir Shah. A messenger whom he had dispatched to the court of Delhi having been murdered by some of the hill tribes above Peshawur, he peremptorily demanded redress from the Emperor. His remonstrances being treated with cool indifference, he suddenly poured down into the plains of Hindostan, and defeated Mohammed Shah in a pitched battle near Kurnal. The ill-fated monarch repaired to the camp of the victor, by whom he was kindly received; and a few days afterwards they set out together for Delhi. At first, the Persian soldiers of Nadir Shah preserved the strictest discipline, and abstained alike from injury and insult. But a report having gone forth at night that Nadir was assassinated, the treacherous inhabitants rose upon the unsuspecting soldiery and murdered seven hundred of them. The retaliation was speedy and severe, but for a time Nadir endeavored to appease the fury of his followers, until one of his chiefs was shot dead by his side. He then gave free reins to vengeance, and for several hours the Persian soldiers raged like maniacs through the city. Many houses were set on fire, still more were gutted, and thousands of dead bodies encumbered the streets. According to the lowest computation, 8000 of the citizens were killed, but there is reason to believe that 30,000 would be the truer estimate. Fraser, indeed, who lived in the times of which he was writing, speaks of as many as 120,000 having been put to death. He also affirms that at least 10,000 women threw themselves into wells to avoid a worse fate than death, and that 80,000 Hindoos perished in addition to the foregoing during this Persian invasion. Even when the work of slaughter was staid, torture was employed to extort confessions as to the concealment of treasure. Many per-

sons of eminence were severely beaten until they ransomed themselves, and outrages of all kinds were perpetrated with impunity. In short, "sleep and rest forsook the city. In every chamber and house was heard the cry of affliction. It was before a general massacre, but now the murder of individuals." For nearly two months did this dreadful misrule prevail, and when Nadir Shah took his final departure, it was because there was nothing left to plunder. He carried off with him between eight or nine millions sterling in coin, several millions worth of gold and silver plate, the peacock throne, vast quantities of jewels, precious stuffs, and costly furniture, and a long train of horses, camels, and elephants. A sort of stupor settled down upon the wretched inhabitants, from which they were hardly roused by the necessity of providing their daily food for their wives and children. Again, in 1756, the imperial city became a prey to the fierce Afghan levies of Ahmed Shah Abdallee; and four years afterwards it was plundered by the Mahrattas, under Sedasheo Rao, "the Bahao." In 1761, Shah Allum II. ascended the throne, and, in an evil hour, declared himself the enemy of the British. In 1765, he was glad to obtain peace at the cost of his territory, and to accept a pension of £260,000 a year, together with some landed estates and other advantages. But, with the usual fickleness of the Oriental character, he seized upon the first opportunity to repudiate this treaty, and to throw himself into the hands of the Mahrattas, who failed to protect him even against the Rohillas. A fierce chieftain of that warlike people, named Gholam Kandir Khan, made himself master of the city, and after heaping all manner of insult on the hapless Emperor, thrust out his eyes with his own dagger. He himself ere long received as little mercy from Madhajee Scindiah, who caused his ears, eyes, nose, hands, and feet to be cut off while he was still alive. Mahratta or Rohilla, it made but little difference to the blind monarch, who must have hailed, with mingled shame and delight, the victorious entry of the British under General Lake, in 1803, after

the defeat of the French officers in Scindiah's service. This was on the 12th of September; but on the 8th of October, Delhi narrowly escaped being surprised by Holkar, who suddenly appeared before the walls with upwards of a hundred guns, and perhaps 70,000 men. The British garrison consisted of about 800 sepoy, with eleven guns, in addition to a small force of irregulars, horse and foot, who either deserted or fled at the approach of the enemy. Colonel Ochterlony was the Resident; but the military command was vested in Colonel Burn, and nobly did he acquit himself of his arduous duty. On the ninth day of the siege, after delivering a murderous assault, Holkar was compelled to withdraw with disgrace and loss.

At that time the walls were in such disrepair that they crumbled away under the concussion of the guns that were mounted on them. Since then, however, they have been considerably strengthened, and could scarcely be breached without heavy artillery. It is probable, indeed, that if a battery could be opened upon the palace walls from the opposite side of the river, an early success might be obtained; but this could only be done before the rains had swelled the volume of waters.

Previous to the present insurrection, the King of Delhi was in the receipt of an annual pension amounting to £150,000, and the use of the palace or fort, over the 12,000 inmates of which he played the part of a sovereign, excepting that he had no power to take life. From a mistaken delicacy, and partly, perhaps, from an overweening confidence in our own power, he was permitted to retain the title of king; but that privilege would in any case have expired with the present occupant of that unreal throne and shadowy dignity. Whether of his own accord, or reluctantly yielding to a pressure he could not resist, the mock king has now sealed the final doom of his dynasty. The last of the Mogul monarchs has taken his seat in the hall of audience; and—in the words of the Persian poet, quoted by Bishop Heber—the spider shall hang her tapestry in the palace of the Cæsars.

From Titan.

## THE RESCUE, THE RUN, AND THE RUIN;

OR, INNSBRÜCK AND ITS ECHOES.

HAVE you ever noticed what slight regard to local beauty has been shown by the founders of many of our European capitals? A glance at their situation suggests the idea, that the somewhat mythical personages (whoever they were) who planted the first stakes and mapped out the first streets of many a metropolis of the West, must have been singularly deficient in appreciation of natural beauty. Look at Paris: it is a brilliant and a beautiful capital; but it is so rather in despite, than in consequence, of its position on that featureless plain beside the winding Seine. Look at Madrid: planted *ad hoc* to nothing at all, in the midst of an arid flat, which in summer is parched into thirst by the hot breath from the drowsy sierras in the distance, and in winter shivers under the unbroken sweep of the winds from those same sierras, now wrapped in their glittering shroud of snow. Look at Munich, on its bare and lofty platform: there are exquisite sites hard by, amidst those green slopes, where the beautiful Tyrolean Alps are shaded off into the dull plains of Bavaria. But the monks who founded Munich, and gave a name to the city, (*München*), had only an eye to their profitable merchandise in salt; and hence, around their old warehouses were crystallized by degrees those rude elements of civilization which have now developed themselves into a splendid capital, glowing with frescoes and shining with marbles. Our remark would apply with similar force to St. Petersburg, fighting its way into supremacy against the frowns of nature in winter, and its hard, dry smile in summer, while the Neva thunders forth a vain but tremendous protest as soon as its frost-shackles are riven in the spring. We are aware that there are brilliant refutations of our theory; such as Naples, with its perfect dower of beauty, or Florence, scarcely less bountifully endowed by the hand of the Creator. But we are convinced that one of the most marked exceptions to the general rule is to be found

in Innsbrück, that little mountain metropolis of the Tyrol. It is a perfect gem, this small city of Innsbrück; and it is deeply set in such a circle of magnificent mountains, as scarcely another capital in the world may boast. The river Inn, which has been making its willful way through one profound valley after another, is here spanned by a bridge, which gives its name to the little city (*Innsbrück*) standing on its green banks. Mountains 6000 and 8000 feet high gather around the town, as if to keep watch and ward about its walls. Indeed, so close is their vigil, that it is said the wolves can look down into the streets beneath their own craggy fastnesses, and speculate in their hungry minds upon which of the portly burghers and of the plump *frauleins* they would like to sup. In truth, one of the most impressive features in the Tyrol is the suddenness of the *spring* which is made by the mountains from the deepest depth of the valleys. You may draw your finger along the very line where the foot of some mountain, which wears its silver coronet on its royal brow 10,000 feet above you, is planted in the green vale below. And thus from the ground-floor of your hotel in Innsbrück, which was once the house of the patriot Hofer, you look up to the roofs of the six-storied houses on the opposite side of the extremely narrow street, and you see the white forehead of a mighty mountain serenely looking down upon you, where you thought to see naught but a narrow strip of blue ether, or the bright wing of some roving cloud.

But the charm of Innsbrück lies not only in its glittering peaks with their dark girdle of pine forest clasped by shining glaciers, and draped around their feet with festooned vines and golden fringes of maize. You feel that history has made an atmosphere of its own around you, other than that which is woven of the fleecy mists of the valley, or elastic with the pure ether of the mountain-top. Let

us take our stand for a moment in the whispering gallery of the past, and catch some few of the echoes which are vibrating in the air.

#### THE RESCUE.

You are standing on a narrow thread-like road, which has barely room to draw itself along between the rocky bank of the river Inn, and the base of a frowning buttress of the Solstein, which towers many hundred feet perpendicularly above you. You throw your head far back, and look up; and there you have a vision of a plumed hunter, lofty and chivalrous in his bearing, who is bounding heedlessly on after a chamois to the very verge of the precipice. Mark! he loses his footing, he rolls helplessly from rock to rock! There is a pause in his headlong course. What is it that arrests him? Ah! he puts forth his mighty strength, and clings hand and foot, with the gripe of despair, to a narrow ledge of rock, and there he hangs over the abyss! It is the Emperor Maximilian! The Abbot of Wiltau comes forth from his cell, sees an imperial destiny suspended between heaven and earth, and crossing himself with awe, bids prayers be put up for the welfare of a passing soul. Hark! there is a wild cry ringing through the upper air! Ha! Zyps of Zirl, thou hunted and hunting outlaw, art thou out upon the heights at this fearful moment? Watch the hardy mountaineer! He binds his *crampions* on his feet—he is making his perilous way towards his failing Emperor, now bounding like a hunted chamois, now creeping like an insect, now clinging like a root of ivy, now dropping like a squirrel. He reaches the fainting monarch just as he relaxes his grasp on the jutting rock. Courage, Kaiser! [Emperor] there is a hunter's hand for thee, a hunter's iron-shod foot to guide thee to safety. Look! They clamber up the face of the rock on points and ledges, where scarce the small hoof of the chamois might find a hold; and the peasant folk still maintain that an angel came down to their master's rescue. We will, however, refer the marvelous escape to the interposing hand of a pitying Providence. Zyps the outlaw becomes "Count Halloer von Hohenfelsen," "Lord of the wild cry of the lofty rock;" and in the old pension-list of the proud house of Hapsburg, may still be seen an

entry to this effect, that sixteen florins were paid annually to "one Zyps of Zirl." As you look up from the base of the Martinswand, you may with pains distinguish a cross which has been planted on the narrow ledge where the Emperor was rescued by the outlaw.

#### THE RUN.

Here is another vision, an imperial one also. The night is dark and wild. Gustly winds come howling down from the mountain passes, driving sheets of blinding rain before them, and whirling them round in hissing eddies. At intervals the clouds are rent asunder, and the moon takes a hurried look at the world below. What does she see, and what can we hear?—for there are other sounds stirring beside the ravings of the tempest in that wild cleft of the mountains which guard Innsbruck on the Carinthian side. There is a hurried tramp of feet, a crowding and crushing up through the steep and narrow gorge, a mutter of suppressed voices, a fitful glancing of torches which now flare up bravely enough, now wither in a moment before the derisive laugh of the storm. At the head of the *melee* there is a litter borne on the shoulders of a set of sure-footed hunters of the hills; and around this litter is clustered a moving constellation of lamps, which are anxiously shielded from the rude wrath of the tempest. A group of stately figures wrapped in rich military cloaks, with helms glistening in the torch-light, and plumes streaming on the wind, struggles onward beside the litter. And who is this reclining there, his teeth firmly set to imprison the stifled groan of physical anguish? He is but fifty-three years of age, but the lines of premature decay are plowed deep along brow and cheek, while his yellow locks are silvered and crisped with care. Who can mistake that full, expansive forehead, that aquiline nose, that cold, stern, blue eye, and that heavy, obstinate, Austrian under-lip, for other than those of the mighty Emperor Charles V.? And can this suffering invalid, flying from foes who are almost on the heels of his attendants, jolted over craggy passes in midnight darkness, buffeted by the tempests, and withered by the sneer of adverse fortune—can this be the Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, Lord of the Nether-



lands, of Naples, of Lombardy, and proud chief of the golden Western World? Yes, Charles, thou art reading a stern lesson by that fitful torch-light; but thy strong will is yet unbent, and thy stern nature yet unsoftened. And who is the swift "avenger of blood" who is following close as a sleuth-hound on thy track? It is Maurice of Saxony, the unscrupulous but intrepid leader of the Protestant cause—a match for thee in boldness of daring and in strength of will. But Charles wins the midnight race; and yet, instead of bowing before Him whose "long-suffering would lead to repentance," he ascribes his escape to the "star of Austria," ever in the ascendant, and mutters his favorite saying: "Myself, and the lucky moment."

#### THE RUIN.

One more scene: it is the year 1809. Bonaparte has decreed in the secret council-chamber, where his own will is his sole adviser, that the Tyrol shall be cleared of its troublesome nest of warrior-hunters. 10,000 French and Bavarian soldiers have penetrated as far as the upper Junthal, and are pushing boldly on towards Prutz. But the mountain-walls of this profound valley are closing gloomily together, as if they would forbid even the indignant river to force its wild way betwixt them. *Is* there a path through the frowning gorge other than that rocky way which is fiercely held by the torrent? Yes; there is a narrow road, painfully grooved by the hand of man out of the mountain side, now running along like a gallery, now dropping down to the brink of the stream. But the glittering array winds on. There is the heavy tread of the foot soldiers, the trampling of horse, the dull rumble of the guns, the waving and flapping of the colors, and the angry remonstrance of the

Inn. But all else is still as a midnight sleep, except indeed when the eagles of the crag, startled from their eyries, raise their shrill cry as they spread their living wing above the gilded eagles of France. Suddenly a voice was heard far up amidst the mists of the heights—not the eagles' cry *this* time—not the freak of a wayward echo—but human words, which say, "*Shall we begin?*" Silence! It is a host that holds its breath and listens. Was it a spirit of the upper air parleying with its kind? If so, it has its answer countersigned across the dark gulf: "*Noch nicht!*"—not yet! The whole invading army pause; there is a wavering and writhing in the glittering serpent-length of that mighty force which is helplessly uncoiled along the base of the mountain. But, hark! the voice of the hills is heard again, and it says, "*Now!*" *Now* then descends the wild avalanche of destruction, and all its tumult, dismay, and death. The very crags of the mountain-side, loosened in preparation, come bounding, thundering down. Trunks and roots of pine trees, gathering speed on their headlong way, are launched down upon the powerless foe, mingled with the deadly hail from the Tyrolese rifles. And this fearful storm descends along the whole line at once. No marvel that two thirds of all that brilliant invading army are crushed to death along the grooved pathway, or are tumbled, horse and man, into the choked and swollen river. Enough of horrors! Who would willingly linger on the hideous details of such a scene? Sorrowful that man should come, with his evil ambitions and his fierce revenges, to stain and to spoil such wonders of beauty as the hand of the Creator has here moulded! Sorrowful that man, in league with the Serpent, should writhe into such scenes as these, and poison them with the virus of sin!

From Chambers's Journal.

## A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

## FEMALE FRIENDSHIPS.

"AND what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep,  
A shade that follows wealth and fame,  
And leaves the wretch to weep?"

THIS remark, expressed too tersely and intelligibly to be considered "poetry" nowadays, must apply to the nobler sex. Few observant persons will allege against ours, that even in its lowest form our friendship is deceitful. Fickle it may be, weak, exaggerated, sentimental—the mere lath-and-plaster imitation of a palace great enough for a demigod to dwell in—but it is rarely false, parasitical, or diplomatic. The countless secondary motives which many men are mean enough to have—nay, to own—are all but impossible to us; impossible from the very faults of our nature—our frivolity, irrationality, and incapacity to seize on more than one idea at the same time. In truth, a sad proportion of us are too empty-headed to be double-minded, too shallow to be insincere. Nay, even the worst of us being more direct and simple of character than men are, our lightest friendship—the merest passing liking that we decorate with that name—is, while it lasts, more true than the generality of the so-called "friendships" of mankind.

But—and this "but" will, I am aware, raise a whole nest of hornets—from their very peculiarities of temperament, women's friendships are rarely or never so firm, so just, or so enduring, as those of men—when you can find them. Damon and Pythias, Orestes and Pylades, Brutus and Cassius—last and loveliest, David and Jonathan, are pictures unmatched by any from our sex, including the far-famed ladies of Llangollen. When such a bond really does exist, from its exception to general masculine idiosyncrasies—especially the enormous absorption in and devotion to number one—from its total absence of sentimentalities, its undemonstrative-

ness, depth, and power, a friendship between two men is a higher thing than between any two women—nay, one of the highest and noblest sights in the whole world. Precisely as, were comparisons not as foolish as they are odious, a truly good man, from the larger capacities of male nature both for virtue and vice, is, in one sense, more good than any good woman. But this question I leave to controversialists who enjoy breaking their own heads, or one another's, over a bone of contention which is usually not worth picking, after all.

Yet, though dissenting from much of the romance talked about female friendships, believing that two thirds of them spring from mere idleness, or from that *besoin d'aimer* which, for want of natural domestic ties, makes this one a temporary substitute, Heaven forbid I should so malign my sex as to say they are incapable of an emotion which, in its right form and place, constitutes the strength, help, and sweetness of many, many lives; and the more so, because it is one of the first sweetnesses we know.

Probably there are few women who have not had some first friendship, as delicious and almost as passionate as first love. It may not last—it seldom does; but at the time, it is one of the purest, most self-forgetful, and self-denying attachments that the human heart can experience; with many, the nearest approximation to that feeling called love—I mean love in its highest form, apart from all selfishnesses and sensuousnesses—which in all their after-life they will ever know. This girlish friendship, however fleeting in its character, and romantic, even silly, in its manifestations, let us take heed how we make light of, lest we be mocking at things more sacred than we are aware.

And yet, it is not the real thing—not *friendship*, but rather a kind of foreshadowing of love; as jealous, as exact-

ing, as unreasoning—as wildly happy and supremely miserable; ridiculously so to a looker-on, but to the parties concerned, as vivid and sincere as any after-passion into which the girl may fall; for the time being, perhaps long after, coloring all her world. Yet it is but a dream, to melt away like a dream when love appears; or if it then wishes to keep up its vitality at all, it must change its character, temper its exactions, resign its rights; in short, be buried and come to life again in a totally different form. Afterward, should Laura and Matilda, with a house to mind and a husband to fuss over, find themselves actually kissing the babies instead of one another—and managing to exist for a year without meeting, or a month without letter-writing, yet feel life no blank, and affection a reality still—then their attachment has taken its true shape, as friendship, shown itself capable of friendship's distinguishing feature—namely, tenderness without appropriation; and the women, young or old, will love one another to the end of their lives.

Perhaps this, which is the test of the sentiment, explains why we thus seldom attain to it, in its highest phase, because nature has made us in all our feelings so intensely personal. We have instincts, passions, domestic affections, but friendship is, strictly speaking, none of the three. It is—to borrow the phrase so misused by that arch *im-moralist*, that high-priest of intellectual self-worship, Goethe—an elective affinity, based upon the spiritual consanguinity which, though frequently coexistent with, is different from any tie of instinct or of blood relationship. Therefore, neither the sanctities nor weaknesses of these rightly appertain to it; its duties, immunities, benefits, and pains belong to a distinct sphere, of which the vital atmosphere is perfect liberty. A bond, not of nature but of choice, it should exist and be maintained calm, free, and clear, having neither rights nor jealousies; at once the firmest and most independent of all human ties.

"Enough," said Rasselas to Imlac; "you convince me that no man can ever be a poet." And truly, reviewing friendship in its purest essence, one is prone to think that, in this imperfect world of ours, no man—certainly no woman—ever can be a *friend*. And yet we all own some dozens; from Mrs. Granville Jones, who invites "a few friends"—say two hundred

—to pass with her a "social evening"—to the poor costermonger, who shouts after the little pugilistic sweep the familiar tragico-comic saying: "Hit him hard; he's got no friends!" And who that is not an utter misanthrope, would refuse to those of his or her acquaintance that persist in claiming it, the kindly title, and the pleasant social charities which belong thereto?

"Love is sweet  
Given or returned;"

and so is friendship; when, be it ever so infinitesimal in quantity, its quality is unadulterated; springing, as I repeat, women's friendship almost always does spring, out of that one-idea'd impulsiveness, often wrong-headed, but rarely evil-hearted, which makes us at once so charming and so troublesome, and which, I fear, never will be got out of us till we cease to be women, and become what men sometimes call us—and they well know they give us but too much need to be—angels.

Yes, with all our folly, we are not false: not even when Lavinia Smith adores with all her innocent soul the condescending Celestina Jones, though, meeting twenty years after as fat Mrs. Brown and vulgar Mrs. Green, they may with difficulty remember one another's Christian names: not when Bessy Thompson, blessed with three particularly nice brothers, owns likewise three times three "dearest" friends, who honestly persuade themselves and her that they come only to see dear Bessy: nevertheless, the fondness is real enough to out-last many bothers caused by said brothers, or even a cantankerous sister-in-law to end with. Nay, when Miss Hopkins, that *middle-aged* and strong-minded "*young lady*" of blighted affections, and Mrs. Jenkins, that woman of sublime aspirations, who has unluckily "mated with a clown," coalesce against the opposite sex, fall into one another's arms and vow eternal friendship—for a year; after which, for five more, they make all their acquaintances uncomfortable by their eternal enmity—even in this lamentable phase of the sentiment, it is certainly more respectable than the time-serving, place-hunting, dinner-seeking devotion which Messrs. Tape and Tadpole choose to denominate "friendship."

Men may laugh at us, and we deserve it: we are often egregious fools, but we are

honest fools; and our folly, at least in this matter, usually ends when theirs begins—with middle life, or marriage.

It is the unmarried, the solitary, who are most prone to that sort of "sentimental" friendship with their own or the opposite sex, which, though often most noble, unselfish, and true, is in some form ludicrous, in others dangerous. For two women, past earliest girlhood, to be completely absorbed in one another, and make public demonstration of the fact, by caresses or quarrels, is so repugnant to common-sense, that where it ceases to be silly, it becomes actually wrong. But to see two women, whom Providence has denied nearer ties, by a wise substitution making the best of fate, loving, sustaining, and comforting one another, with a tenderness often closer than that of sisters, because it has all the novelty of election which belongs to the conjugal tie itself—this, I say, is an honorable and lovely sight.

Not less so the friendship—rare, I grant, yet quite possible—which subsists between a man and woman whom circumstances or their own idiosyncrasies, preclude from the slightest chance of ever "falling in love." That such friendships can exist, especially between persons of a certain temperament and order of mind, and remain for a lifetime, utterly pure, interfering with no rights, and transgressing no law of morals or society, most people's observation of life will testify; and he must take a very low view of human nature who dares to say that these attachments, satirically termed "Platonic," are impossible. But, at the same time, common-sense must allow that they are rare to find, and not the happiest always, when found; because in some degree they are contrary to nature. Nature's law undoubtedly is, that our nearest ties should be those of blood—father or brother, sister or mother—until comes the closer one of marriage; and it is always, if not wrong, rather pitiful, when any extraneous bond comes in between to forestall the entire affection that a young man ought to bring to his future wife, a young woman to her husband. I say *ought*—God knows if they ever do! But, however fate, or folly, or wickedness may interfere to prevent it, not the less true is the undoubted fact, that happy-above all must be that marriage where neither husband nor wife ever had a friend so dear as one another.

After marriage, for either party to have or to desire a dearer or closer friend than the other, is a state of things so inconceivably deplorable—the more erring, the more deplorable—that it will not bear discussion. Such cases there are; but He who in the mystery of marriage prefigured a greater mystery still, alone can judge them, for He only knows their miseries, their temptations, and their wrongs.

While allowing that a treaty of friendship "pure and simple," can exist between a man and woman—under peculiar circumstances, even between a young man and a young woman, it must also be allowed that the experiment is difficult, often dangerous; so dangerous, that the matter-of-fact half of the world will not believe in it at all. Parents and guardians very naturally object to a gentleman's "hanging up his hat" in their houses, or taking sentimental twilight rambles with their fair young daughters. They insist, and justly, that he ought to

"Come with a good will, or come not at all;"

namely, as a mere acquaintance, a pleasant friend of the family—the *whole* family, or as a declared suitor. And though this may fall rather hard upon the young man, who has just a hundred a year, and with every disposition towards flirting, a strong horror of matrimony—still, it is wisest and best. It may save both parties from frittering away in a score of false sentimental likings the love that ought to belong but to one; or, still worse, from committing or suffering what, beginning blamelessly on either side, frequently ends in incurable pain, irremediable wrong.

Therefore, it is, generally speaking, those further on in life, with whom the love-phase is past, or for whom it never existed, who may best use the right which every pure and independent heart undoubtedly has, of saying: "I take this man or woman for my friend: only a friend—never either more or less—whom as such I mean to keep to the end of my days." And if more of these, who really know what friendship is, would have the moral courage to assert its dignity against the sneers of society, which is loth to believe in any thing higher and purer than itself—I think it would be all the better for the world.



Women's friendships with one another are of course free from all these perils, and yet they have their own. The wonderful law of sex—which exists spiritually as well as materially, and often independent of matter altogether—since we see many a man who is much more of a woman, and many a woman who would certainly be the “better-half” of any man who cared for her—this law can rarely be withstood with impunity. In most friends whose attachment is specially deep and lasting, we can usually trace a difference—of strong or weak, gay or grave, brilliant or solid—answering in some measure to the difference of sex. Otherwise, a close, all-engrossing friendship between two women would seldom last long; or if it did, by their mutual feminine weaknesses acting and reacting upon one another, would most likely narrow the sympathies and deteriorate the character of both.

Herein lies the distinction—marked and unalienable—between friendship and love. The latter, being a natural necessity, requires but *the one*, whom it absorbs and assimilates till the two diverse and often opposite characters, become a safe unity—according to divine ordinance, “one flesh.” But friendship, to be friendship at all, must have an independent self-existence, capable of gradations and varieties; for though we all can have but one dearest friend, it would argue small power of either appreciating or loving, to have only one friend.

On the other hand, the “hare with many friends” has passed into a proverb. Such a condition is manifestly impossible. The gentleman who, in answer to his servant's request to be allowed to go and “see a friend,” cries:

“Fetch me my coat, John! Though the night be raw,  
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw:”

this cynic, poor wretch, speaks wiser than he is aware of. One simple fact explains and limits the whole question—that those only can find true *friends* who have in themselves the will and capacity to be such.

A *friend*. Not perhaps until later life, until the follies, passions, and selfishnesses of youth have died out, do we—I mean especially we women—recognize the inestimable blessing, the responsibility, awful

as sweet, of possessing or of being a friend. And though, not willing to run counter to the world's kindly custom, we may give that solemn title to many who do not exactly own it; though year by year the fierce experience of life, through death, circumstance, or change, narrows the circle of those that do own it; still that man or woman must have been very unfortunate—perhaps as there can be no result without a cause, worse than unfortunate—who, looking back on thirty, forty, or fifty years of existence, can not say from the heart: “I thank God for my friends.”

People rarely long keep what they do not deserve. If you find any who, in the decline of life, have few “auld acquaintance,” and those few “never brought to mind,” but in their stead a lengthy list of friends who are such no more, who have “ill-treated” them, or with whom they had a “slight coolness;” if they are always finding fault with the friends they now have, and accusing them of ingratitude or neglect; if they tell you these friends' secrets, and expect you in return to tell them all *your* friends' secrets, and your own—beware of these people! They may have many good qualities; you may like them very much, and keep them as most pleasant society; but as for resting your heart upon them, you might as well rest it upon a burning rock or a broken reed.

But if you find people who through all life's vicissitudes and pangs have preserved a handful of real “friends”—exclusive of you, for it takes years to judge the value of friendship towards ourselves—if on the whole they complain little either of these friends or of the world, which rarely misuses a good man or woman forever; if they bestow no extravagant devotion on you, nor expect from you one whit more than you freely give; if they never, under any excuse, however personally flattering, talk to you about a third party as you would shrink from their talking to any third party about you—then, be satisfied:

“Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel!”

Never let them loose; suffer no changing tide of fortune to sweep them from you—no later friendships to usurp their place. Be very patient with them; bear their lit-

tle faults as they must bear yours; make allowance for the countless unintentional slights, neglects, or offenses, that we all must, in the whirl of life, both endure and commit towards those who form not a part but an adjunct of our existence—remembering, as I said before, that the very element in which true friendship lives, and out of which it can not live at all, is perfect *liberty*.

Friendship once conceived should, like love, in one sense last forever. That it does not; that in the world's harsh wear and tear many a very sincere attachment is slowly obliterated, or both parties grow out of it and cast it, like a snake his last year's skin—though that implies something of the snake-nature, I fear—are facts too mournfully common to be denied. But there is a third fact as mournfully uncommon, which needs to be remembered likewise: we may lose the friend—the friendship we never can or ought to lose. Actively, it may exist no more; but passively, it is just as binding as the first moment when we pledged it, as we believed, forever. Its duties, like its delights, may have become a dead letter; but none of its claims or confidences have we ever afterwards the smallest right to abjure or to break.

And here is one accusation which I must sorrowfully bring against women, as being much more guilty than men. We can keep a secret—ay, against all satire, I protest we can—while the confider remains our friend; but if that tie ceases, pop! out it comes! and in the bitterness of invective, the pang of wounded feeling, or afterwards in mere thoughtlessness and easy forgetting of what is so easily healed, a thousand things are said and done for which nothing can ever atone. The lost friendship which, once certain that it is past all revival, ought to be buried as solemnly and silently as a lost love, is cast out into the open street for all the snarling curs of society to gnaw at and mangle, and all the contemptuous misogynists who pass by to point the finger at—"See what your grand ideals all come to!"

Good women—dear my sisters! be our friendships false or true, wise or foolish, living or dead—let us at least learn to keep them sacred! Men are far better

than we in this. Rarely will a man voluntarily or thoughtlessly betray a friend's confidence, either at the time or afterwards. He will say, even to his own wife, "I can't tell you this—I have no right to tell you;" and if she has the least spark of good feeling, she will honor and love him all the dearer for so saying. More rarely still will a man be heard, as women constantly are, speaking ill of some friend who a little while before, while the friendship lasted, was all perfection. What is necessary to be said he will say, but not a syllable more, leaving all the rest in that safe, still atmosphere where all good fructifies and evil perishes—the atmosphere of silence.

Ay, above all things, what women need to learn in their friendships is the sanctity of silence—silence in outward demonstration, silence under wrong, silence with regard to the outside world, and often a delicate silence between one another. About the greatest virtue a friend can have, is to be able to hold her tongue; and though this, like all virtues carried to extremity, may grow into a fault, and do great harm, still it never can do so much harm as that horrible laxity and profligacy of speech which is at the root of half the quarrels, cruelties, and injustices of the world.

And let every woman, old or young, in commencing a friendship, be careful that it is to the right thing she has given the right name. If so, let her enter upon it thoughtfully, earnestly, advisedly, as upon an engagement made for life, which in truth it is: since, whether its duration be brief or long, it is a tangible reality, and, as such, must have its influence on the total chronicle of existence, wherein no line can ever be quite blotted out. Let her, with the strength and comfort of it, prepare to take the burden; determined, whatever the other may do, to fulfill her own part and act up to her own duty, absolutely and conscientiously, to the end. For truly, the greatest of all external blessings is it to be able to lean your heart against another heart, faithful, tender, true, and tried, and record with a thankfulness that years deepen instead of diminish: "I have got a friend."

From Dickens's Household Words.

## A QUEEN'S REVENGE.

THE name of Gustavus Adolphus, the faithful Protestant, the great General, and the good King of Sweden, has been long since rendered familiar to readers of history. We all know how this renowned warrior and monarch was beloved by his soldiers and subjects, how successfully he fought through a long and fearful war, and how nobly he died on the field of battle. With his death, however, the interest of the English reader in Swedish affairs seems to terminate. Those who have followed the narrative of his life carefully to the end may remember that he left behind him an only child—a daughter named Christina; but of the character of this child, and of her extraordinary adventures after she grew to womanhood, the public in England is for the most part entirely ignorant. In the popular historical and romantic literature of France, Queen Christina is a prominent and a notorious character. In the literature of this country, she has hitherto been allowed but little chance of making her way to the notice of the world at large.

And yet the life of this woman is in itself a romance. At six years old, she was Queen of Sweden, with the famous Oxenstiern for guardian. This great and good man governed the kingdom in her name until she had lived through her minority. Four years after her coronation, she of her own accord abdicated her rights in favor of her cousin, Charles Gustavus. Young and beautiful, the most learned and most accomplished woman of her time, she resolutely turned her back on the throne of her inheritance, and, publicly betraying her dislike of the empty pomp and irksome restraint of royalty, set forth to wander through civilized Europe in the character of an independent traveler, who was resolved to see all varieties of men and manners, to collect all the knowledge which the widest experience could give her, and to measure her mind boldly against the greatest minds of the age wherever she went. So far, the interest excited by her character

and her adventures is of the most picturesquely attractive kind. There is something strikingly new in the spectacle of a young Queen who prefers the pursuit of knowledge to the possession of a throne, and who barter a royal birthright for the privilege of being free. Unhappily, the portrait of Christina can not be painted throughout in bright colors only. It is not pleasant to record of her, that, when her travels brought her to Rome, she abandoned the religion for which her father fought and died. It is still less agreeable to add, that she freed herself from other restraints besides the restraint of royalty, and that, if she was mentally distinguished by her capacities, she was also morally disgraced by her vices and her crimes.

The events in the strange life of Christina—especially those which are connected with her actions and adventures in the character of a queen-errant—present the freshest and the most ample materials for a biography, which might be regarded in England as a new contribution to our historical literature. Within the necessarily limited space at our command in these columns, it is impossible to follow her, with sufficient attention to details, through the adventures which attended her traveling career. One, however, among the many strange and startling passages in her life may profitably be introduced in this place. The events of which the narrative is composed throw light, in many ways, on the manners, habits, and opinions, of a past age, and they can, moreover, be presented in this place in the very words of an eye-witness, who beheld them two centuries ago.

The scene is in Paris; the time is the close of the year sixteen hundred and fifty-seven; the persons are the wandering Queen Christina, her grand equerry, the Marquis Monaldeschi, and Father Le Bel of the convent of Fontainebleau, the witness whose testimony we are shortly about to cite.

Monaldeschi, as his name implies, was

an Italian by birth. He was a handsome, accomplished man, refined in his manners, supple in his disposition, and possessed of the art of making himself eminently agreeable in the society of women. With these personal recommendations, he soon won his way to the favor of Queen Christina. Out of the long list of her lovers, not one of the many whom she encouraged caught so long and firm a hold of her capricious fancy as Monaldeschi. The intimacy between them probably took its rise, on her side at least, in as deep a sincerity of affection as it was in Christina's nature to feel. On the side of the Italian, the connection was prompted solely by ambition. As soon as he had risen to the distinction and reaped all the advantages of the position of chief favorite in the Queen's Court, he wearied of his royal mistress, and addressed his attentions secretly to a young Roman lady, whose youth and beauty powerfully attracted him, and whose fatal influence over his actions ultimately led to his ruin and his death.

After endeavoring to ingratiate himself with the Roman lady in various ways, Monaldeschi found that the surest means of winning her favor lay in satisfying her malicious curiosity on the subject of the private life and the secret frailties of Queen Christina. He was not a man who was troubled by any scrupulous feelings of honor, when the interests of his own intrigues happened to be concerned; and he shamelessly took advantage of the position that he held towards Christina to commit breaches of confidence of the most inexcusably ungrateful and the most meanly infamous kind. He gave to the Roman lady the series of the Queen's letters to himself, which contained secrets that she had revealed to him in the fullest confidence of his worthiness to be trusted; more than this, he wrote letters of his own to the new object of his addresses, in which he ridiculed the Queen's fondness for him, and sarcastically described her smallest personal defects with a heartless effrontery which the most patient and long-suffering of women would have found it impossible to forgive. While he was thus privately betraying the confidence that had been reposed in him, he was publicly affecting the most unalterable attachment and the most sincere respect for the Queen.

For some time, this disgraceful decep-

tion proceeded successfully. But the hour of the discovery was appointed, and the instrument of effecting it was a certain Cardinal who was desirous of supplanting Monaldeschi in the Queen's favor. The priest contrived to get possession of the whole correspondence which had been privately placed in the hands of the Roman lady, including, besides Christina's letters, the letters which Monaldeschi had written in ridicule of his royal mistress. The whole collection of documents was inclosed by the Cardinal in one packet, and was presented by him, at a private audience, to the Queen.

It is at this critical point of the story that the testimony of the eye-witness whom we propose to quote, begins. Father Le Bel was present at the fearful execution of the Queen's vengeance on Monaldeschi, and was furnished with copies of the whole correspondence which had been abstracted from the possession of the Roman lady. Having been trusted with the secret, he is wisely and honorably silent throughout his narrative on the subject of Monaldeschi's offense. Such particulars of the Italian's baseness and ingratitude as have been presented here, have been gathered from the somewhat contradictory reports which were current at the time, and which have been preserved by the old French collectors of historical anecdotes. Such further details of the extraordinary punishment of Monaldeschi's offense as are now to follow, may be given in the words of Father Le Bel himself. The reader will understand that his narrative begins immediately after Christina's discovery of the perfidy of her favorite.

The 6th of November, 1657, (writes Father Le Bel,) at a quarter past nine in the morning, Queen Christina of Sweden, being at that time lodged in the royal palace of Fontainebleau, sent one of her men-servants to my convent, to obtain an interview with me. The messenger, on being admitted to my presence, inquired if I was the superior of the convent; and when I replied in the affirmative, informed me that I was expected to present myself immediately before the Queen of Sweden.

Fearful of keeping her Majesty waiting, I followed the man at once to the palace, without waiting to take any of my brethren from the convent with me. After a little delay in the ante-chamber, I was shown into the Queen's room. She was



alone; and I saw, by the expression of her face, as I respectfully begged to be favored with her commands, that something was wrong. She hesitated for a moment; then told me, rather sharply, to follow her to a place where she might speak with the certainty of not being overheard. She led me into the *Galerie des Cerfs*, and, turning round on me suddenly, asked if we had ever met before. I informed her Majesty that I had once had the honor of presenting my respects to her, that she had received me graciously, and that there the interview had ended. She nodded her head, and looked about her a little, then said, very abruptly, that I wore a dress (referring to my convent costume) which encouraged her to put perfect faith in my honor; and she desired me to promise beforehand that I would keep the secret with which she was about to intrust me, as strictly as if I had heard it in the confessional. I answered, respectfully, that it was part of my sacred profession to be trusted with secrets; that I had never betrayed the private affairs of any one, and that I could answer for myself as worthy to be honored by the confidence of a Queen.

Upon this, her Majesty handed me a packet of papers, sealed in three places, but having no superscription of any sort. She ordered me to keep it under lock and key, and to be prepared to give it her back again before any person in whose presence she might see fit to ask me for it. She further charged me to remember the day, the hour, and the place, in which she had given me the packet; and with that last piece of advice, she dismissed me. I left her alone in the gallery, walking slowly away from me, with her head drooping on her bosom, and her mind, as well as I could presume to judge, perturbed by anxious thoughts.\*

On Saturday, the 10th of November, at one o'clock in the afternoon, I was sent for from Fontainebleau again. I took the packet out of my private cabinet, feeling that I might be asked for it, and then followed the messenger as before. This time he led me at once to the *Galerie des Cerfs*. The moment I entered it, he shut the door behind me with such extraordinary haste

and violence, that I felt a little startled. As soon as I recovered myself, I saw her Majesty standing in the middle of the gallery, talking to one of the gentlemen of her Court, who was generally known by the name of the Marquis, and whom I soon ascertained to be the Marquis Monaldeschi, Grand Equerry of the Queen of Sweden. I approached her Majesty and made my bow, then stood before her, waiting until she should think proper to address me.

With a stern look on her face, and with a loud, clear, steady voice, she asked me, before the Marquis, and before three other men, who were also in the gallery, for the packet which she had confided to my care. As she made that demand, two of the three men moved back a few paces, while the third, the captain of her guard, advanced rather nearer to her. I handed her back the packet. She looked at it thoughtfully for a little while; then opened it, and took out the letters and written papers which it contained, handed them to the Marquis Monaldeschi, and insisted on his reading them. When he had obeyed, she asked him, with the same stern look and the same steady voice, whether he had any knowledge of the documents which he had just been reading. The Marquis turned deadly pale, and answered, that he had now read the papers referred to for the first time.

"Do you deny all knowledge of them?" said the Queen. "Answer me plainly, sir. Yes or no."

The Marquis turned paler still. "I deny all knowledge of them," he said, in faint tones, with his eyes on the ground.

"Do you deny all knowledge of these, too?" said the Queen, suddenly producing a second packet of manuscript from under her dress, and thrusting it in the Marquis's face.

He started, drew back a little, and answered not a word. The packet which the Queen had given to me contained copies only. The original papers were those which she had just thrust in the Marquis's face.

"Do you deny your own seal and your own handwriting?" she asked.

He murmured a few words, acknowledging both the seal and the handwriting to be his own, and added some phrases of excuse, in which he endeavored to cast the blame that attached to the writing of the letters on the shoulders of other persons.

\* Although Father Le Bel discreetly abstains from mentioning the fact, it seems clear from the context that he was permitted to read, and that he did read, the papers contained in the packet.

While he was speaking, the three men in attendance on the Queen silently closed round him.

Her Majesty heard him to the end. "You are a traitor," she said, and turned her back on him.

The three men, as she spoke those words drew their swords.

The Marquis heard the clash of the blades against the scabbards, and, looking quickly round, saw the drawn swords behind him. He caught the Queen by the arm immediately, and drew her away with him, first into one corner of the gallery, then into another, entreating her in the most moving terms to listen to him, and to believe in the sincerity of his repentance. The Queen let him go on talking, without showing the least sign of anger or impatience. Her color never changed; the stern look never left her countenance. There was something awful in the clear, cold, deadly resolution which her eyes expressed while they rested on the Marquis's face.

At last she shook herself free from his grasp, still without betraying the slightest irritation. The three men with the drawn swords, who had followed the Marquis silently as he led the Queen from corner to corner of the gallery, now closed round him again, as soon as he was left standing alone. There was perfect silence for a minute or more. Then the Queen addressed herself to me:

"Father," she said, "I charge you to bear witness that I treat this man with the strictest impartiality." She pointed, while she spoke, to the Marquis Monaldeschi with a little ebony riding-whip which she carried in her hand. "I offer that worthless traitor all the time he requires—more time than he has any right to ask for—to justify himself if he can."

The Marquis, hearing these words, took some letters from a place of concealment in his dress, and gave them to the Queen, along with a small bunch of keys. He snatched these last from his pocket so quickly, that he drew out with them a few small silver coins, which fell to the floor. As he addressed himself to the Queen again, she made a sign with her ebony riding-whip to the men with the drawn swords; and they retired towards one of the windows of the gallery. I, on my side, withdrew out of hearing. The conference which ensued between the Queen and the Marquis lasted nearly an hour. When it

was over, her Majesty beckoned the men back again with the whip, and then approached the place where I was standing.

"Father," she said, in her clear, ringing, resolute tones, "there is no need for me to remain here any longer. I leave that man," she pointed to the Marquis again, "to your care. Do all that you can for the good of his soul. He has failed to justify himself, and I doom him to die."

If I had heard sentence pronounced against myself, I could hardly have been more terrified than I was when the Queen uttered these last words. The Marquis heard them where he was standing, and flung himself at her feet. I dropped on my knees by his side, and entreated her to pardon him, or at least to visit his offense with some milder punishment than the punishment of death.

"I have said the words," she answered, addressing herself only to me; "and no power under heaven shall make me unsay them. Many a man has been broken alive on the wheel for offenses which were innocence itself compared with the offense which this perjured traitor has committed against me. I have trusted him as I might have trusted a brother; he has infamously betrayed that trust; and I exercise my royal rights over the life of a traitor. Say no more to me. I tell you again he is doomed to die."

With these words the Queen quitted the gallery, and left me alone with Monaldeschi and the three executioners who were waiting to kill him.

The unhappy man dropped on his knees at my feet, and implored me to follow the Queen, and make one more effort to obtain his pardon. Before I could answer a word, the three men surrounded him, held the points of their swords to his sides, without, however, actually touching him, and angrily recommended him to make his confession to me, without wasting any more time. I entreated them, with the tears in my eyes, to wait as long as they could, so as to give the Queen time to reflect, and perhaps to falter in her deadly intentions towards the Marquis. I succeeded in producing such an impression on the chief of the three men, that he left us, to obtain an interview with the Queen, and to ascertain if there was any change in her purpose. After a short absence he came back, shaking his head.

"There is no hope for you," he said,

addressing Monaldeschi. "Make your peace with Heaven. Prepare yourself to die!"

"Go to the Queen!" cried the Marquis, kneeling before me with clasped hands. "Go to the Queen yourself; make one more effort to save me! O my father, my father! run one more risk—venture one last entreaty—before you leave me to die!"

"Will you wait till I come back?" I said to the three men.

"We will wait," they answered, and lowered their sword-points to the ground.

I found the Queen alone in her room, without the slightest appearance of agitation in her face or her manner. Nothing that I could say had the slightest effect on her. I adjured her, by all that religion holds most sacred, to remember that the noblest privilege of any sovereign is the privilege of granting mercy; that the first of Christian duties is the duty of forgiving. She heard me unmoved. Seeing that entreaties were thrown away, I ventured, at my own proper hazard, on reminding her that she was not living now in her own kingdom of Sweden, but that she was the guest of the King of France, and lodged in one of his own palaces; and I boldly asked her, if she had calculated the possible consequences of authorizing the killing of one of her attendants inside the walls of Fontainebleau, without any preliminary form of trial, or any official notification of the offense he had committed. She answered me coldly, that it was enough that she knew the unpardonable nature of the offense of which Monaldeschi had been guilty; that she stood in a perfectly independent position towards the King of France; that she was absolute mistress of her own actions, at all times and in all places; and that she was accountable to nobody under Heaven for her conduct towards her subjects and servants, over whose lives and liberties she possessed sovereign rights, which no consideration whatever should induce her to resign.

Fearful as I was of irritating her, I still ventured on reiterating my remonstrances. She cut them short by hastily signing to me to leave her. As she dismissed me, I thought I saw a slight change pass over her face, and it occurred to me that she might not have been indisposed at that moment to grant some respite, if she could have done so without appearing to falter

in her resolution, and without running the risk of letting Monaldeschi escape her. Before I passed the door, I attempted to take advantage of the disposition to relent which I fancied I had perceived in her; but she angrily reiterated the gesture of dismissal before I had spoken half a dozen words; and, with a heavy heart, I yielded to necessity, and left her.

On returning to the gallery, I found the three men standing round the Marquis, with their sword-points on the floor, exactly as I left them.

"Is he to live or to die?" they asked when I came in.

There was no need for me to answer in words; my face answered the question. The Marquis groaned heavily, but said nothing. I sat myself down on a stool, and beckoned to him to come to me, and begged him, as well as my terror and wretchedness would let me, to think of repentance, and to prepare for another world. He began his confession kneeling at my feet, with his head on my knees. After continuing it for some time, he suddenly started to his feet with a scream of terror. I contrived to quiet him, and to fix his thoughts again on heavenly things. He completed his confession, speaking sometimes in Latin, sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, according as he could best explain himself in the agitation and misery which now possessed him.

Just as he had concluded, the Queen's chaplain entered the gallery. Without waiting to receive absolution, the unhappy Marquis rushed away from me to the chaplain, and, still clinging desperately to the hope of life, he besought him to intercede with the Queen. The two talked together in low tones, holding each other by the hand. When their conference was over, the chaplain left the gallery again, taking with him the chief of the three executioners who were appointed to carry out the Queen's deadly purpose. After a short absence, this man returned, without the chaplain. "Get your absolution," he said, briefly, to the Marquis, "and make up your mind to die."

Saying these words, he seized Monaldeschi pressed him back against the wall at the end of the gallery, just under the picture of Saint Germain; and before I could interfere, or even turn aside from the sight, aimed at the Marquis's right side with his sword. Monaldeschi caught the blade with his hand, cutting three

of his fingers in the act. At the same moment, the point touched his side, and glanced off. Upon this, the man who had struck at him exclaimed, "He has armor under his clothes!" and, at the same moment, stabbed Monaldeschi in the face. As he received the wound, he turned round towards me, and cried out, loudly: "My father! My father!"

I advanced towards him immediately, and, as I did so, the man who had wounded him retired a little, and signed to his two companions to withdraw also. The Marquis, with one knee on the ground, asked pardon of God, and said certain last words in my ear. I immediately gave him absolution, telling him that he must atone for his sins by suffering death, and that he must pardon those who were about to kill him. Having heard my words, he threw himself forward on the floor, and, as he fell, one of the three executioners, who had not assailed him as yet, struck at his head, and wounded him on the surface of the skull.

The Marquis sank on his face, then raised himself a little, and signed to the men to kill him outright, by striking him on the neck. The same man who had last wounded him obeyed, by cutting two or three times at his neck, without, however, doing him any great injury. For it was indeed true that he wore armor under his clothes, which armor consisted of a shirt of mail, weighing nine or ten pounds, and rising so high round his neck, inside his collar, as to defend it successfully from any chance blow with a sword.

Seeing this, I came forward to exhort the Marquis to bear his sufferings with patience, for the remission of his sins. While I was speaking, the chief of the three executioners advanced, and asked me if I did not think it was time to give Monaldeschi the finishing stroke. I pushed the man violently away from me, saying that I had no advice to offer on the matter, and telling him, that if I had any orders to give they would be for the Marquis's life, and not for the hastening of his death. Hearing me speak in those terms, the man asked my pardon, and confessed that he had done wrong in addressing me on the subject at all.

He had hardly finished making his excuses to me, when the door of the gallery opened. The unhappy Marquis, hearing the sound, raised himself from the floor, and seeing that the person who entered

was the Queen's chaplain, dragged himself along the gallery, holding on by the tapestry that hung from the walls, until he reached the feet of the holy man. There, he whispered a few words (as if he was confessing) to the chaplain, who, after first asking my permission, gave him absolution, and then returned to the Queen.

As the chaplain closed the door, the man who had struck the Marquis on the neck, stabbed him adroitly with a long, narrow sword, in the throat just above the edge of the shirt of mail. Monaldeschi sank on his right side, and spoke no more. For a quarter of an hour longer he still breathed, during which time I prayed by him, and exhorted him as I best could. When the bleeding from this last wound ceased, his life ceased with it. It was then a quarter to four o'clock. The death-agony of the miserable man had lasted, from the time of the Queen's first pronouncing sentence on him, for nearly three hours.

I said the *De Profundis* over his body. While I was praying, the three men sheathed their swords, and the chief of them rifled the Marquis's pockets. Finding nothing on him but a prayer-book and a small knife, the chief beckoned to his companions, and they all three marched to the door in silence, went out, and left me alone with the corpse.

A few minutes afterwards I followed them, to go and report what had happened to the Queen. I thought her color changed a little when I told her that Monaldeschi was dead; but those cold, clear eyes of hers never softened, and her voice was still as steady and firm as when I first heard its tones on entering the gallery that day.

She spoke very little, only saying to herself: "He is dead, and he deserved to die!"

Then, turning to me, she added: "Father, I leave the care of burying him to you; and, for my own part, I will charge myself with the expense of having masses enough said for the repose of his soul."

I ordered the body to be placed in a coffin, which I instructed the bearers to remove to the churchyard, on a tumbril, in consequence of the great weight of the corpse, of the misty rain that was falling, and of the bad state of the roads. On Monday, the twelfth of November, at a quarter to six in the evening, the Marquis



was buried in the parish church of Avon, near the font of holy water. The next day, the Queen sent one hundred livres, by two of her servants, for masses for the repose of his soul.

Thus ends the extraordinary narrative of Father Le Bel. It is satisfactory to record, as some evidence of the progress of humanity, that the barbarous murder, committed under the sanction and authority of Queen Christina, which would have passed unnoticed in the feudal times, as an ordinary and legitimate exercise of a sovereign's authority over a vassal, excited, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the utmost disgust and horror throughout Paris. The Prime Minister at that period, Cardinal Mazarin, (by no means an over-scrupulous man, as all readers of French history know,) wrote officially to Christina, informing her that "a crime so atrocious as that which had just been committed under her sanction, in the Palace of Fontainebleau, must be considered as a sufficient cause for banishing the Queen of Sweden from the court and dominions of his sovereign, who, in common with every honest man in the kingdom, felt horrified at the lawless outrage which had just been committed on the soil of France."

To this letter Queen Christina sent the following answer, which as a specimen of spiteful effrontery, has probably never been matched:

"MONSIEUR MAZARIN: Those who have communicated to you the details of the death of my equerry, Monaldeschi, knew nothing at all about it. I think it highly absurd that you should have compromised so many people for the sake of informing yourself about one simple fact. Such a proceeding on your part, ridiculous as it is, does not, however, much astonish me. What I am amazed at is, that you, and the King your master, should have dared to express disapproval of what I have done.

"Understand, all of you—servants and masters, little people and great—that it was my sovereign pleasure to act as I did. I neither owe nor render an account of my actions to any one—least of all, to a bully like you. . . .

"It may be well for you to know, and to report to any one whom you can get to listen to you, that Christina cares little for your court, and less still for you. When

I want to revenge myself, I have no need of your formidable power to help me. My honor obliged me to act as I did. My will is my law, and you ought to know how to respect it. . . . Understand, if you please, that wherever I choose to live, there I am Queen; and that the men about me, rascals as they may be, are better than you and the myrmidons whom you keep in your service. . . .

"Take my advice, Mazarin, and behave yourself for the future, so as to merit my favor; you can not, for your own sake, be too anxious to deserve it. Heaven preserve you from venturing on any more disparaging remarks about my conduct! I shall hear of them, if I am at the other end of the world, for I have friends and followers in my service who are as unscrupulous and as vigilant as any in yours, though it is probable enough that they are not quite so heavily bribed."

After replying to the Prime Minister of France in these terms, Christina was wise enough to leave the kingdom immediately.

For three years more, she pursued her travels. At the expiration of that time, her cousin, the King of Sweden, in whose favor she had abdicated, died. She returned at once to her own country, with the object of possessing herself once more of the royal power. Here the punishment of the merciless crime that she had sanctioned overtook her at last. The brave and honest people of Sweden refused to be governed by the woman who had ordered the murder of Monaldeschi, and who had forsaken the national religion for which her father had died.

Threatened with the loss of her revenues, as well as the loss of her sovereignty, if she remained in Sweden, the proud and merciless Christina yielded for the first time in her life. She resigned, once more, all right and title to the royal dignity, and left her native country for the last time. The final place of her retirement was Rome. She died there in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-nine. Even in the epitaph which she ordered to be placed on her tomb, the strange and daring character of the woman breaks out. The whole record of that wild, wondrous, wicked existence, was summed up with stern brevity, in this one line.

CHRISTINA LIVED SEVENTY-TWO YEARS.

From the Leisure Hour

## STUDIES IN HISTORY.

## NAPOLEON'S CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

A YEAR or two ago, when visiting the Louvre, we gazed not without emotion upon a plain mahogany desk, which was placed in one of the apartments of that grand Parisian repository of art and taste. The desk in question was a homely enough piece of furniture; so much so, indeed, that it would have been refused admittance into many a modern library; yet it was the *escritoire* of Napoleon himself—the spot from which he had dictated many of those dispatches which had announced important changes in the affairs of Europe.

We are a little reminded of this relic of a great man, by a curious contribution to history which has recently been published: "The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon with his Brother Joseph."\* Let no reader take up these two volumes as a mere book of gossip. They form, in one respect, dry reading, being full of military details. Still, as a reflection, faithful and mirror-like, of Napoleon's character, the work is most valuable. The correspondence runs over a period of some twenty years. Throughout it the Emperor writes like a man who had not a moment to spare; his dispatches, with their short abrupt sentences, reading rather like telegraphic messages than letters. Then, as a picture of a mind intensely selfish, the book is probably unparalleled; when you turn, indeed, page after page, and find in unbroken succession a sort of human steam-engine at work, giving order after order, involving the destruction of multitudes of his fellow-creatures, you are disposed to shut up the volume, loathing, more than ever, the sin of military ambition.

The correspondence opens with some letters, penned by Napoleon, in 1795,

when he wandered about Paris, a young officer without employment, and little dreaming of the high destinies that awaited him. The Reign of Terror was over, and the French capital, freed from Robespierre and the guillotine, was beginning once more to wear an air of luxury. "Equipages and dandies," writes Napoleon to Joseph, "are reappearing. Libraries are formed, and we have lectures on history, chemistry, botany, and astronomy. We have heaped together here all that can make life amusing and agreeable; reflection is banished." Yet, amidst all the glitter and fashion that were thus slowly emerging in the Parisian capital, Napoleon was ill at ease; he was without money and without prospects. Bourrienne, in his Memoirs, has recorded that the future Emperor of half Europe was content at this time to limit himself to a humble scheme of aggrandizement, in the shape of a speculation for hiring and letting out some empty houses. The correspondence accordingly bears marks of a jaundiced state of mind. "Life," he tells Joseph, "is a flimsy dream, soon to be over. Little attached to it, contemplating it without much solicitude, constantly in the state of mind in which one is on the day before a battle, every thing joins to make me defy fortune and fate." Yet at this period we notice expressions in his letters that breathe a spirit of affection which almost entirely disappears in the course of his career of elevation. "You know well, my friend," he tells his brother, "that you can not have a better or a dearer friend than myself, or one who wishes your happiness more sincerely. Send me your portrait; we have lived together so many years, so closely united, that our hearts have become one."

The tide of fortune was now, however, about to turn. The memorable time came round when, having been summoned by Barras to put down an insurrection-

\* *The Confidential Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte with his Brother Joseph.* 2 vols. London: Murray.

ary movement in Paris, Napoleon vaulted into eminence, and was appointed second in command of the Army of the Interior. All was then smooth sailing. The command of the army of Italy rapidly followed, with his brilliant Italian campaign. Then came the expedition to Egypt, at the close of which we find the unscrupulous conqueror penning the following very extraordinary letter :

"CAIRO, July 25th, 1798.

"You will see in the newspapers the result of our battles, and the conquest of Egypt, where we found resistance enough to add a leaf to the laurels of this army.

"Let me have, on my arrival, a villa near Paris or in Burgundy. I intend to shut myself up there for the winter. I am tired of human nature. I want solitude and isolation. Greatness fatigues me ; feeling is dried up. At twenty-nine glory has become flat. I have exhausted every thing. I have no refuge but pure selfishness."

These feelings of *ennui*, however real or imaginary, were speedily dissipated ; for the next period of his correspondence shows him Consul of France — a step which he had gained by plucking the reins of power from the hands of that feeble Directory, which had governed, or rather misgoverned, France during his absence in Egypt. He was now Emperor all but in name. There is nothing, however, in the letters before us, at this date, particularly worthy of notice, except a passage which marks pretty distinctly the early existence of that dislike which, as is well known, Napoleon entertained for Madame de Staël—a lady of whose powerful pen, in later years, he entertained some dread. "M. de Staël," he writes under date of 19th March, 1800, "is in the deepest poverty, and his wife gives dinners and balls. If you still visit her, would it not be well to persuade her to make her husband an allowance of from 1000 to 2000 francs a month ? or have we already reached the time when not only decency, but duties even more sacred than those which unite parents and children, may be trampled under foot without the world being scandalized ?"

The history of Napoleon now takes a leap, and we find him (1805) clad in the Imperial purple, and addressing Joseph in the style of a prince-royal. The French eagles had soared over the Alps, the Aus-

trian forces had been scattered, and the conflict at Marengo had fixed the crown on his head. Ere long the great battle of Austerlitz was fought ; and we have, in the volume before us, Napoleon's own account of one of those painful incidents which give to war so horrid a feature. "The enemy," he writes, "has left at least 12,000 to 15,000 men on the field. A whole column of the enemy threw itself into a lake, and the greater part of them were drowned. I fancy that I still hear the cries of these wretches, whom it was impossible to save." The inference from this passage would appear to be, that Napoleon would have saved these men if he could ; but the translator of the letter has introduced a note from M. Thiers, which places the transaction in a more appalling light. "The flying Russians," says this authority, "threw themselves on the frozen lakes. The ice gave way in some places, but was firm in others, and afforded an asylum to a crowd of fugitives. Napoleon, from the hill of Prazen overlooking the lakes, saw this disaster. He ordered the battery of his guard to fire round shot on the parts of the ice which remained unbroken, and thus to complete the destruction of the wretches who had taken refuge there. Nearly 2000 persons were thus drowned among the broken ice."

A poetical writer has represented Napoleon as reviewing, at midnight, a skeleton host composed of those who had owed the loss of their lives to his ambition. The transactions of this period were rapidly adding to that grisly band ; for one scheme of aggression seems quickly to have succeeded another. Ere long we find Joseph employed to invade the kingdom of Naples ; and having accomplished that successfully, he was seated by Napoleon on its throne. This part of the correspondence brings out the characters of the two brothers in a very marked manner. Joseph, easy, good-natured, and well-meaning, wished to govern his new subjects in a benevolent, paternal manner, and to rule as a philosopher. Napoleon, on the contrary, is continually pointing out to him that he does not sufficiently govern with the firm hand of a master, and that it is folly to attempt the philosophical style with a superstitious people like the Neapolitans. "I should very much like," he coolly writes to Joseph, "to hear of a revolt of the Neapolitan populace. You

will never be their master till you have made an example of them. Every conquered country must have its revolt. *I should see Naples in a revolt as a father sees his children in the small-pox. The crisis is salutary, provided it does not too much weaken the constitution.*" This was Napoleon's notion of paternal government in a conquered country!

It is with something of complacency, however, that we notice from these volumes that the rights of mankind can not be trampled on without such conduct carrying with it its own punishment. When the late Emperor of Russia traveled over Italy, one of his attendants, if newspaper reports spoke correctly, had every night to go round his sleeping apartment, sounding its walls with a hammer, to see that no discontented Pole could enter through some concealed door, and avenge the wrongs of his country. Even Louis Philippe, we believe, had to employ at one time an officer to mark each log of wood that entered his palace for firewood, and watch that it contained no lurking infernal machine. Dr. Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay, could also smoke no cigar until he had first unrolled it, and ascertained that no poison was mixed up with it. Here, too, is a fresh illustration of the uneasiness that surrounds a crown acquired by unjust means. "Lest," Napoleon writes to Joseph, "lest you be poisoned or assassinated, I make a point that you keep your French cooks, that you have your table attended by your own servants, and your household so arranged that you may always be guarded by Frenchmen. No one should enter your room during the night, except your aide-de-camp, who should sleep in the chamber that precedes your bed-room. Your door should be fastened inside, and you ought not to open it, even to your aide-de-camp, till you have recognized his voice; he himself should not knock at your door till he has locked that of the room in which he is, to make sure of being followed by no one." Truly a comfortable state of things.\*

\* The reader will remember Napoleon's expressions of friendship for Joseph in the early part of his correspondence. A curious illustration is presented in the following letter, of the manner in which selfish ambition was gradually chilling the more generous sentiments of his nature. In 1806, on his brother's birthday, Joseph had written: "I wish you joy. I hope you may receive with some

Joseph's tenure of the Neapolitan throne was not a very protracted one. He was judged a suitable tool for the execution of Napoleon's designs upon Spain, and was transferred to that country to occupy the throne which in an evil hour for himself, Napoleon had wrested from the reigning family. We need not go into the history of this period. The Spanish invasion was, as is well known, the ulcer that ate into Napoleon's power and prepared for its downfall. A sad, weary, turbulent, and heart-sickening life Joseph had of it; revolts and insurrections were perpetually springing up under his feet, like so many secret mines, keeping him in continual apprehension.

The following letter, which he wrote to Napoleon, shows the dreary state of affairs at Madrid:

"MADRID, February 19th, 1809.

"I devote to business all my faculties from seven in the morning till eleven at night. I have not a farthing to give to any body. I am in the fourth year of my reign, and my guards are still wearing the coats I gave them four years ago.

"Officers are in possession of every habitable house: two thousand servants, belonging to the sequestered families, have been turned into the streets. All beg; the boldest try to rob and assassinate the officers. Without any capital, without any revenue, without any money, what can I do?

"I am King of Spain only through the force of your arms. I might be so through the love of the Spanish people; but for that purpose I must govern them in my own way. Only a fool remains long in a false position. In forty years of life I have learned only what I knew almost at the beginning, that all is vanity except a good conscience and self-approbation."

Let our young readers mark well these latter words. They will find them true as they go on in life.

little pleasure this expression of my affection. The glorious Emperor will never replace to me the Napoleon whom I so much loved, and whom I hope to find again as I knew him twenty years ago. If we are to meet in the Elysian fields." In reply, Napoleon gives Joseph the snub in the following cool answer: "I am sorry that you think you will find your brother again only in the Elysian fields. It is natural that at forty he should not feel towards you as he did at twelve; but his feelings towards you have greater truth and strength; his friendship has the features of his mind."



Poor Joseph's position was, indeed, any thing but enviable. The French marshals, who conducted the military affairs of his kingdom, quarreled violently with each other, and set at naught his authority. His own benevolent instincts inclined him to deal kindly with his subjects; but the firm hand of his brother compelled him continually to act contrary to his natural disposition, and he was exposed in consequence afresh to the tumultuous violence of a people stung to madness by the oppression of their conquerors. It is no wonder, therefore, that a little later than the date of the preceding letter, we find Joseph writing to Napoleon that his position was deplorable, and requesting permission to join his family from which he had been separated for six years. It was his wish, he says, "to find in obscurity, and in domestic affections, a peace of which the throne had robbed him, without giving any thing in exchange. I find a throne a seat of punishment from which I look passively on the devastation of a country I had hoped to make happy."

Deaf, however, to all remonstrances, Napoleon still pursued his severe course of action in Spain, and, without waiting till its difficulties were adjusted, he entered upon that rash campaign to Russia which sealed his fate. In the volumes before us, there is a curious communication from an officer whom Joseph had sent to Moscow with dispatches, and who in consequence had an opportunity of seeing, with his own eyes, the horrors of the French army's retreat. "The army when I quitted it," he writes, "was in the most horrible misery; the artillery and cavalry had ceased to exist. The different regiments were all mixed together; the soldiers marched pell-mell, and only sought how to prolong mechanically their existence. It is impossible to describe the famine; the truth is best expressed by saying that the army is dead."

"The young guard, which formed part of the corps to which I was attached, was eight thousand strong when we left Moscow; at Wilna it scarcely mustered four hundred. All the other corps are reduced in the same proportion."

The end was now fast approaching. Availing themselves of Napoleon's disaster, the oppressed nationalities of Europe pressed him hard at all points. Wellington, too, was driving the French

forces before him out of the Spanish peninsula, and poor Joseph found himself one morning shot off his uneasy throne, like a stone discharged from some ancient *cata-pulta*.

The remaining details of these letters are soon gathered. Napoleon, driven to desperation by the failure of every scheme of aggression, had at last to fight the enemy on the soil of France. Almost superhuman were the prodigies of valor which he displayed. In nine days he gained seven victories, made nine marches in the depth of winter, and drove away or frightened two armies, each larger than his own. But happily for the repose of Europe, all this preternatural ability was exerted in vain. The Allies entered Paris and a wave of disaster swept Napoleon to Elba. Once more, another wave carried him back on its breast to Paris; but it left him only for a moment there, to return and sweep him back with more violence, submerging his fortunes forever.

Towards the end of the second volume we meet with a short letter, announcing a victory over Blucher and Wellington at Ligny. This dispatch is dated the 14th of June, 1815. After it, follows an ominous blank, which is explained by remembering that two days afterwards the battle of Waterloo was fought, and that Napoleon, routed beyond recovery, fled from the field of battle, glad to shelter himself in the arms of the British.

We have, in this short summary of the contents of these interesting volumes, picked out chiefly those incidents which are of a well-known historical nature. They throw light, however, upon many minor points in Napoleon's character. Clearly and emphatically do they reveal his splendid though sadly misdirected talents as a man of business. We can well understand how every official, whether a marshal or a government clerk, performed his work with the sense that a master's eye was upon him, and that some day his duties might undergo the direct supervision of the Emperor himself. Is it a great general who has been defrauding? Napoleon writes thus: "Let Massena be advised to return the 6,000,000 francs. To do so quickly is his only safety. If he does not, I shall send a military commission of inquiry to Padua; for such robbery is intolerable." In the midst of a stupendous war with other countries, he has time to tell Joseph to be sure that his

artillery does not fire full charges of powder when half-charges would answer the purpose. "Take care to inform me," he writes on another occasion, "of the arrival of each consignment of biscuits and shoes, that I may make sure of not being cheated in my accounts. Count the biscuits one by one. Their quality should be good. The shoes ought to be made of stout leather, not pasteboard. They cost me five and a half francs a pair." No merchant, indeed, looked sharper after his books than did Napoleon after his military returns. "When the monthly returns of my armies and my fleets," he says, "which form twenty thick volumes, are sent to me, I give up every other occupation in order to read them. No young girl enjoys her novel so much as I do these returns."

Then, what a light these volumes throw on Napoleon's decisive character and military energy! "No half-measures," he writes to Joseph, "no weakness. I intend my blood to reign in Naples as long as it does in France. The kingdom of Naples is necessary to me."

But in vain do we look for gleams of tenderness throughout these letters. The expressions of affection and kindness which are found at the beginning of his career, disappear as he rises in power—

like flowers growing at some mountain's base, but vanishing as the traveler ascends, till nothing but the cold granite meets the gaze. When about to plan an expedition, Bourrienne tells us that Napoleon stuck a large map full of pins, covered with black and red sealing-wax. These pins represented soldiers. Throughout his career he seems to have looked upon his armies as so many masses of inanimate matter. Battalion in these letters succeeds battalion. Levy after levy is swept away; but never does it appear to have crossed the conqueror's mind that to each man among these masses life was sweet, and that each had an immortal soul. A selfish ambition had consumed Napoleon. He loved himself supremely. The great law of loving God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, was ignored; and, as a consequence, every relative obligation was imperfectly fulfilled. Truly may we say that—

"Since him that bore the morning star,  
Nor man, nor angel, fell so far."

Let us, too, take care that, though moving in a more contracted circle, selfishness is not the mainspring of our conduct. No man liveth aright who liveth unto himself.

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From Sharpe's London Magazine.

## THE LEGENDARY LAKE OF MUMMELSEE.

DURING my residence in Baden-Baden, I had often heard and read of this mysterious lake, which lies at the base of a barren mountain, several thousand feet above the level of the sea. The curious name of Mummelsee must already excite attention, and I do not know, whether it was the desire I had to look down upon a lake from the summit of a mountain, or the interesting and wonderful legend which is related in the country surrounding the spot, which irresistibly drew me towards it. But it appeared as if a spell hung over my traveling in that direction, for as often as

I had fixed a day to make a trip there, every time something unforeseen prevented me. At last one bright morning at the beginning of spring, I bent my wanderings that way. The sun had risen in unclouded splendor, giving promise of a magnificent day, and all around the grass and foliage glittered like brilliant jewels with the dew. I walked briskly and merrily in the fresh morning air through the shady avenue of oaks, whilst the stately tower on the Mercurius was half enveloped in mist: I saluted the quiet, solitary Convent of Lichtenthal, out of whose church was now resounding

the first morning chant of the pious sisterhood, welcoming the dawning day; I walked along the street of the village, and did not stop, until I had reached the heights of the hamlet of Geroldsau, where a lovely landscape attracted my attention. A range of mighty mountains, with smaller hills rising in front, surround a charming meadow-ground, through which the Waldbach, now bright and clear, then foaming and raging in its rocky bed, rolls its waves, whilst on its borders the humble dwellings of the hamlet are built in a row. How quiet and peaceful the little chapel stands at the extremity of the wood, overspread with the extensive shadow of the dark fir trees!

I enjoyed for some moments this fairy-like landscape, then I continued my wanderings, and very soon left the last house of Geroldsau far behind me. I now entered the shady fir wood; the road was on the ascent, always running by the side of the mountain torrent, which made its way foaming and dashing between rocks and stones through the narrow valley. I had not long entered the dark shades of the wood when my ear was struck by a murmuring sound, and after a few minutes I had reached the spot, where the wild mountain stream, broken by projecting rocks, dashes and falls into a granite basin; and this has been going on for thousands of years. Is this not a more wonderful cataract than that of the Fallbach at Triberg, or the Reichenbach or the Staubbach? this waterfall offers too, from its wild scenery, a peculiar and charming effect, and the large cross on the left side of the Felsberg overlooks the valley below. A short distance from the cascade the valley grows wider again; green and luxuriant plains, covered with cattle and goats browsing, spread themselves out in the foreground; and on the right at the entrance of a ravine, stands a miserable mountain hut, made of rough timber. The path led still deeper and deeper into the heart of the mountain, always ascending higher; and the further I penetrated into this wonderful mountain region, full of mystery, the more it gained upon me, and I began to feel myself quite at home under the shade of the wood. The overhanging mountain heights were covered with the slender trunks of the dark fir trees, and shadowed by the light green foliage of the beech; thousands of bushes, herbs, mosses, and

lichens with their flowers, berries, and fruit grew luxuriously upon the rocks, often forming an impenetrable thicket; the mighty blocks of granite, and broken pieces of stone which had rolled from the mountain's side, the deep valleys rent in clefts, through which flowed crystal springs, all these wonders of nature welcomed me as if I were an old acquaintance, and spoke to me in their curious hieroglyphics telling of events and circumstances far more ancient than any history. It was now for the first time quite clear to my mind, how that longing after Home, for which the German language alone has an appropriate word, takes possession of those who inhabit mountainous countries, until the fond remembrance breaks the heart.

Having climbed more than two hours along the ridge of the mountain side, the solitary little village of Herrenwiese burst upon me suddenly, situated on the sunken declivity of a hill, and surrounded by thick woods. The village is miserable, and the inhabitants gain their livelihood chiefly by cutting timber in the neighboring forests, whilst they are obliged to procure with great trouble and labor the necessaries of life from distant places. In the only but not very inviting public house of the village, I took a substantial breakfast, and procured a guide as I had been advised.

From hence the path continues for some time straight on, always between woods, on the borders of which blooms the beautiful blue gentian, and red bilberries shine everywhere through the green bushes. Near the Hundseck is a lonely wooden hut; we again ascended the mountain by a steep path, and reached, not without great exertion, the height of the Hochkopfes, which in a long endless ridge extends southward. The summit is almost entirely barren, only the Haiden plant with its red flower covering the upper part of the ground; here and there great blocks of sand-stone lay scattered about, which have been rolled down from these heights by torrents and former convulsions of the earth. How still and lonely every thing was around, but an unrivaled and enchanting view was quite a sufficient attraction. The pearl of the German provinces, the beautiful valley of the Rhine, spreads out here in all its glory and magnificence, with its rich plains, its luxurious vine-covered hills,

its industrious towns and clean little villages, with its numberless torrents and rivulets, hastening with rapid course towards the mighty Rhine, which boasts of a name more rich in glory than any other river of the earth. Who can enumerate all the battles which have been fought on its shores, or relate all the deeds on its banks, which have been celebrated in song? Yonder from out of vapory distance rises Erwin's gigantic castle, soaring up to heaven, like a sullen night-specter with a threatening aspect. I could not withdraw my glance from this wonderful picture, and even when continuing my walk, my eye involuntarily wandered back again to this beautiful landscape.

I had at last reached the end of this long-extended ridge of hills, but I was not very agreeably surprised when I saw myself separated from the mountain of Hornisgründen by a broad, deep chasm, on the south-east declivity of which the limit of my wanderings lay. Quite disheartened, I began the descent, being afterwards obliged to mount still higher on the other side of the ravine. It was most agreeable when I again entered the wood, as the sun was already very high in the heavens, and his rays struck down scorchingly upon my head as I traversed the shadeless plain. My pleasure was not of long duration, the shadows soon became more transparent, the wood thinner, and the trees had a more stunted appearance. At last the beautiful carpet of moss and plants began to change color under my feet, and when I had reached the lofty, flat surface of the mountain, which bears the name of Hornisgründen, I saw only some boggy earth, colored mosses, and unprofitable, withered turf, which grew here and there round stunted Scotch firs, giving but scanty pasturage. There is hardly any sign of vegetation to be seen upon the melancholy waste, except this small oasis, on which even the green tint of vegetation had almost disappeared. We passed a heap of stones to which the form of a tower had been given, and which served as a point for measuring the land; we passed by a group of short Scotch firs, a few steps further we stopped short, for we standing upon the edge of a precipice. The ravine was steep and abrupt, at least a hundred feet deep; fallen blocks of rock confusedly thrown one over the other, towered between the mighty pine

trees, and covered the interminable declivity, the entire base of the cleft being filled up by the Mummelsee. With difficulty I climbed down between the stones, and soon found myself on the rocky shore. The expanse of water lay before me as still and motionless as the Asphalt waters of the Dead Sea. No glance can fathom its impenetrable depths to descry the secrets which repose within its bed. It shelters no living being in its bosom, no sound breaks upon the undisturbed stillness of the surrounding country, and the hoarse cry of a bird of prey is rarely heard.

There is something peculiarly attractive in this wild waste, and whoever has once been there, will very soon easily understand how favorable the situation and solitude of this lake was for traditionary legends, that antiquity has already given it the name of "Wundersee" or "lake of enchantment." I sought a resting-place along the shore, and found one near a fresh mountain spring, which flowed clearly and refreshingly between the stones; here I laid myself down on the sloping moss bank. Immediately opposite to me the lofty barrier of mountains separated, and at this opening the cascade of the Seebach forces its way through the rocks, and joining the Acher, a small mountain stream, rushes with overpowering fury into the Mummelsee. But my glance only rested on the dark waters whose bright surface began gradually to be agitated, and all the wonderful tales which I had already heard of this lake returned to my mind, and I fell irresistibly into a dreamy reverie. Thus I lay for some time, how long I do not know; but when I awoke, the sun was sunk in the west, the light dew of twilight had overspread the earth, and the shades of the mountains extended over the water. The heaven, with its bright eternal stars, and the moon's faint rays were reflected on its dark surface, whilst the pealing of the evening bells resounded harmoniously from the valley below. It now appeared to me as if a veil were suddenly withdrawn from the deep waters, which till now had been enveloped in mystery, and the immeasurable depths disclosed their secrets to my eyes.

Enchanting Hesperian gardens, decked in all the splendor of spring, bloomed in the bed of the slumbering lake, where the bridal myrtle, the perfumed orange blos-



soms, gay, bright flowers and coral berries, with a thousand other plants of magnificent colors, were entwined with beautiful groups of rare creepers. In the midst of this fragrant bower, on a winding path covered over with pure crystal sand, wandered the lovely inhabitant of this watery region, a slender ethereal form, so delicate and beautiful, so graceful and fascinating, of such unearthly charms, that she appeared to have arisen from the vapory foam of the cascade. Light as a Zephyr she glided through the bushes, casting now and then towards me amorous glances, but notwithstanding the seduction of her dark, bright eyes, I remained cold and unmoved. At the bottom of the lake, I saw your gentle, noble countenance, my adored Seraphine; I saw your sweet angel's face encircled by your dark, silken tresses. This beautiful sylph-like figure lay under an arbor of odoriferous white roses, soft slumber closing the long lashes of her magnificent eyes, those raven-black eyes which had shot forth such glances and filled me with painful feelings, and fired me with that rapturous delight which till then I had never felt—such glances as were not to be defined, and which no language on earth could describe—her lovely image being preserved in the deepest recesses of my heart, till I embodied it in the purest form of celestial beauty. The last time I visited the sweet maiden was in her coffin, for death had claimed the lovely flower: she was too tender for this world. Then, as now, she appeared to be sunk in soft slumber, the only difference being, that a rosy tinge had returned to those cheeks which were so pale when I last saw her. At this sweet sight a feeling of enchantment thrilled through me; my eyes were fixed upon her mild, angelic countenance, and with trembling expectation I watched the moment of her awakening. A gentle smile now played over her rosy face, her bright coral lips moved softly, disclosing the beautiful enamel of her pearly teeth, and a low, dreamy word appeared to tremble upon them; then suddenly the clear crystal water became troubled, the wonderful apparition grew colorless, indistinct, and confused to my eyes; the waters were convulsed from their bottomless depths, wave rising over wave, till all appeared a chaotic mass, out of whose dark surface the most extraordinary deformed beings began to extricate themselves.

Hideous salamanders, sea-dragons, water-serpents, scorpions, Medusa's heads, (a plant,) and all sorts of loathsome reptiles crawled one over the other in countless numbers; in the midst of all this confusion deformed goblins rose up, grinning mockingly at me with their hideous features, or shaking threateningly their dwarfish fists. A gigantic sea-spider approached me with its hideous claws, and spat out its corroding poison; a horrible polypus stretched out its endless arms after me, which it extended longer and longer; now it could almost catch hold of me. I wished to fly, but I could not stir from the spot; I wished to call for help, but even my voice was paralyzed; it touched my shoulder, an icy coldness ran through me and—"Shall we not soon think of descending? it is already late and the road to our night-quarters long and difficult!" said a voice near me, which I immediately recognized as being that of my guide.

I quickly recollected myself, and silently prepared to continue my wanderings, making myself ready in a very short time. Night had come on, the stars glittered in the clear, blue sky in unclouded brilliancy, shedding their silvery light on the somber earth. I cast one more glance on the wonderful lake, then followed my impatient guide who had walked on, and was now at the entrance of the gloomy wood, where the branches of the fir trees are so outspread as to allow the rays of moonlight to penetrate as through a distant vista, enabling us to wander freely and unhindered through the tall slender trees. We had not walked long before we found ourselves again in an open country.

Dark, gigantic mountains bounded the horizon all around, their lofty crests soaring upwards towards the moon's pale light; between the somber clumps of trees on the mountain's brow, massive blocks of rock projected, or solitary immense stones rose from the ground, and over the whole landscape a clear, light vapor was spread, which by degrees dissolved itself into a misty veil, giving to every thing around that fairy-like coloring, which fills the breast with incomprehensible forebodings and inexpressible desires. I quitted this spot most unwillingly, but my guide pressed me to do so, and I yielded to his wishes; we followed the path which led downwards, winding through blocks of rock and thick bushes.

At last we reached the bottom of the valley, the road farther on leading by the side of the roaring Acher.

"Yonder lies the Rosenstein," said my guide, as he pointed to a dark hill, whose extraordinary shape must certainly have been caused by the mass of ruined walls which are scattered about, but are so overgrown with trees and shrubs as to make them hardly distinguishable by the light of the moon. The lineage of the Lords of Rosenstein was very ancient, and their possessions large and productive. The last male of this race died in 1793, leaving behind him seven daughters, after having regained his ancestral castle, which had been in strangers' hands for more than two hundred and fifty years. My guide told me a great deal about the extent of the castle, and the lands which once belonged to it; he also related the well-known story of the Lady of Rosenstein, who was walled up in the castle of Gottschlag. The good man was now in a communicative humor, and one tale followed another; most of them were well known, some were newly discovered, and others quite incomprehensible. I have selected the Legend of the Mummelsee, from its being the most interesting.

At the entrance of the valley of Rappeler, there still exists on a projecting rock a few remains of walls; their circumference makes one suppose that just here an important building must have formerly stood; they are the only remnants of the castle of Hagenbrugg, the residence of one of the mightiest families of the country, which had been long extinct, and very little is known of its history. The last of the race was Junker Folker von Hagenbrugg, a strong fine youth, who had lost his parents when he was very young, and at the age of twenty found himself uncontrolled possessor of the castle and sole Lord of Hagenbrugg.

Folker was of a quiet, gentle disposition, and possessed a sensitive heart and deep feelings; the noisy companionship of his equals in rank and age little suited his tastes, and he gave himself up more than ever to fits of reverie and fantastical dreams; the whole day long he wandered without any companion over pathless mountains, tracking the wild beasts through the forest. But it was not only the love of hunting which made him ramble about in this beautiful, romantic country; it was the charms of nature

which attracted him, and filled him with astonishment; he could stand for hours gazing and ruminating upon a lovely landscape.

He wandered with greater pleasure than anywhere else by the shores of the mysterious Mummelsee. The whole country with its wild appearance, its mournful stillness, and the wonderful lake with its fathomless depth, had an indescribable charm for him; he could remain on its rocky banks for hours, giving vent alone to his meditations. His thoughts would at times descend into the depths of the lake, the power of his imagination peopled it with the most extraordinary forms, and he perceived wonderful and magnificent things in its dark abyss.

Folker was reclining one day on the steep, rocky declivity of the mountain which bounded the lake, and gazing undisturbedly upon the calm surface of the water; near him ran a spring which flowed smoothly over stones and rocks, uniting its fresh mountain waters with the crystalline lake; their gentle splashing being the only sound that broke upon him in this awful solitude. This broad expanse of water lay below, perfectly unruffled and undisturbed; its fathomless depth appeared to conceal no living being, but from time to time a bubble arose from the inmost recesses of this piece of water to the surface, where it burst asunder, like a sigh which escapes from a deeply afflicted heart, and the calm waters in small but always increasing circles began to be agitated. The circle became longer and wider, beating against the shore on all sides, until at last the whole surface of the water, as if moved by the gentle breath of spirits, became violently agitated and boisterous. Very soon, however, the glistening waves were again calm, dying away on the shore, and the water lay so transparent that the clear heavens were reflected in it, but after a time the same phenomenon was repeated.

The lake now began to swell and murmur more visibly and distinctly, and as Folker was listening breathlessly and looking at the water, he perceived the upper part of a maiden's form of almost unearthly beauty, arise out of the dark deep. Her countenance was so soft and sweet, so rosy and white, like Alpine snows kissed by the evening glow of a setting sun; her swelling lips were fresh as coral from the bottom of the sea, and

around her alabaster neck and shoulder flowed an abundance of light-colored ringlets, over which hung a long veil, so clear and airy, as if it had been woven out of froth and celestial vapor. Her clear, blue eyes glanced so brightly and joyfully on the world as if they had never known what sorrows or cares were. Lightly and gracefully with the most fascinating movements, she swam to the spot where Folker was reclining on the rock, and as she stepped out of the waves upon land, notwithstanding the veil and floating draperies, he could perceive the freshness and elegance of her form, which made his heart beat with longing rapture. She sat down on the soft, mossy bank, took off her veil, and began to arrange her silken ringlets. As the young man thus from a height looked down upon her heavenly beauties, pleasure and sadness swelled his breast at the same time; the longings of love and its accompanying pains took possession of his heart, till at last the flame kindled into a consuming passion. He uttered a long-drawn sigh; the lovely apparition then looked upwards, and their eyes met; at first, fear and anxiety were depicted on her countenance, but the longer she gazed into the clear eyes of Folker, the more she became convinced that she had nothing to fear. But, all at once, a painful remembrance passed like a cloud over her brow, she sprang quickly up, and rushed precipitately into the lake, the water closing over her in high and agitated bubbles, and the fathomless deep received the enchanting form into its dark bosom.

For a long time the young Lord of Hagenbrugg lay in the same place, looking fixedly into the depths of the lake; he imagined that the lovely apparition must present itself once more to his view. And as evening drew on, and the golden stars glittered in the somber sky, he was still at the same spot; after a time he arose and wandered in a very dejected mood back to his castle.

Every evening found him on the shores of the lake, waiting and hoping to see the sweet maiden; for several days it was all in vain. At last, as he once again climbed over the rocks to the lake he espied her as she was sitting below on the shore. She had also perceived him, and prepared to fly immediately, but he summoned all his courage, and in the most imploring tone, he thus addressed her:

"Oh! do not fly from me, sweet, enchanting being—from me, whom you can make the happiest of mortals by remaining a few moments longer. Listen, by all that is holy in heaven and on earth, I swear to you, that you could not be safer under the protection of a holy angel, than with me. Hear my prayer and do not be cruel. Your presence makes me feel the joys of heaven, and this joy costs you so little!"

These words appeared to tranquillize her, and she remained seated in the same place. As the young man looked down upon her quite enraptured, she looked up at him kindly, and spoke in a clear silvery voice:

"I will trust to your word, young man; from the moment I first saw you, mistrust could not enter my mind, though I have been often warned of men's deceitfulness here above. In your open, frank features no dissimulation can dwell, and your clear bright eyes know no malice. Is it not so, Lord of Hagenbrugg?"

"You know, then, my name?" asked Folker quite astonished.

"Yes!" answered the sweet maiden, "do you think that we in the depths of the waters do not know the names of our neighbors? Although we do not often come above to your brilliant sun, yet we see you, and often too when you least suspect it."

"And you dwell there below in the deep lake?" continued the young man not without a slight shudder.

"Yes, certainly! and why do you wonder at it? It is very beautiful and pleasant to live there below. Although we have not shining over us a warm enlivening sun, as you inhabitants of the upper world have, there are many things to be found with us which you would certainly envy, if you had once seen them."

And with astonishing quickness she began to enumerate the magnificence and splendor of the subterranean water kingdom. She told him about the glittering buildings and palaces, which are built of agate and jasper, of crystals and amethysts, where every object is resplendent with precious stones, and all the utensils are made of gold and silver. She spoke of the beautiful gardens, where coral grows near odoriferous roses, and costly pearls glisten in the place of dew on the flowers. "If you would only once pay me a visit in my own country," said she

playfully, "it would certainly please you ; I would show you all our splendors with the greatest pleasure."

At the thoughts of a visit into the fathomless mountain lake, the young man was quite delighted, and was just going to accept the offer, when the Water-Nymph suddenly sprang up and ran towards the lake, saying :

"Listen ! they call me. I must hasten, that they may not miss me for a long time. Farewell !"

"And when shall I see you again, charming maiden ?" asked Folker.

"Soon, very soon, perhaps to-morrow ; but I can not promise any thing. In the mean time may God and his holy angels protect you !"

Having said this, she gradually disappeared in the water, but not precipitately and in agitation as she had done the first time, but slowly and thoughtfully diving below, whilst her pure glance rested with a kind expression upon Folker.

Two or three times in the week, the Lord of Hagenbrugg found the water-nymph on the shores of the mountain lake ; and they laughed and talked like innocent children, but she would never mention the period of her return. "If you take such pleasure in my company, as you say you do," said she, every time when he entreated her to do so, "it will not be hard for you to wait sometimes in vain, as you ought to be still more certain of my quick return."

One evening as he was pressing her rather more urgently on this subject, she said with an agitated voice : "You must know, young man, that since my great aunt was so unhappy in her union with one of your race, our parents will positively no more allow us to ascend to the children of men ; and we can only meet in a secret and clandestine way. For several days my father and mother have been on a visit at the Nonnensee, and I can more easily elude the vigilance of my grandfather."

"And do you ascend with pleasure out of your mysterious lake ?" asked Folker not without timid anxiety.

"Yes ! that is what I mean !" was the answer. "I delight in the beautiful, tender green of your woods and fields, and in the clear, soft spring-sky which smiles over you. In your mild, refreshing atmosphere I breathe a thousand times more comfortably, and—and—" she was

going to add something, but she thought better of it, for she suddenly stopped short, cast down her eyes, and blushing violently, remained silent.

However inexperienced Folker might be in worldly knowledge, he could very well interpret these silent words of love, and inexpressible rapture thrilled through him. His powerful arm encircled her, and he impressed an ardent kiss upon her fresh, rosy lips. She only opposed a slight resistance to this passionate burst of love ; yes, it almost appeared to the young man, as if she had slightly returned his kiss. Overflowing with happiness, he said in the tenderest way : "Oh ! never return again to your dark kingdom : remain here above on the joyous earth, accompany me to my castle, and this very day the blessing of the Church shall seal our union for life !"

Smiling playfully, the beautiful water-nymph again shook her head, and said in an agitated voice : "Ah ! you children of men do not know how to love truly and faithfully ; your inclinations are as changeable as your moon. With us daughters of the waters, love only once in our life, takes possession of our heart, and is only extinguished with our breath. But when he, to whom we consecrate the most sacred feelings of our nature, fails in his constancy, when he becomes false to his oaths, then woe to him and us ! A speedy death is his fate, and cruel, endless sorrow is our lot."

"Oh ! believe me, I am not inconstant and faithless in my passions ; my love for you has taken possession of my soul, and can only be extinguished with my life. By every thing that is holy, I swear to you, my love is pure and true ; it will never, never turn from you, but will last beyond this life."

"The knight of Staufenburg spoke also in the same strain, and yet he forgot his oaths, and was faithless to his love. Vengeance quickly overtook him, and my aunt sits even now in yonder Wildsee, and mourns with bitter tears her ruined happiness, and the inconstant beloved of her heart. We will certainly both spare ourselves such a fate ; and were I even weak enough to follow the impulse of my feelings, I dare not. Since that unfortunate event, our whole race has sworn enmity against yours, and that poor maiden would be irretrievably lost, who following simply her own loving heart, ventured to form an union with a mortal. You know



not to what severe punishment I already expose myself by talking in this way to you. Then once for all," continued she blushing, "I can not and dare not become your wife, however much I might wish it."

Folker had listened to this extraordinary speech of the young maiden with increasing anxiety; it had at once opened to him the gates of Paradise and the fathomless abyss of hopeless love. He sat quite silent for some time near her, deep sighs only betraying the violent struggle which was taking place within him. At last he said:

"No, no, I could not ask you to make me happy at the sacrifice of your own peace of mind. But without you, without your tender love, life is a burden to me. It were better for me to fly far away, far from this place, and seek in the distractions of war a mitigation of this consuming grief, till death mercifully puts an end to it. But you must grant me one request before we part. I do not even know your name, adored maiden; you have persisted in concealing it from me till now; tell it me then, it will be my battle-cry in war, it will be the last sound my lips shall utter."

He had spoken these words in a tone of the deepest grief, and his eyes looked at her with an expression which she could not resist. She had withstood all his entreaties, but the grief of desperation overcame her: "Kristalline is my name," she faintly said, whilst painful thoughts began to agitate her.

"Then farewell forever! Light of my life! Farewell!" cried Folker in despair, impressing a burning kiss upon her rosy mouth, and hastening away.

She recalled him with sweet, caressing words, and spoke again in a low, trembling voice. "I dare not allow you to leave me in such deep despair. The knowledge of your certain misery would also break my

heart; your death would be the consequence, and mine too. Then I know of a means which may insure our happiness; I will try it, you must not know yet what it is; but do not hope too much from it, it may deceive us. For to-day farewell! But once more, I have just incautiously told you my name; should I not appear to you sometimes when you expect me, take care not to call me—it would be certain ruin to us both."

With these words she breathed a soft kiss upon the young man's forehead, and disappeared between the trees of the wood.

Folker waited in anxious expectation for several days; every evening he visited the lake, but Kristalline did not appear. Gloomy, corroding sorrow took possession of him; as a week had passed away, and he had been waiting for his lovely nymph the whole evening, a thousand nameless fears crowded upon his mind. He thought himself deceived and imposed upon; forgetting every injunction and overpowered by his distracted feelings, he broke forth in these words:

"O Kristalline, my Kristalline! shall I then never see you again!"

The words were scarcely reëchoed by the surrounding rocks, when a piercing shriek broke upon his ear, so heart-rending and penetrating, such as he had never before heard from a human being; the fearful depths of the lake began again to be agitated, and a horrible bubble of blood arose on the surface.

An icy horror seized upon Folker, the shudder of death ran through his veins, his senses became confused, a demoniacal spirit took possession of his mind, and urging him forward, he rushed over rocks, through valleys, and on mountains, and no more was ever heard or seen of him: it was never known at his castle or in his own country, by what death the poor lunatic perished.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

IN connection with the fine portrait of this distinguished lady which embellishes our present number, we subjoin the following biographical sketch :

MISS AGNES STRICKLAND was born in the early part of the nineteenth century at Reydon Hall, near Southwold, in Suffolk. Her father was Thomas Strickland, Esq., a descendant of the Stricklands of Sizeigh Hall, in Westmoreland. He had a family of eight—two sons and six daughters—of whom Agnes Strickland is the third daughter. She became a writer at an early age, and has continued her literary labors with great assiduity.

Agnes Strickland, whose graceful pen has made the dead queens of England objects of deep interest to the living world, may justly be classed among the most eminent English female writers of the day. She resides at Reydon Hall, Suffolk county, about twenty miles from London. Miss Strickland is descended from an eminent and honorable family, the Nevilles, of Raby, who were connections, in a remote degree, of the good queen, Catherine Parr. We name this circumstance because of the influence such a reminiscence has undoubtedly exerted over the mind and pursuits of Miss Strickland. The love and reverence she was taught from childhood to cherish for the queen of her own ancestral line, made the lives of these royal ladies the most interesting theme she could study or illustrate.

The reading public of America as well as of Great Britain, are too familiar with the result of these studies to require any description thereof; yet few, probably, have considered the labor as well as talent involved in the great work of these ladies. There are two Miss Stricklands united in this literary enterprise, though one sister withholds her name. "Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest, with Anecdotes," is the title. The work is in twelve volumes. The first three were published in 1840; the others appeared at intervals of a year or more till 1848; the volume containing the history of Queen Anne completed the series.

We know nothing among the aims of literature more difficult than to write history well: learning, conscientiousness, the patient spirit of research, unflagging industry, penetration into character, a philosophic power of observation and reflection, are some of the requisites for an historian. Besides, one should be a universal reader, and versed in science; for how shall the historian describe an epoch if unacquainted with its intellectual advancement? Then the writer must have the poet's sensibility to discover depths of feeling and passion, and a real enthusiasm for heroic and generous deeds; also the picturesque faculty of seeing the groups evolved from the dust of antiquity and the shelves of the library, in order to paint them living beings—not departed forms—with vigor, spirit, taste. If we go on augmenting, some reader may say, as *Rasselas* did to the philosopher: "I perceive it is impossible to become an historian."

Miss Strickland has not, certainly, attained all the requisites; yet she has proved herself a very useful writer. Her "Queens of England" have induced many, to whom stronger diet would have been unpalatable, to gain a respectable knowledge of the leading facts of English history. For her own sex, her work is not only of deep interest, but must prove, in many ways, highly beneficial. Her own unwearied industry is an example of much importance; the devotion of her talents to a great subject is another commendable trait in her character; and the success attending her labors has a wide influence for good. Miss Strickland has incurred considerable censure from some of the British critics on account of her High Church and Tory principles, which she never attempts to conceal; but she seems so thoroughly convinced of the truth of her own opinions, that we must believe she is honestly sure her statements are correct. In short, she is a sincere queen-worshiper; and certainly, if there be a "divinity" to hedge kings who have usually been very poor specimens of humanity, queens may well be

exalted. Since she commenced her work, other biographies of some of these ladies have appeared, but none have equaled Miss Strickland's in the interest of the narrative or in the originality of materials.

We have passed over the earlier writings of Miss Strickland; yet these deserve mention. "The Pilgrims of Walsingham, or Tales of the Middle Ages; an Historical Romance," containing some

well-told stories, has gone through numerous editions, and obtained much popular favor in England, and been republished in the United States several times. Miss Strickland has also written poetry worthy of notice, if her prose had not excelled it. She is now engaged in writing the "Lives of the Queens of Scotland," the first volume of which has appeared.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

BACON'S ESSAYS: with Annotations, by RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Abp. of Dublin. From the Second London Edition, Revised. 1 vol., 8vo, 556 pp. Published by C. S. Francis & Company, 554 Broadway, New-York.

THERE are few books of more sterling value than this. Its essays are like twenty dollar gold pieces among copper coins, in comparison with many other books. It is a remarkable book. In the strong language of competent judges: "We have before us, in this volume, the most generally popular work of the greatest man of his time, with a Commentary of Annotations by the man, who, of all living authors, approaches nearest in many of his intellectual characteristics to Bacon himself. We can not but regard it as a boon conferred upon all educated men, that this volume has been given to the world. Nor must we omit to remark, in this age of readers for mere entertainment, that although the volume be a large one, written by an Archbishop, and consisting of comments upon the thoughts of a great philosopher, the book is invested with such an attractive interest that it can not fail to prove a readable and entertaining one, even to minds unaccustomed to high-class thought, and incapable of severe thinking. We have given but an imperfect idea of Archbishop Whately's Annotations—of their range, their cogency, their wisdom, their experience, their practical instruction, their wit, their eloquence. The extracts we have quoted are like a sheaf of wheat brought from a field of a hundred acres; but we trust our readers may be induced to study the book for themselves."

"Of all the productions in the English language," says the *London Quarterly*, "Bacon's Essays contain the most matter in the fewest words. He intended them to be as 'grains of salt, which should rather give an appetite than offend with satiety;' and never was the intention of an author more fully attained. There were none, he says, of his works which had been equally 'current' in his own time; and he expressed his belief that they would find no less favor with posterity, and 'last as long as books and letters endured.'"

SERMONS OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, OF LONDON. Third Series. New-York. Sheldon, Blake-man & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Co. 1857. Pp. 448.

IN this volume are twenty-nine sermons in the usual style of this remarkable man and "modern Whitefield." Those of our readers who have noticed the review of this author in the *Eclectic* will be prepared to form their opinion of this new volume.

"Week by week," says the author in his preface, "the sermons are issued in haste, almost as soon as they are delivered, with hardly time to glance at the proof-sheets." Plain, pungent, practical, colloquial in their style and sentiment, the demand for them is highly encouraging. They are well suited to rouse the sluggish mind to the great realities and interest of man's immortality.

BOAT LIFE IN EGYPT AND NUBIA. By WILLIAM C. PRIME, Author of *Tent Life in the Holy Land, The Old House by the River, Later Years*, etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers. Franklin Square. 1857. Pp. 498.

AN indispensable talent or element in a writer of a book of travels is so to present every scene and object described that every reader shall seem to be present and go along with the traveler and see every thing he sees and through the same eyes. The author of this book has this very desirable element of an agreeable traveler. He has enthusiasm. He has two eyes. They are both wide awake. He sees every thing seeable. His descriptions are graphic, graceful, and mirror-like, into which the reader looks and sees first the traveler himself in the foreground of the picture. Then he sees the Nile, the boat, the shores, the cities, the numerous and varied objects, moving and stationary, living and dead, passing like a panorama before the mind's eye, all the way up the Nile from Alexandria to Nubia, and back again. You seem to hear his voice describing the objects as they pass. Some may think there are a goodly number of *l-diosynorasias*. But we like to see and keep an eye on the man we are traveling with, even if we are five thousand miles apart. We advise those

who would enjoy a pleasant sail up the Nile to Nubia, without its fatigues and exposures, to buy Mr. Prime's book, and borrow his eyes with which to see the scenes and objects so graphically described.

**THE CHRISTIAN'S GIFT BOOK.** Edited by Rev. RUFUS CLARK, Boston: Published by John P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland, Ohio; H. P. B. Jewett, New-York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. 1857. Pp. 308.

THIS very neatly executed volume comprises about thirty pieces in rich, mellow, sacred prose and poetry, full of genial sentiment and gems of thought, from the graceful pens of Wordsworth, Prentice, Hemans, Sigourney, Longfellow, Milman, Mary Howitt, and Montgomery.

Dr. Clark has manifested good taste and judgment in combining so many excellencies in one volume so well suited to its kindly and generous object of giving good gifts to friends as tokens of esteem or affection. The book is worthy the title it bears, and of the publishing house which issued it.

**THE FAMILY CIRCLE GLEE BOOK,** containing about two hundred Songs, Goss, Choruses, etc., many of the most popular pieces of the day. Arranged and harmonized for Four Voices, with full accompaniments for the Piano, Seraphine, and Melodeon, for the use of Glee-Clubs, Singing-Classes, and the Home Circle. Compiled by ELIAS HOWE. Price, \$1.25. Published and for sale by Russel & Richardson, Boston; Mason Brothers, New-York; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

MUSICAL culture has an important bearing on the education, character, happiness, and welfare of society in general, and of the young in particular. It is rich in its sources of social enjoyment, and exerts a permanent influence for good on health and morals. Sing all that can, and let the rest learn as soon as possible.

**GOD'S MESSAGE TO THE YOUNG; OR, THE OBLIGATION AND THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY PIETY,** seriously urged upon young persons, in connection with Eccles. 12: 1. By the Rev. GEORGE W. LEXBURN, late Missionary in Greece. New-York: M. W. Dodd. Richmond: P. B. Price. 1857. Pp. 180.

The subjects of this earnest, kind, and faithful message, are presented in some fifteen or twenty chapters. The style of the book is plain, familiar, colloquial. It is enriched with important practical truths of current and permanent value to the young, and to all classes in life's journey. Its sentiments are thoroughly evangelical. The author seems to sit down by the side of his young readers and address them kindly and familiarly on the great themes of life and immortality. Both the author and the publisher have done a good service. We hope that a copy of this book will be placed by parents and friends in the hands of hundreds of young persons, for its salutary influence.

PROFESSOR ROGERS, of the United States, who has been for some time in this country engaged in preparing for publication his work on the geology and physical geography of North-America, is a candidate for the Chair of Natural History in the University of Glasgow, vacant by the death of Professor Couper.

The Chair is in the gift of the Crown, and if no candidate of greater eminence should come forward, it will be the general feeling of naturalists that the government would do a graceful act, as well as serve the best interests of the Glasgow College, by appointing the distinguished American geologist to the Professorship. In the United States great liberality is shown in such appointments, of which we need only mention the name of Professor Agassiz as an instance.—*Literary Gazette*.

**ALBINI LIBRARY.**—The sale of the celebrated Albini Library is to take place this year in Rome. The auction is now fixed to take place in November, but a paternal government has decided that the MSS. should not be sold in Rome, lest they should peradventure fall into the hands of those who might misuse them. They are, therefore, to be sealed up and forwarded to Count Castellarco, of Milan, and the Marquis del Bagno, of Mantua, who are the heirs of the property. The Albini sale will be followed in the January of 1858, by that of the hardly less renowned collection of the Alfieri family. This library was founded by Cardinal Giovanni Battista Alfieri, who lived from 1589 to 1654, and was afterwards greatly added to by Cardinal Paluzzo Alfieri, a nephew of Pope Clement the Tenth, who expended one hundred thousand scudi in codices alone. There will be brought to the hammer, two thousand MSS., containing many valuable documents from the private correspondence of nuncios, ambassadors, and cardinals, members of this illustrious house. The printed works are contained in eleven thousand four hundred lots, and are many of them full of rare and valuable matter connected with the history of the republics and smaller states of Italy in the early period of the middle ages. The catalogue is nearly completed, and will be in itself a most interesting work.—*Literary Gazette*.

**THE HANDEL FESTIVAL MEDAL.**—The distribution of this medal took place on Friday evening in Exeter-hall. Between 500 and 600 of the band and chorus attended to receive their *souspirs* of the Great Handel Festival. The medal itself is of bronze, and about the size of a five-shilling piece. On the obverse is a finely executed bust of Handel, taken from the portrait by Roubillac in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society; and on the reverse is an ancient lyre, with the words: "Crystal Palace Handel Festival, June, 1857." The name of each performer is indented in the outer rims.

The city of Berlin has voted a sum of 150,000*l.* for a work of art in silver, to be offered to Prince Frederic William on the occasion of his marriage with the Princess Royal of England.

THERE appear, at present, 510 journals at Paris; of which 40 are dedicated to politics, and the remaining 470 to Literature, Art, Science, and the Finances. From the 1st of January to the 7th of August of this year, 108 new journals have appeared in the French metropolis.

**THE INDIAN PEOPLE.**—The tribes and peoples of India have never enjoyed a peace and plenty in the remotest degree approaching to that which they have enjoyed under our Government. They were formerly a prey to every wild Mahratta chief and every avaricious Mohammedan Viceroy. They never knew in any year how much of their rice would be



sold and how much would be robbed. They never knew what would be extorted from them in the form of taxes, and what in the form of bribes. Now they certainly know that a plentiful harvest implies plentiful payment—that they will find a ready sale for their produce, and a ready payment for every sale. They can count on the Englishman's silver as readily as they could formerly count on the Mahratta sword. Year after year they find increasing market for all the produce that they have hitherto produced, and a new market for produce they never sold before. And year after year their silver bracelets and armlets accumulate, and their buried treasures increase, and houses spring up for those who never possessed a house before—and all this they well know they owe to British rule, without which no roads would render their produce accessible, and no authority protect them from the rapacity of robbers and the terrible rapacity of the Amil or the Chuklidar. We do not mean that this attachment to British rule is so strong in the feeble character of the Hindoo as to be proof against all temporary excitement, if unfortunately the fall of Delhi should be delayed. But we do mean that it is of that nature that we have only to reestablish our authority over the mutinous army of Bengal, to find in the whole Indian Peninsula a ready and hearty acquiescence in the fact of our supremacy, and in the justice as well as strength of our cause.—*Economist*.

**THE STRENGTH OF DELHI.**—The *Pays* gives the following account of the strength of Delhi, as coming from a certain source: Delhi, at the moment of the breaking out of the insurrection, contained in dépôt the products of the cannon-foundries of Kassifore, and the gun-carriages and artillery *matériel* manufactured at Fattichgar, and those of the celebrated powder-mills at Ichopoure. Independent of the heavy ordnance on the ramparts, it had in store 640 heavy guns, of the caliber of from 18 to 24, intended to supply the different forts of the north-east provinces of the Calcutta presidency, besides 480 pieces of field-artillery, of the caliber of from 7 to 9, and 95 obuses and 70 mortars. The store of projectiles and munitions was also very considerable. The Indian artillery has a well-merited reputation, and all these guns were in excellent condition. At the time of the insurrection there was not a single English regiment in Delhi. The native regiments of artillery and engineers did garrison duty; and this explains how it happens that the defense of the place is organized in such a regular manner. General Barnard wrote, a few days before his death: "I can not disguise from myself that I am before a new Sebastopol."

**M. VILLENEUVE** has published, in two stout volumes, his "*Histoire d'Allemagne*"—a work, it is asserted, distinguishing itself by a great impartiality. The author divides the history of Germany into ten epochs; and in those periods, which have been treated, before him, in Prof. Luden's classical work on German history, follows that predecessor with great judgment. Every epoch is preceded by a chapter on the development of Art and Science.

**OFFICERS PROCEEDING TO INDIA.**—Two generals, nine colonels, seven majors, twenty-nine captains, and thirty-nine lieutenants proceeded by the overland route on the 4th inst. to India; and one general, eight colonels, two majors, thirty-one captains,

and nineteen lieutenants left by the same route on the 20th inst.; making a total of 147 officers.

**MISS CUMMIN'S NEW BOOK.**—The new tale by the authoress of "*The Lamplighter*" will possess the additional interest of a preface to be contributed by Mrs. Gaskell, authoress of "*Mary Barton*," and the *Life of Miss Brontë*. The union in one volume of two such writers—one so well versed in the life of England and the other of America, will stimulate greatly the curiosity of the public as to a book which promises to prove worthy of its popular predecessor. Miss Cummin's new work will be published at once in a cheap form, thus appealing for immediate success to the general public.

**THACKERAY.**—It is understood that Mr. Thackeray's new serial will be commenced in November, that its earlier scenes will be laid in America, and that English life of the middle of the last century will be laid under the knife of this accomplished dissector of manners and society.

**DR. LIVINGSTONE'S** long-expected work is postponed to November 10th.

**ECONOMIC ADVANTAGE OF THE SABBATH.**—After Mr. Bianconi had read his paper before the British Association, on his extensive system of conveyance in Ireland, Mr. W. Pare asked Mr. Bianconi, whether, according to his experience, the working of a horse more than ten miles a day, for each day in the week, would be injurious to it. Mr. Bianconi said he found by experience that he could work a horse eight miles a day for six days in the week much better than six miles a day for seven days in the week, so that by not working on Sundays he effected a saving of seven per cent.

**A PAINFUL BUT HEROIC INCIDENT.**—The following is the record of an act which an old Roman would applaud, and which a Christian, under the circumstances, may lament but dare not condemn: "It is all true about poor Frank Gordon. He, Alick Skene, his wife, and a few Peons managed to get into a small round tower when the disturbance began; the children and all the rest were in other parts of the fort—altogether sixty. Gordon had a regular battery of guns, also revolvers; and he and Skene picked off the rebels as fast as they could fire, Mrs. Skene loading for them. The Peons say they never missed once, and before it was all over they killed thirty-seven, besides many wounded. The rebels, after butchering all in the fort, brought ladders against the tower, and commenced swarming up. Frank Gordon was shot through the forehead and killed at once. Skene then saw it was of no use going on any more, so he kissed his wife, shot her, and then himself."

**ACCORDING** to a parliamentary paper published on Wednesday, the totals of gold shipped from Australia during the year 1856 were 138,007*l.* from New South Wales, and 12,015,224*l.* from Victoria. Of the latter, 10,809,652*l.* were sent to England, 774,496*l.* to India and China, 429,716*l.* to Sydney, Adelaide, and Tasmania, and 1360*l.* to America.

**MALCOLM AND THE BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.**—It was on one of the land excursions to which allusion has been made, (most probably on his journey through

Wales,) that being in the inside of a stage-coach, he fell, *more suo*, into conversation with a fellow-passenger. His companion was evidently a dignitary of the Church of England—a man of extensive acquirements, power and subtlety of argument, and force of expression. The conversation ranged over a considerable variety of subjects, sometimes eliciting concordance, sometimes antagonism of sentiment between the speakers. After some time, the conversation turned upon a subject of Indian interest, upon which there was a serious difference of opinion; Malcolm, as may be supposed, maintained his position with much confidence, and supported his argument by the assertion that he had spent the best part of his life in India. "It may be so," said his companion; "but still I can not yield to you; I have conceded many points in the course of our conversation, but I stand firm upon this—for the very highest authority on Indian subjects, Sir John Malcolm, is on my side." "But I am Sir John Malcolm," was the reply. "It is true that I did say so, but I have since had reason to change my opinion." Upon this they exchanged cards, and Malcolm was little less pleased than his companion when he found that he had been arguing with the scholarly Coplestone, Bishop of Llandaff.—*Kaye's "Life of Sir John Malcolm."*

**TITLES OF ENGLISH KINGS.**—The first "King's Speech" ever delivered was by Henry I., in 1107. Exactly a century later, King John first assumed the royal "We;" it had never before been employed in England. The same monarch has the credit of having been the first English king who claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas. "Grace" and "my Liege" were the ordinary titles by which our Henry IV. was addressed. "Excellent Graco" was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet had the other. Edward IV. was "Most High and Mighty Prince." Henry VII. was the first English "Highness." Henry VII. was the first complimented by the title of "Majesty;" and James I. prefixed to the last title, "Sacred and Most Excellent."

**CALICO PATTERNS IN ROCKS.**—The old corals abound in ornamental patterns, which man, unaware of their existence at the time, devised long after for himself. In an article on calico printing, which forms part of a recent history of Lancashire, there are a few of the patterns introduced, backed by the recommendation that they were the most successful ever tried. Of one of these, known as "Lane's Net," there sold a greater number of pieces than of any other pattern ever brought into the market. It led to many imitations, and one of the most popular of these answers line for line, save that it is more stiff and rectilinear, to the pattern in a recently discovered Old Red Sandstone coral, the *Smithia Pengellyi*. The beautifully arranged lines which so smit the dames of England that each had to provide herself with a gown of the fabric which they adorned, had been stamped amid the rocks many ages before.—*Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks."*

**THE SUBMARINE CABLE, CONNECTING EUROPE AND AFRICA,** has been successfully laid between Bona and Cape Teulada. The communication between Teulada and Spartivento—a distance of seventeen miles—has to be made before regular telegraphic communication can be opened with Algeria. The cable is a heavy one, with four con-

ducting wires, and has been laid successfully, in above 100 fathoms of 1600 to 1700 fathoms water. The whole distance covered is 124 nauts—or 145 miles.

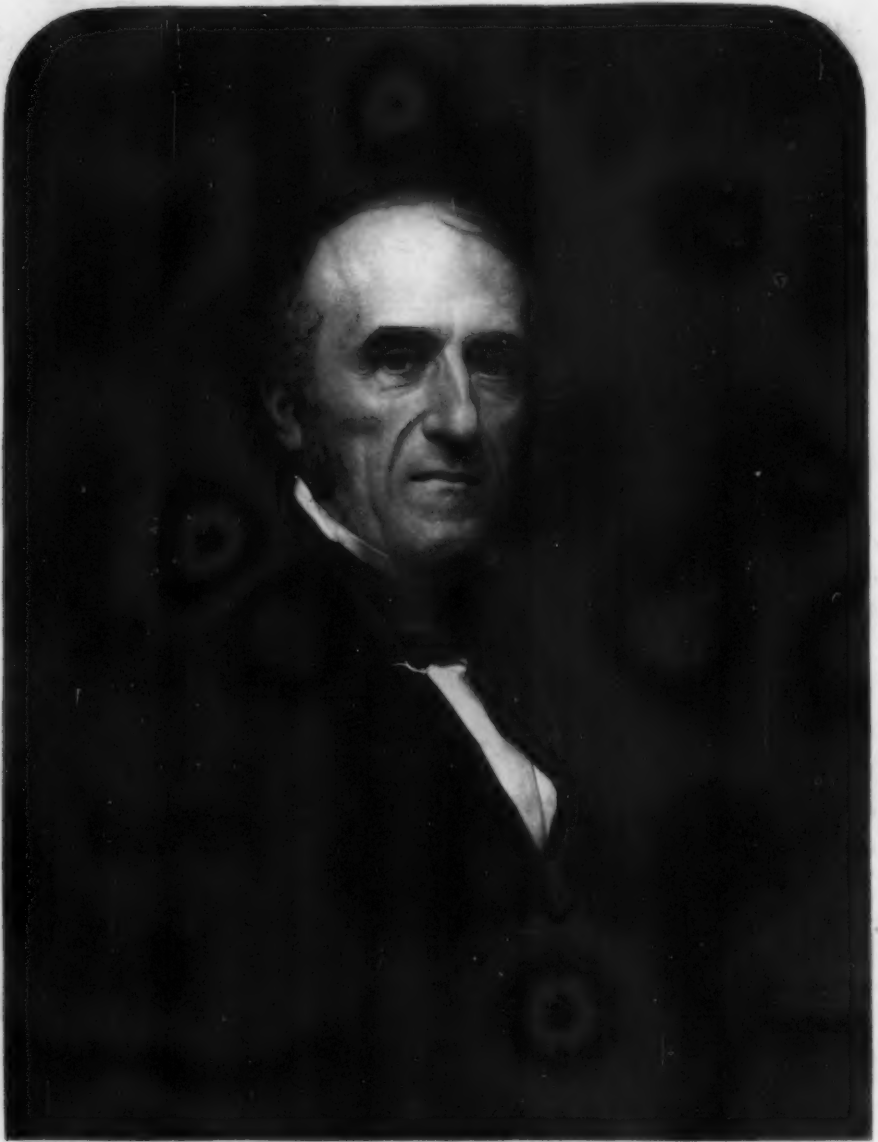
**THE POPULATION OF AUSTRALIA.**—The results of the Census taken on the 29th of March last are now made public, and the Census Commission has issued a table, from which we gather that the population at that date consisted of 258,116 males, 145,303 females; total, 403,419. According to Mr. Archer, the Deputy Registrar-General, the entire population of the Australian colonies on the 1st of July, 1857, may be fairly estimated in round numbers at one million at least, thus: Victoria, 414,000; New South-Wales, 300,000; South-Australia, 105,000; Tasmania, 80,000; Western Australia, 14,000; New-Zealand, 130,000; total, 1,043,000.

**THE MANAGEMENT OF COLORS.**—I never saw a piece of porcelain, however trifling, nor the most paltry fan, nor little painted paper thing of any kind from China, which failed in harmony and effect, and did not furnish admirable suggestions and lessons. The beauty of the ornamental productions of India seems not to depend upon the quality of their component materials, nor to be regulated by the value of the ornament. I have an Indian rug made of wool such as the wool of this country, costing three or four rupees, in which the choice and management of colors are as refined as in the most expensive shawls of the Deccan or Thibet. So, too, with a fan from Madras; every artist to whom I have shown it has wondered at the fine effect achieved with the most paltry means; a glass bead, some Birmingham tinsel, a bit of blue and a bit of red cloth, some chip-pings of peacocks' feathers, a bunch of pink floss silk—these of themselves poor materials, arranged by fine taste, become the principal ornament of a fan made of the feathers of the Argus pheasant, supported by an exquisitely-carved ivory handle, and decorated with a handsome tassel of gold thread and silk.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

**THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.**—A semi-official Berlin journal, the *Preussische Correspondenz* has been instructed to inform its readers that—"It is with anxiety and indignation that the King has heard of the restless endeavors being made by certain clergymen and theologians to deter people from attending the meeting about to be held in Berlin by the Evangelical Alliance, with his permission and approbation. His Majesty had, therefore, commanded the Ober-Kirchenrath to make known to all general superintendents his determination not to allow silence on his part to be misrepresented as consent, (to this oppositional movement,) but was resolved to leave no opening for doubt on this point. The King attaches the most lively interest to this assembly, in which he hails and welcomes a manifestation of Christian fraternal spirit as yet unexampled, and of the Providence that presides over the destinies of the evangelical faith. While far from desirous to impose on any one an attendance at these meetings, the King will as little conceal from every one how much importance he attaches to them, and what auspicious results for the future of the Church he expects from them.

**THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA** has ordered that in the course of next month a census of all the population of the empire shall be taken.





ENGRAVED BY JOHN SARCEAN.

*Mark Hopkins*

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